

Australian

NEW ZEALAND \$3.50*

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1982 \$2.95*

**AUSTRALIA'S
CHANCES IN
WWIII**



EXCLUSIVE: DEVO INTERVIEW

BEATING THE POKIES

FICTION BY DAL STIVENS

PRISON: FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

CANBERRA'S SOOTHSAYER

REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST PUBLICATION No. NBQ3138



Come to real flavour.

Marlboro 25's



The world's No.1 selling cigarette.

LEO BURNETT & PARTNERS

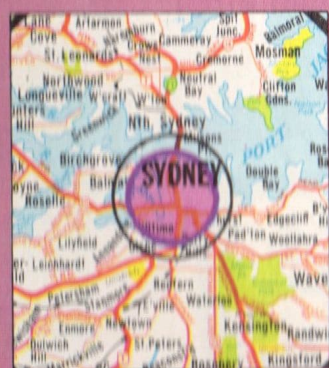
Australian

PENTHOUSE®



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 3 No 6/March 1982

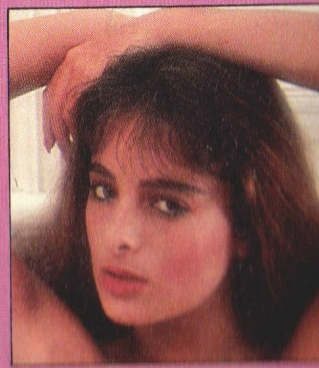
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Lea Turner	Photo by Rico Mettbach	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	19
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Jeremy Cook	25
REVIEWS			
SOUND		Edited by Jeremy Cook	26
WORDS		Edited by Phil Abraham	28
FILM		Edited by Allan Moul	30
TRAVEL			32
THE LONGEST TRIAL	Article	Phil Ackman	34
BED AND BOARD/JULIA	Pictorial	Photos by Patrick Megaud	43
THE MANY LIVES OF MALCOLM PALMER	Fiction	Michael Kent	54
AUSTRALIA'S GUIDE TO WORLD WAR III	Article	Denis Whitburn/R.J. Swan	57
SIR MARK OLIPHANT	Interview	R.J. Swan	65
RARE HARMONY/LEA	Pictorial	Photos by Rico Mettbach	69
TURN OF THE SCREW	Article	Ronald Rose	82
POLITICAL ASTROLOGY	Article	R.J. Swan	88
MEMOIRS OF A MOVIE	Article	Stephen MacLean	92
MUSICAL JERKS	Interview	Jeremy Cook	97
ROBBING THE BANDITS	Article	Colin Hinton	100
MR NATURAL	Fashion	Sue Smith	104
SUCCUBUS	Fiction	Dal Stivens	110
THE PEARL/JAMALIA	Pictorial	Photos by Donald H. Milne	115
WELL STACKED	Hi Fi	Wayne Elmer	124
PHIL NOYCE	Interview	Denis Whitburn	128
CABINET SHUFFLES	Service	Sue Smith	138
BORN TO RUN	Motoring	Peter McKay	140
PEOPLE	Profiles		146
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	150
THE DANGEROUS MYTH OF CREATIONISM	Advise and Dissent	Isaac Asimov	156
LOOSE ENDS	Service		158



World War III



Memoirs of a Movie



Pet of the Month



Well Stacked

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 165 Riley Street, East Sydney, 2010; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 331 6444. Printed by ADM Paramar, 298 296 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1981 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. * Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication. Category 9. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

French Open.



Naturally
sparkling from
the centre
of the
Earth,
France.



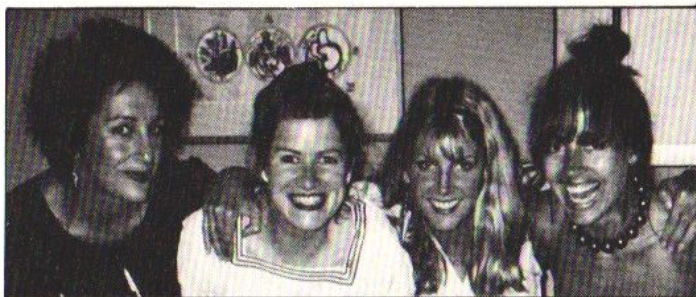
YVONNE SUTHERLAND



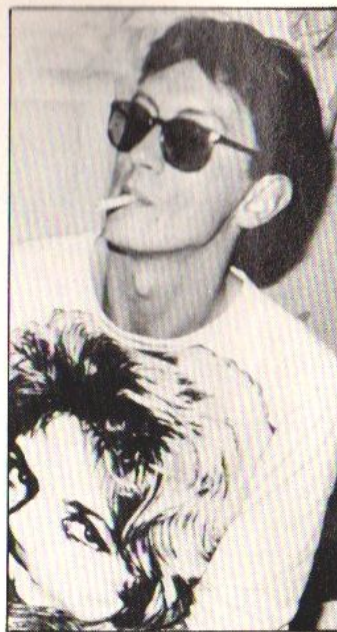
ROBBIE SWAN



MARK SALWOWSKI



THE AUSSIE MAFIA



STEPHEN MACLEAN

HOUSECALL

The discovery of Melbourne barrister Roger Wilson's white Porsche, abandoned at Tullamarine Airport on February 2, 1980, sparked off Australia's longest and most sensational murder trial. In this month's *Penthouse*, Phil Ackman pieces together the startling chain of events which dominated the headlines for more than 12 months, and involved allegations of contract killings in the world of high finance. The facts of the case read like sensational fiction. Clarkson's story begins on page 34.

For two years *Penthouse* fought off inflation to keep the same low cover price. Sadly, the time has come to raise it to offset staggering rises in the cost of wages and printing. But, we've not lowered our standards...

"Rest in peace for the mistake will not be repeated." That promise is carved in stone at the site of the Hiroshima atom bomb explosion of August, 1945. But the US White House hawks have already threatened a repeat performance with talk of "limited" nuclear confrontation. In this month's issue, Denis Whitburn and R.J. Swan have compiled a frightening dossier leading to an inescapable conclusion: when and if nuclear conflict occurs, Australia will not avoid the heat. Swan completes the picture by interviewing renowned nuclear physicist and former Governor of South Australia, Sir Mark Oliphant. *Penthouse's* guide to World War III starts on page 57. Artist Mark Salwowski airbrushed the outstanding illustrations.

On a lighter note, Swan also presents a fascinating look at the art of political astrology. Astrologers have been making political predictions since the days of Julius Caesar, with varying degrees of success. Australia has its own expert, Canberra's Milton Black, whose remarkably accurate prophecies have convinced a couple of dozen politicians to enlist his services. Black has some startling revelations about our political leaders in 1982. Ross Waters' illustration complements the piece, which begins on page 89.

The white settlement of Australia began with the construction of a penal colony at Sydney Cove. The traditional picture of our early jails is one of grim deprivation and punishment. But, as Ronald Rose reveals in March *Penthouse*, Darlinghurst Jail in the 1840s was an exception, because it was run by an exceptional man. Henry Keck, a wily opportunist, ran the jail for pleasure and profit — his pleasure and his profit. Frants Kantor's illustration accompanies an irreverent look at a lovely slice of Australia's past. The Turn of the Screw begins on page 82.

Poker machines, according to some, are a scourge. But others, particularly the lobby group pressing for their legalisation in Queensland and Victoria, claim they have created a booming and

benevolent club industry. And for others — the dishonest club officials and the specialist poker machine cheats — the one-armed bandits are a passport to a fast fortune. Robbing the Bandits, beginning on page 100, investigates the many ways in which cheats make a profit from poker machines.

The images you pay to see on the silver screen are a slick synthesis which rarely reveals the trauma, the trouble and expense involved in its creation. Stephen MacLean describes his role as scriptwriter in the behind-the-scenes madness which resulted in the movie *Starstruck*. Norma Mariceau, Nell Campbell, Gael McKay and Lyndall Hobbs — the Aussie mafia in London — played mother as Maclean battled to write first drafts of the film. *Memoirs of a Movie* starts on page 92, accompanied by a still from the film shot by Will Young.

This month's interview subject is acclaimed director Phil Noyce. His first feature, *Newsfront*, opened the London Film Festival, and his latest effort, *Heatwave*, is just about to hit the local screens. Denis Whitburn talks with Noyce about his thoughts on the future of the industry on page 128. And there's a bonus interview beginning on page 97 in which Jeremy Cook converses with Devo, who are about to bring their deviant brand of pop music to Australian shores.

Once again, *Penthouse* brings you the best of Australian fiction. 1981 Patrick White Literary Award winner Dal Stivens presents his latest short story, *Succubus*. When Henry Burntwhistle's bitchy wife Emily dies, he casts his eye toward his pretty neighbor, Jenny. But the black cat which followed him home from his wife's funeral makes sure the conquest isn't easy. And there's another short piece, *The Many Lives Of Malcolm Palmer* — a chilling tale about a dead man who keeps coming back to life.

Motoring editor Peter McKay has spent some time behind the wheel of a new Fiat X1/9, another exotic continental creation; a sports car which offers the driver the opportunity to explore the outer limits of motoring pleasure. Also in this issue, Wayne Elmer looks at the big five in hi fi sound systems today, and Isaac Asimov considers the dangerous myth of creationism in *Advise and Dissent*, concluding that the creationists' case is so weak the only way they can feel sure of maintaining it is to make sure the victims never hear of anything else. Fashion expert Sue Smith presents some light, casual co-ordinates to help the man on the street look sharp in *Mr Natural*, on page 104.

And naturally, we've got another array of luscious ladies. March Pet of the Month is the divine Lea Turner, photographed by Rico Mettbach. Lea is a melt in the mouth young lady who's bound to get your hormones humming. Then there's exotic Jamalia, who comes courtesy of Donald H. Milne's camera, and lovely Julie Perrien, a French girl with some valuable physical assets. Turn to page 43 and strike it rich. ☺



NEW DATSUN STANZA. PROVED ON THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST TRACKS. NOW IMPROVED FOR THE DRIVER.



The emphasis is on space and comfort. Now there's more legroom, more headroom than ever before. There are all-new, cloth-trimmed bucket seats. On the GX there's an adjustable lumbar support. And to further improve ride and road-holding we've even added a rear stabiliser bar.

Finally, to increase Stanza's already outstanding economy, new Stanza GX also features a 5-speed gearbox. (Auto is available on GX and GL models as an optional extra.)

Now, more than ever, Datsun Stanza is truly the driver's car. See your Datsun dealer now.

The remarkable reliability of Datsun Stanza has been proven time and time again on the world's ultimate test track — the gruelling International Rally circuit. And nowhere more than in Australia, where Stanza has taken out the Australian Rally Championship every year since its launch.

Naturally, rally Stanzas are specially prepared. But in our showroom models, the rally breeding is evident throughout. And the 4 cylinder 1600 cc Stanza is being continually improved. More so than ever in the improved 1982 models.

NEW STANZA 
THE DRIVER'S CAR Nissan Motor Company
(Australia) Pty. Ltd.



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Future flap

It is with great pleasure when we report that all concerned in our company read with relish the article, *See You Later Speculator* (January '82).

Your magazine has certainly surpassed its ordinarily superior standard of journalism in P.D. Jack's candid insight into the quagmire of the futures trading "pit".

We would greatly appreciate your permission to reprint all the written content of the article to distribute to all our clients. Keep up the excellent work! — *Peter Andersen, Southern Cross Commodities Pty Ltd, Adelaide.*

Courting disaster

Although I found the cartoon on page 100 of your January '82 edition humorous, I must point out that females cannot inherit haemophilia. Haemophilia, a deficiency of anti-haemophilic globulin in the plasma, is inherited as a sex-linked recessive character, appearing only in males and transmitted to them by clinically normal females. All the sons of haemophiliacs are free from the haemophilic gene and all the daughters are carriers. When a female carrier marries a normal man half the sons are haemophiliacs and half the daughters are carriers. Thank the heavens that the problem of virgin female haemophiliacs does not occur. — *Dr Leonard Crocombe, Seymour, Victoria.*

Loony 'toons

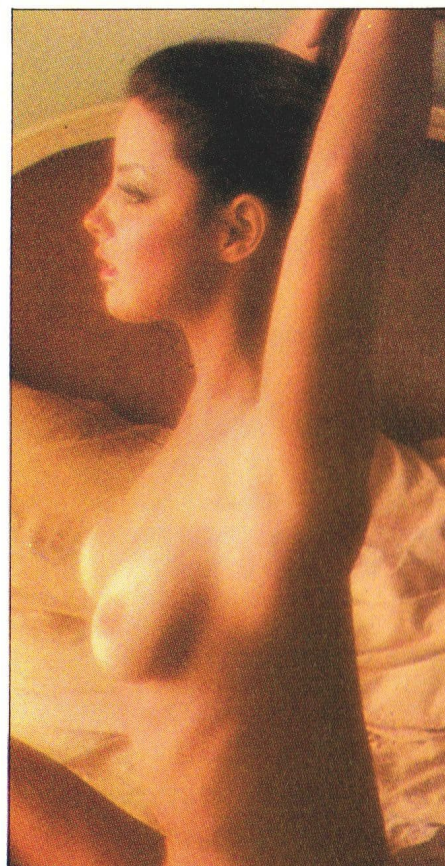
I've been a fairly regular reader of *Penthouse* since you started out and basically like the mag, but I must say that the Feb issue seemed to get back to a sense of humor which had been missing — keep up the good work and the number of cartoons. PS — Bob Jewson's story on prison rape would make anyone go straight! — *W.L., Darwin.*

Grice is right

I really liked the idea of your people page (Feb) and it was really good to see Allan Grice get a break — he is a great driver and I thoroughly agree with your sentiments about his Bathurst commentary. But he deserves a whole story about him. — *E. Swan, Oodnadatta, SA.*

High and low

I am, I think, a normal, open-minded and reasonably "with it" person. I am not above enjoying sexually explicit scenes in



movies as long as they are well done. I do not object to sex scenes in novels either. I don't think anyone could call me a prude.

I chanced to pick up your magazine at a friend's house, and I glanced through it to see what it was like. While the quality of the journalism was quite high, I do not accept your justification for the degrading and humiliating photographs of women in clinically arranged "sensuous" poses. Surely if you put such emphasis on your high standards of journalism (and I am not disputing that claim) you can dispense with these sexist displays of male domination and concentrate on the writing. Or at least go all the way and put both women and men in the photographs. If we really are entering a new age of moral permissiveness, why can't women benefit from it too? *S. Yee, Perth.*

Staff slugged

I am writing to challenge your "Sounds" reviewer's evaluation of the new Police album *Ghosts in the Machine*. Despite its promising title, a welcome change from the gobbledegook of the three previous albums, it is almost one long disappointment. Perhaps we shouldn't be too sur-

prised; the Police spent their last reserves of originality on their previous album, which was really just an inspired jam session.

After the rather beautiful opening track "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic", the album becomes a raucous noise of repetitive chants and farting saxophone noises. How can your reviewer, if he has listened to the musical elegance of "Regatta de Blanc", possibly praise this boring record? If you wish to retain any credibility you should get someone who knows what good music is. — *R. Bond, S. Yarra, Victoria.*

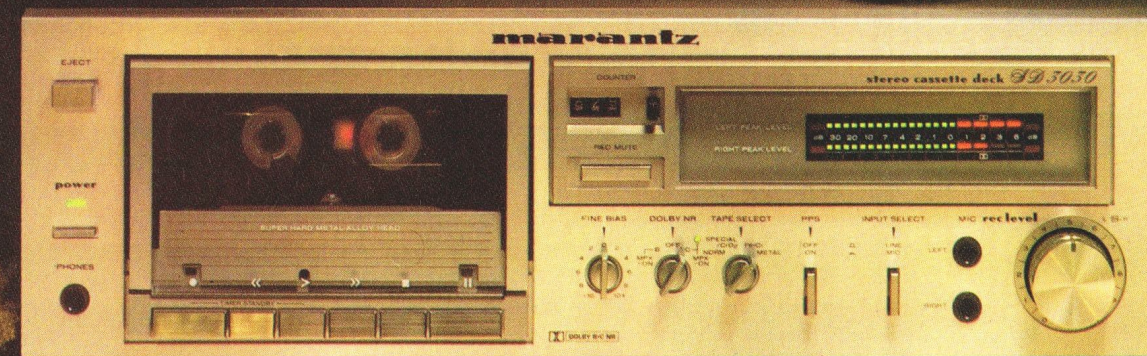
Cute shoot

I am in love! As soon as I saw that cute opening picture, the one of her leaning against the statue, I knew Sheila was going to be a very special girl. She had a mischievous expression that promised great things, and I was not disappointed. Bob Guccione produced some really stunning and erotic shots. For some reason, though, I thought the one of her underneath the tree was the best. Some women look undressed even with all their clothes on. One query; how do you do those fantastic soft focus shots? If you use the right girl, like you did this time, they look mind-blowing. — *R.P., Wollongong.*

Yet, it's real

Although short, the story on prison rape in the February issue was bloody frightening. I had a mate who did a stint behind bars, who told me a few stories about blokes who did that sort of thing. My mate reckoned he was too ugly to be a bum-boy, so he didn't have any trouble himself, but he said he could see how it happened. Lucky for him, he got out before he began to get desperate enough to start screwing guys. I must admit, I thought he was bullshitting me. After reading Bob Jewson's story I am sorry I didn't believe him. If anything, my mate made it sound less horrible than Jewson did. You'd think the people in charge would try to stop it, except that it sounds like they are into it too. I reckon that if they gave them more to do in those places they would cut some of it out. I'll tell you one thing, I'm going to pay all those parking fines as soon as I bloody well can — no way am I going to spend all day sitting in a cell waiting to be attacked by a sex-starved prisoner! — *Jeff Graham, Summer Hill, Sydney.*

Marantz Gold. Your New Recording Standard.



For over twentyfive years the name Marantz has stood for the ultimate in audio engineering brilliance and fidelity.

In keeping with this standard of technical excellence, the new Marantz Gold range of Cassette Decks with stunning designer element of brushed-gold finish now includes a recorder incorporating the latest in noise reduction processing.

The Marantz SD3030 Cassette Deck features the new Dolby C system to provide recordings with far less tape hiss than those made using standard Dolby B.

Unlike some other noise reduction systems, Dolby C recordings can be played back on a deck equipped with standard Dolby only without audible distortion or pumping effects.

Recording enthusiasts will be delighted by the other models in the new range.

Marantz Gold decks offer a variety of advanced features such as LED peak level meters on the SD1030, fine bias adjustment on the SD2030, and a motorized linear skating loading system on the SD5010.

Decks shown in stack (from top): SD1030, SD3510, SD2030, SD3030 and SD5010. All decks shown with TDK Metal tapes.

Dolby and Dolby Systems are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Copyright may exist on material you wish to record. Copying on such material requires the permission of the owner or owners.

Distributed by MARANTZ (Australia) Pty. Ltd. 19 Chard Road, Brookvale NSW 2100
Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA24121 Melbourne (03) 544 2011,
Brisbane (07) 44 6477, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 276 3706, Townsville (077) 72 2011

All feature Dolby B noise reduction, compatibility with metal tapes, soft touch controls and DC Servo motors to ensure constant tape speed and silent operation.

So, set your standards high. And your recording standards higher.

See your local stockist and listen to the future. Listen to Marantz.

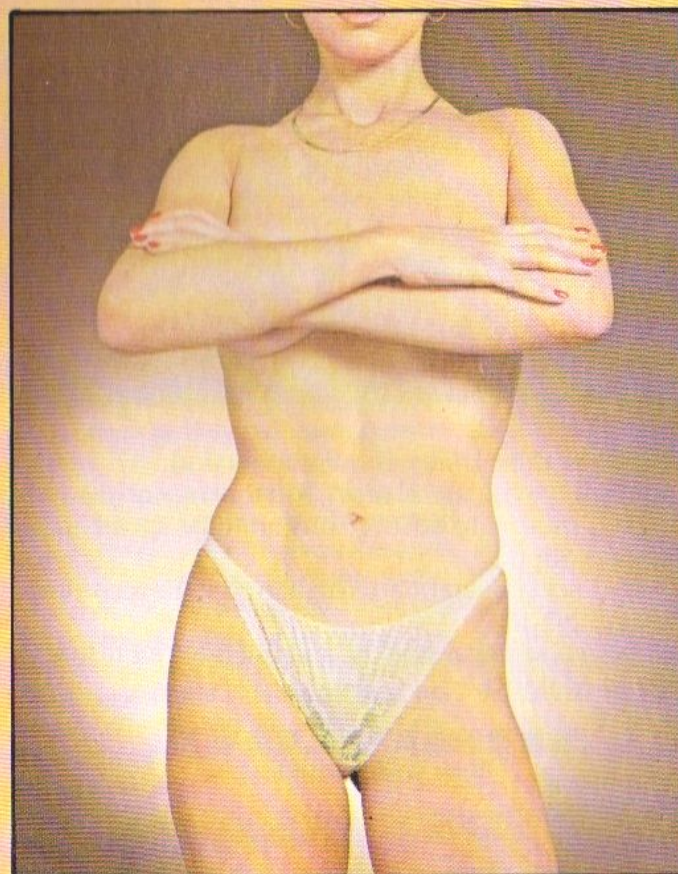
marantz
Now you're listening.



Marantz Gold.
The New Audio Standard.

Penthouse lingerie for your Pet

Exclusive to *Australian Penthouse*! Sensuous, exquisite, top brand name bikini briefs and teddies for your Pet. The briefs are trimmed with delicate lace and feature a discreet Penthouse Key motif — the symbol of men and women joined in harmony. The one-piece teddy is lavishly trimmed and inset with lace and also features the Penthouse Key. Available only in champagne (as shown) and available only from *Australian Penthouse*. Give her something luxurious... give her Penthouse lingerie.



PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mother knows

My girlfriend and I are both 19. We have been going together for a few months now and everything is perfect between us. My girlfriend is a virgin. We have talked about having sex, but we are afraid of the consequences. We want to make love very much, and finding time away from home is no problem.

However, my girlfriend says her mother will be able to tell when she's done it. Her mother can tell when a girl has had sex. Fear of her mother finding out is what is keeping us apart sexually.

I have heard stories from my friends about how you can tell when a girl has had sex, but I don't know how much truth there is to these stories. One of the things I've heard is that the girl's crotch gets wider after and you can see the difference if she wears tight pants. Is this true? If it is, how long before this effect would fade and her mother wouldn't be able to tell anymore? Would a long dress make it appear as if nothing had happened? Also, can you tell by the way a girl walks? How can you prevent her from changing or when does the effect wear off?

Are there positions we could use that would make the change less noticeable and still be enjoyable for us? It is important that I ask these questions, since we are of different nationalities and her parents would kill the both of us if they found out what we wanted to do. — Mr. S.P., Albany.

Whoever has been telling you these stories has a very creative imagination, but I'm afraid he or she is quite mistaken. There is no way to tell whether or not a girl is a virgin by her walk or any physical sign. Your girlfriend's mother might indeed be able to sense if and when her daughter has had intercourse, but the changes she would notice would be in her daughter's attitude, not via any physical signs. For example, if your girlfriend is extremely anxious about being found out, she might convey her increased anxiety to her mother once she has done it. A suspicious mother could well be looking for such signs as increased nervousness or a sudden reluctance to talk about yourself.

Since there really is no way for her parents to know for certain that the two of you are sleeping together other than be catching you in the act, there is no reason why your girlfriend couldn't hide a loss of virginity if she sleeps with you because

she really wants to, and if she is confident that it is the right thing for her to do. If she herself feels ashamed, guilty or upset afterwards, she may inadvertently reveal to her parents what has happened.

It is also possible that your girlfriend is not in fact confident that sleeping with you is the right thing to do, and may be using her mother as an excuse. She was obviously raised to regard virginity as important and could very well be afraid to have intercourse.

Before having sex with you, she has to make up her mind that it is worth the risk of a blow-out with her folks. That is a difficult decision for anyone to have to make, especially when he or she is a teenager and still dependent. If her parents feel as strongly about ethnic difference as you imply, she may also be concerned about doing something they would regard as betrayal.

Soapy sex

My boyfriend and I were soaping each other in the shower the other day. This turned us on so much that we both felt like having sex right then, while his penis and my vagina were covered with soapy lather. I decided against it because I thought it might be bad to get soap inside my vagina.

Is there any reason why we shouldn't have sex while soapy? In case it makes a difference, we use deodorant soap. — Ms. M.S., Coolangatta.

There is no medical reason why having sex in the shower or the bath tub would result in any damage — except for the possibility of slipping, if you are not careful. There are a number of medical situations in which vaginas are actually washed out with soap before pelvic surgery is performed. The amount of soap which is used in a preoperative scrub is far greater than the amount which could enter the vagina by sex during showers. The amount which could enter the vagina during sex in a bath would be a little greater, but still not enough to produce any damage.

Deodorant soaps only create problems for the small percentage of individuals who are allergic to the chemicals they contain. If you are able to use deodorant soaps on your body without developing any signs of irritation, it is unlikely that having small amounts enter your vagina dur-

Australian PENTHOUSE

GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001

☐ Bikini briefs in sizes 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ @ \$10 ea including postage and handling. \$
☐ Teddies in sizes 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ @ \$25 ea including postage and handling. \$

TOTAL: \$

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ or please debit my

DINERS CLUB ☐

AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐

BANKCARD ☐

A/c No. _____

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

N.B. Please allow 21 days for delivery of mail order products. Prices apply to Australia only.

Australian PENTHOUSE THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

DEPUTY EDITOR
Allan Moulton

EDITORIAL

Features Editor: Phil Abraham; Production Editor: Corinne Mackay; Assistant Production Editor: Greg Hunter; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Art Director: John Byrne; Assistant Art Director: Cheryl Collins; Fashion Editor: Sue Smith; Editorial Assistant: Greg Kerr; Contributing Editor: Denis Whitburn.

ADVERTISING

National Advertising Director: Barry A. Magrath; Sales Executive: Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Peter Reid, Tel. (03) 519-282; SA Representative: Mark and Harry Hastwell, Tel. (08) 79-9271; Queensland Representative: Media Services, Tel. (07) 229-6033; WA Representative: Ian Sutton, Tel. (09) 367-1813.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Office Manager: Vicki Hrelja; Pet Power Co-ordinator: Sue Smith; Financial Services: Monica Ford; Office Communications Officer: Kathy Page.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Dennis Bradshaw; Production Assistant: Malcolm Burgess; Typesetting: Harlen Overset.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

165 Riley Street, Easy Sydney, 2010; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 331 6888

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman)

Mark J. Meagher (President)

Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman)

Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)

Marianne Howatson (Associate Publisher)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher: Kathy Keeton; Senior Vice-president/Advertising Director: Marianne Howatson; Senior Public Relations Director: Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director: John Evans; VP/General Counsel: Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion: Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

MARCH

FORUM

ing intercourse will bother you. Using pure soaps, devoid of chemicals, makes the best sense.

OK during foreplay, after, no

I'm a 17-year-old male with a problem. When my girlfriend and I have sex, I can get it up during the foreplay, but go half limp when it comes around to having sex, making it impossible to do so. Can you give any advice about how to overcome this problem? — Mr R.D., Perth.

Men are under tremendous pressure to "produce" a firm erection almost upon command. The problem is that erections can't be commanded or achieved through sheer will power; tumescence is a reflexive response, not a conscious one. It occurs when a man is relaxed enough to become aroused. At some time or another, even man finds he isn't getting aroused and erect when he or his partner expects he will. Most men learn to take this in their stride, as part of being human, but on the first few occasions when it does occur, it can be very painful. The experience is likely to be especially painful when the man is as young as you are and still sexually unsure of himself. Not having an erection at the "appropriate" time probably gives you all sorts of anxious feelings — embarrassment, anger, disappointment,

guilt, shame — and these feelings make you tense and even less likely to become aroused.

One way to work on your problem is to concentrate on eliminating the physical tension. For example, you can become relaxed by breath control through yoga exercises, or by simply becoming aware of your rate of breathing and deliberately slowing it down. Inhale more slowly and more fully, allowing your chest and abdomen to fill, then exhale slowly and completely. As you exhale, imagine that your excess body tension is flowing out of your body with your breath. Pay attention to your thoughts too. If you find yourself worrying about losing your erection, consciously replace those thoughts with thoughts about the sensations you are feeling, or with fantasies you find arousing.

Another way to deal with the problem is to try to locate and work through the anxieties that are making you tense. Since you have no difficulties during foreplay, but start to go soft before intercourse, your sense of unease may result from the idea of intercourse. See if you can identify the problem.

If your troubles continue, your body may be telling you that you don't really want to have intercourse right now. You don't have to have intercourse to be intimate, to explore your sexuality, or to have orgasms, so if you have difficulty sustaining an erection for coitus, why not just enjoy the foreplay for the time being?

When you take the pressure to perform off yourself, you may find that you and your girlfriend will enjoy each other more, and without the need to have intercourse, you will gradually observe, to your delight, that your penis will remain erect.

No clitoris!

Unfortunately, my wife does not have a clitoris. We have been married for about 15 years, and although I have on occasion kept intercourse going for over 40 minutes and at other times worked until my jaw was sore, she has never had an orgasm.

It is possible that she was approaching it a few times when she stopped me, saying it was no longer good.

Possibly because of this lack of a clitoris, my wife has seldom been interested in sex and my life has mainly been one of sexual frustration. Also my wife's lack of clitoris and orgasm has given me a great longing to see and/or touch a clitoris and to give someone an orgasm either by coitus or by cunnilingus.

Unfortunately, although I can be good company and have a good sense of humor, I am shy about approaching girls sexually, since I'm already married. And so even in these liberated days, I have never had the opportunity of satisfying these natural and great needs.

Can you tell me if it is common for a woman not to have a clitoris? Name and address withheld.

I find it very hard to believe that your wife has no clitoris, unless of course the clitoris has been removed surgically or by female circumcision. More likely it is poorly developed, or hidden under its prepuce or "hood."

If it is not responding to you, you will find it hard to locate anyway; but I suspect it is still there. Proper gynaecological examination will solve the riddle and possibly a minor operation will help to expose the organ.

It is a little sad that for 15 years you and your wife have not sought proper professional advice which could have offered you both a more fulfilled sex life.

Tremendous variation

A lot of magazines today seem to be espousing a hedonistic approach to life — sex seems to be the only thing that matters.

I can't separate sex from love, try as I might. And I want more from a relationship than orgasms. Does this mean that there is something inherently wrong with me? Sometimes I get the impression that I'm totally out of step, an old fuddy-duddy at age 26. Can you set me straight? — H.G., Queensland.

I can certainly see how you might get the impression that you are in a minority, or even deviant, from reading many of the pulp magazines. But, if you look carefully



"I go to all this trouble, and you forget the barbecue sauce?"



GIVE THEM THE SWORD.

Katana GSX1100 S

In ancient Japan, the sacred sword named Katana could only be owned by a warrior.

And because it was created by master craftsmen to obsessively exacting standards, for the Japanese, the Katana came to symbolise perfection in looks and performance.

To the motor cycle rider, the Suzuki Katanas will symbolise exactly the same thing.



Katana GS650 G

FORUM

at most of Forum's letters and articles, you will see that a great deal of caring is expressed about partners and lovers. There is nothing wrong with you. We all vary tremendously in range of feelings, attitudes, and values.

There are some who can enjoy pure, mechanical sex without any consideration of warmth for their partners. There are many others for whom the sex act is the highest expression of a total monogamous, committed, permanent relationship. Still others are in between these polar positions.

You are out of step with some, but there are many others who are marching to the same drum as you are. There is no one right way.

One last point: I know nobody who would consider an orgasm to be the central focus of a meaningful relationship, although it might serve as the core of a temporary sexual liaison.

Aphrodisiacs

I was wondering if you could tell me whether there are really any pills, potions, foods, etc., which act as aphrodisiacs. Lately, I've seen a few magazine ads for pills which supposedly turn you on and heighten your sexual sensitivity. Would I be wasting my money by sending away for

them? — V.J., Norfolk Island.

Probably ever since the first caveman sadly experienced a flagging sexual interest in his partner, man has searched incessantly for sexually stimulating substances. It is only natural that the hedonistic nature of humanity would not give up this universal fantasy of the existence of such a substance. Unfortunately, the search has been for nought.

As Dr Helen Kaplan points out in her excellent book, *The New Sex Therapy*, "most so-called aphrodisiac remedies are pharmacologically inactive; if they enhance erotic behavior at all, these 'aphrodisiacs' rely exclusively on placebo effects."

Hair around nipples.

My 17-year-old girlfriend has recently discovered tiny dark hairs growing around her nipples. This really bothers her, so she's been removing the hairs with tweezers.

Is it common for women to have hair around their nipples? Is tweezing them safe? If not, what is? — G.K., Tasmania.

At puberty the ovaries begin to put out estrogen, which causes the sexual hair to grow in the pubic area and in the armpits. It is also common at this time for hair to begin to grow around the nipples of the breasts. This hair is entirely normal. There

is no need to remove it except for cosmetic reasons if it happens to bother you, as it apparently does.

There is no harm in removing these hairs with tweezers, providing you do it carefully to avoid infecting the hair follicles. The hair may also be removed with a razor or scissors, if the same precautions are taken to avoid infection.

Another possibility is to stop worrying about it. Since hair around the nipples is entirely normal, and to most people is not unattractive, there is really no need to go to any lengths to remove it. I assume the tweezing is unpleasant and has to be repeated frequently. Are you sure she wants to bother, when she could just forget about it? The hair will grow back again in any case, unless she tries electrolysis, which would be expensive and entails some risks.

Breast augmentation

I am 20 and have been married for a year and a half. I am of average build, but I have very small breasts. My mother and her four sisters have huge breasts! My mother had to be at least 107 or 112 cms by the time she was my age, and her sisters were that size too! Can you imagine what it feels like to be a small-breasted woman surrounded by a mother and four aunts who can't see their feet because their breasts are too large?

I want large breasts. My husband thrives on them and wants me to have them too. I have tried several products on the market that are supposed to enlarge breasts, but the only thing they did was to give me a stronger back and arms.

We have heard of silicone injections, but don't know where to go to get them. We tried to read up on silicone in the library, but couldn't find any information.

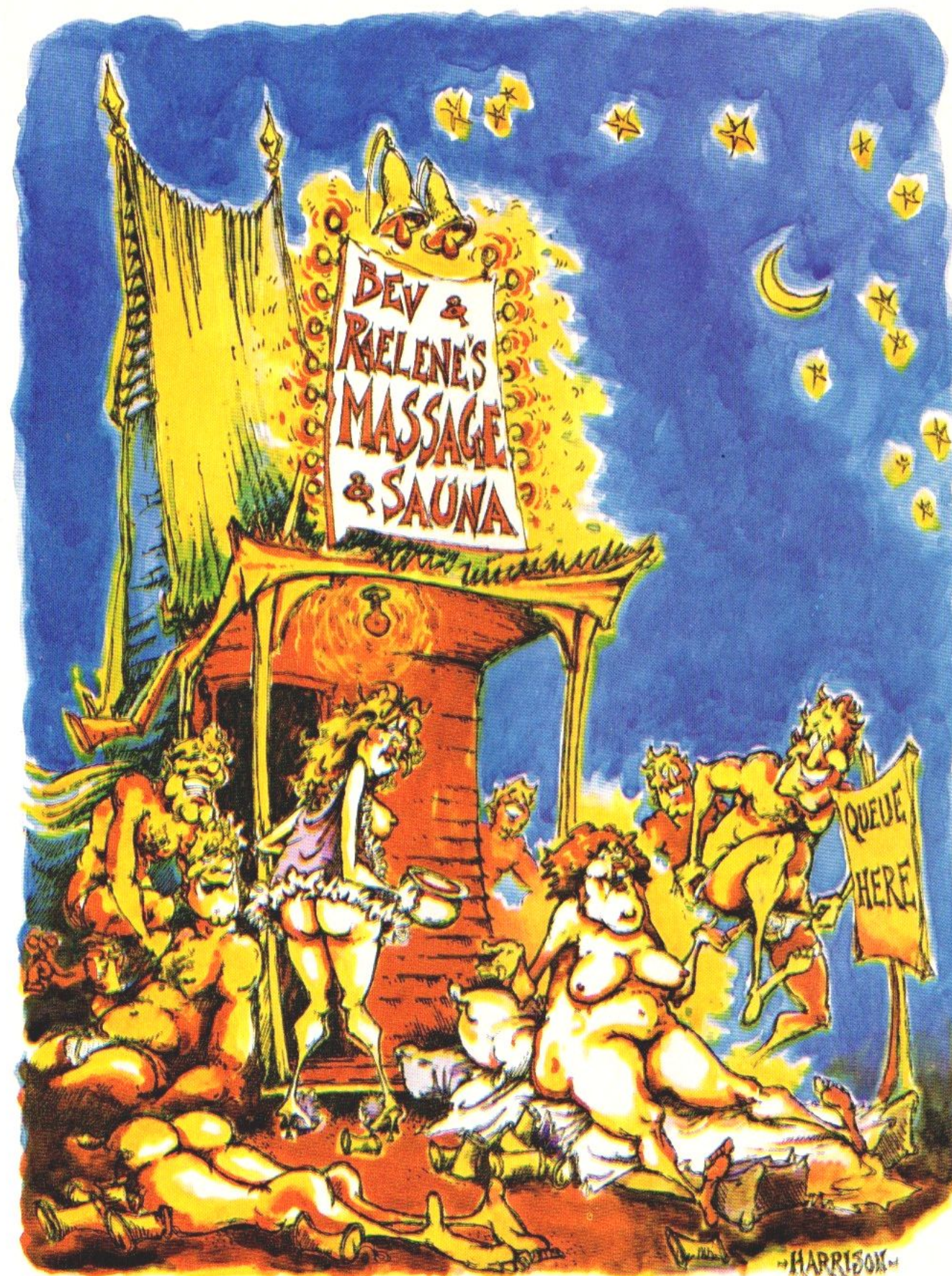
Are silicone injections safe? Are there any other methods of breast enlargement that really work? I would appreciate any information you could give me about breast enlargement. — Ms M.G., Canberra.

As you have learned, exercise, creams and massages have not been proven to be of any significant help in enlarging the breasts. Breasts can, however, be enlarged by a surgical procedure. The operation involves making a very small incision either at the outset aspect of the nipple, or in a fold below the breast where the breast joins the chest wall.

Through the incision, the doctor makes a pocket between the breast and chest muscles. A breast implant is inserted in the pocket.

The implant is generally a thin silicone membrane sac filled either with silicone gel or with salt water.

The implants come in various sizes so that the patient can choose a size which is appropriate and becoming for her. The surgery can be performed under either a general or local anaesthetic.



"They reckon everything began with the big bang theory... but I reckon that's what keeps it goin'!"



"It does look inflamed, but I wouldn't know what to do about it — I'm here to repair the doctor's air conditioner."

Why compromise?



OPTONICA by SHARP



Amid the sea of look-alike hi-fi systems, one name stands above the rest for all-out performance. Optonica.

Optonica's advanced digital micro-processor technology leads the way in bringing innovation and styling to the world's hi-fi products.

For example, the RT7070, illustrated, features Optonica's latest innovation, two independent transport systems — one

exclusively for recording, one exclusively for playback, each with its own compartment and amplifier.

Head alignment is greatly improved and performance enhanced.

Optonica. Sophisticated hi-fidelity that sounds as if it comes from the future and belongs in yours. Optonica by Sharp. We put you a step ahead.

Sharp Corporation of Australia Pty. Ltd., 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. 2165. Phone: (02) 728 9111.

AP3724R

FORUM

It can be done in a hospital or in an outpatient surgical facility. The patient usually experiences moderate discomfort after the surgery, which is controlled by taking pain killers for one or two days.

Activities are restricted for the first several weeks or so, but once healing is complete there are virtually no restrictions on what you can do.

When the surgery is performed by a qualified plastic surgeon, dangerous complications are infrequent. Since the implants are situated underneath the breast, they do not interfere with routine breast examinations.

Regular health insurance usually does not cover cosmetic surgery and you would probably be expected to pay the surgical fee in advance of the operation. The fees vary, but the average range is from \$1500 to \$2500.

The operation described above, which involves inserting implants, is a very different procedure from injecting silicone directly into the breast tissue. Many people have had silicone liquid injected into their breasts in the past, but injections of large enough volume to enlarge the breasts were found to cause many complications and difficulties including chronic inflammation of the breasts and migration of the liquid. Consequently, silicone injections are no longer considered a safe method of breast enlargement. The liquid is currently being used on an experimental basis by a small group of physicians licensed by the federal government, but only to determine its usefulness in very small amounts for the treatment of certain specific problems.

Her one hang-up

About five years ago, I lost 20 kgs and I'm still enjoying the new feeling of physical freedom. The problem is that when I lost weight, my breasts became small and droopy. I try not to, but I get really uptight about this, especially in bed. I've considered breast surgery, but it's too expensive and I don't think I want to take

such a big step except as a last resort.

I've read that doing exercises can help firm breasts. I don't understand how they could, since I thought breasts were all fatty tissue. Are there breast muscles as well? Do exercises really help? If they do, could you recommend some specific exercises that would make my breasts firmer?

Please reply: this is my one sexual hang-up and I hate it. I'd even prefer making love with my bra on. I actually have done so a few times and found myself much less uptight — but I can't go on trying to be a totally open sexual person with my bra on. — Ms K.T., Sydney.

Because appearance is given so much importance in women, especially the breasts, many women develop an exaggerated anxiety if they feel their breasts aren't "right".

As you note, the breasts do not contain any muscles. That means exercises cannot enlarge them.

The breasts can be made to appear somewhat firmer, however, by strengthening the surrounding chest muscles and by improving circulation.

Isometric exercises can be used to tone up and tighten the pectoral muscles on each side of the breasts and to tighten the skin across the breasts.

This may make some droopy breasts more uplifted. Grasp each wrist in the opposite hand, hold your arms at breast level, and pull tightly. You should feel your pectoral muscles tightening. A rapid series of quick pulls is the most effective technique.

The exercise can be done for two minutes, five times a day.

It is thought by some that improving blood circulation in the breasts will boost the bosom. Blood flow can sometimes be directed by hypnosis, performed by a knowledgeable medical hypnotherapist, and by acupuncture.

Estrogen hormones are used to build breasts in some individuals, often in males who wish to feminise their appearance. Many physicians disapprove of this method.

The only way to actually increase breast size, or to significantly alter their shape, is to have surgery. Breast augmentation operations involve implanting a silicone or waterfilled polyethethylene bag under the skin of the anterior chest in both pectoral muscle groups so that movements of the muscles will move the breasts. The procedure is safe and effective, but costly.

Exercises will not give you new breasts, but they may improve your appearance somewhat. Try them, then try to forget about your breasts and just enjoy your body. And if you really are more comfortable with a bra on, why not leave it on? A lot of men find women very sexy in lingerie and enjoy making love with a partner who isn't completely nude. A "no-bra" bra is smooth and elastic enough to cover the breasts evenly, and some men find the material very sensual. There are Victorian-style bras, lacy bras, all kinds of bras for all different erotic moods, and if they can help you enjoy your breasts, there's no reason not to wear one.

Family nudity

I am 44 and my husband is 43. We have been married for 12 years. I have a 17-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. My husband was not married before and we have no other children.

Our daughter Jan is in high school and is beginning to mature. We have a very good relationship and talk quite openly with each other.

A few nights ago Jan's television set had gone on the blink and she was in our bedroom watching a tennis match on our set. My husband didn't know she had come into the room because he was in the shower. He inadvertently walked out completely nude. Nothing was said but my husband was terribly embarrassed. Jan was not shocked, and I've tried to convince my husband it doesn't matter, but he can't seem to get over it.

I see nothing wrong with Jan seeing my husband nude if he doesn't flaunt it in front of her. I was reared in a household where we never hid from each other when we were undressed and no one was ever



For a FREE 700mm x 830mm 'El Toro' Tequila poster, print your name and address on the back of an envelope and enclose \$1.00 to cover packaging and postage. Send to: EL TORO TEQUILA, P.O. Box 104, Cammeray, NSW 2062

AB1216/81 CD8029/S

FORUM

upset or embarrassed about it. I think the three of us should be mature enough to handle the situation without any problems. Jan is still a virgin, and I hope she will remain one for some time yet, but she is not so inhibited as to become upset if her stepfather sees her semi-nude or even nude.

Please give us a word of advice about how to handle this situation. — Ms J.W., Townsville.

I think that you have handled the situation very well. You are not embarrassed about what happened and Jan is not embarrassed.

The worst thing you could do under the circumstances, I think, is to make an issue of your husband's embarrassment. If you continually bring up the subject and try to persuade him that he should not have been embarrassed, you will risk making him feel even worse about this harmless episode.

But if you simply regard the whole subject as unimportant and make no further reference to it, your nonchalance will make it easier for him.

Some people are rather shy about nudity. There's nothing wrong with that; modesty is not a crippling inhibition or disagreeable quality. Many fathers are excessively disturbed by anything that touches on their daughters' developing sexuality. Within reasonable limits there's nothing wrong with that either; it's natural. Perhaps your husband will be a bit more careful in the future about walking nude into your bedroom for both these reasons. That's okay too.

Confused

My husband and I only make love three to six times a month, although I would like to have sex more frequently. We have been married just three years, and it has been like this from the beginning. We lived together six months before we were married, however, and then we had intercourse as often as five times a day. I am very jealous and so is my husband.

Once in a while, we pick up a sex magazine and look for guys that want to be with a couple. We then pretend that the two guys and I are doing everything possible — or sometimes it is more than two guys. Among other things, we imagine filming all the action.

As a fantasy this is fine, and really turns us both on. But now my husband wants to contact one or two of these people and really try it. He is also pushing the responsibility on me, asking me if I've contacted anyone yet.

I am very confused. I don't understand my husband. I don't know if he's trying to make up for something, or if he is dissatisfied with me and trying to open the door to experiences with other women by setting up a situation where he can use "if she did

it, I can" as justification.

At times in the past, my husband has said he just isn't as highly sexed as I am, and implied that he wished I was more satisfied. I wonder, though, if a person who really loves his wife would want to share her with one or more guys.

I would appreciate any advice you could give me. — Ms.P.R., Melbourne.

It's natural for lovemaking to become less frequent after the romantic period of discovery is over and a couple settles down. When you first lived together, the newness and the excitement of getting to know each other were sexually stimulating, so that you had intercourse five times a day. You couldn't keep that pace up as your relationship mellowed and became more comfortable. Nor is your current rate of intercourse "abnormal". A recent survey found that about half of all happily married couples have sex two to four times a month, and about one in ten couples who have been happily married for some years do it less than once a month. This is not to deny or ignore the difference in your sexual drive and your husband's.

Having other relationships is one way to deal with the disparity between your sexual drives, but you are right to be cautious about acting out the swinging fantasies you enjoy. You should discuss the issues you raise with your husband. If you are both so jealous, how has he overcome this jealousy? Or has he? Many men who are excited by the thought of their wives with other men would be very upset if they actually saw their wives making love to someone else.

Does he realise that his willingness to "share" you makes you feel jealous and unloved? Why does he want to put the responsibility on you? Will he blame you if it doesn't work out?

It is important that you discuss all these questions together before you consider trying to swing. Some men and women have very healthy and loving relationships that are not threatened, but reinforced, by outside relationships. But this style of marriage requires a lot of open communication, something you and your husband don't seem to have developed yet.

Loose vagina the cause?

I have a problem that has been troubling me for some time. I think my vagina is simply too loose. When my lover Frank and I begin foreplay, I come almost immediately. After that I am so stretched and loose that his penis becomes limp during intercourse from lack of friction.

Are there any exercises which might tighten the muscles of the vagina? Ms J.B., Brisbane.

The problem, as I see it, is more than your "loose" vagina. It seems that Frank, who is relatively inexperienced at love-

making, loses his erection while you are having intercourse. It is hard to keep a soft penis in any vagina, even a tight one.

Many men have difficulty maintaining an erection during intercourse at some time or another, some more frequently than others. You seem very quick to take the blame for the problem, assuming that he loses his erection because your vagina has been stretched by sex. In fact, a healthy vagina is not permanently stretched to any significant degree by coitus, and the problem may have little or nothing to do with you.

A man can lose his erection for many reasons. Men have trouble staying excited when they are tense or anxious. Frank could be tense because he is worried he won't measure up physically or sexually to your other lovers. He could be so concerned about getting and staying hard, or about "doing it right," that he is not enjoying himself. He may not be as turned on as you are.

Unfortunately, no one can will an erection. What the two of you can do is set the scene for it to occur. For one thing, you should avoid making love when you're tired or when you've been drinking, since both fatigue and alcohol can inhibit sexual responsiveness. You could also try to develop teasing techniques which many people find exciting. Extend your foreplay, turning each other on, then calming each other down, building up your level of excitation in slow steps with resting places in between. This kind of teasing could help Frank become more aroused than he has been in the past. What's more, studies show that when people delay their climax this way, the orgasm lasts longer and it is more intense.

If Frank is more excited and remains hard longer, he will fall out of your vagina less easily. Changing positions can help too. He will be least likely to fall out in the positions that allow for deepest penetration. Try having intercourse doggy-style, getting on your hands and knees while Frank enters you from behind, or when you are on your back, raise your legs up and hook them over Frank's shoulders. You can switch to different positions during your lovemaking to provide different sensations and avoid fatigue. You can also try putting your hands or fingers around the base or middle of Frank's penis during intercourse, holding him while he thrusts. Your fingers can provide additional friction and pleasure by grasping him tightly. If you need extra lubrication, you can use coconut oil or KY jelly.

Whether or not Frank's loss of erection has anything to do with the size of your vagina, tightening the muscles surrounding your vaginal opening can add to your pleasure. When the surrounding muscles are strong, they provide greater friction for a penis and increase the intensity of the woman's orgasms. The Kegel exercise will enable you to strengthen this area. ☞



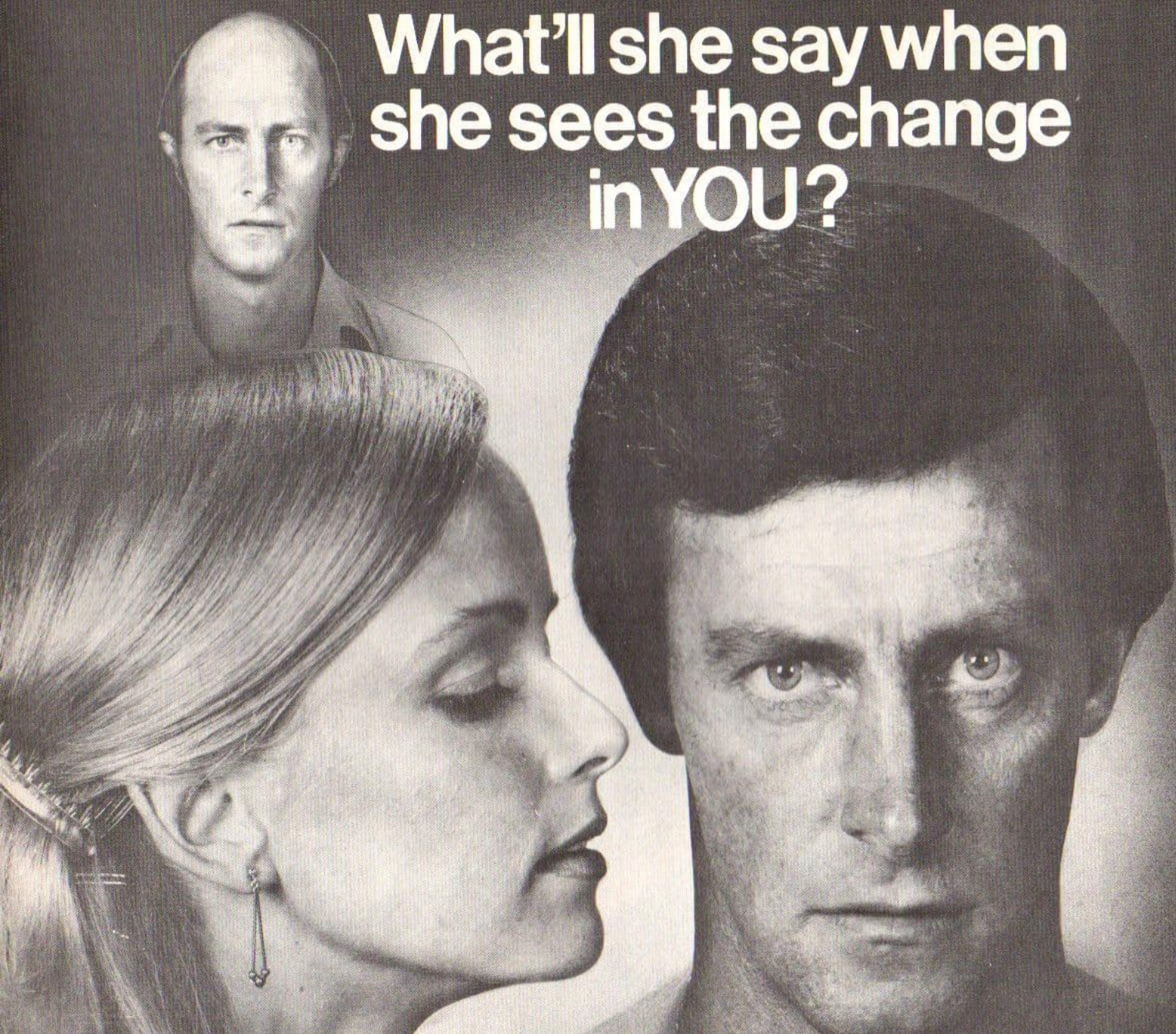
By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Smokers' Requisites
ALFRED DUNHILL LTD LONDON

dunhill

Duke Street, St. James's, London.



What'll she say when
she sees the change
in YOU?



Bald or thinning? Now you can have a natural looking head of hair again with HAIRFUSION... the revolutionary process developed in America. No surgery, no transplanting. Doesn't matte or tangle. It's the ultimate answer for a thinning hair problem. SHAMPOO IT... SWIM IN IT... SLEEP IN IT... PLAY SPORTS... HAVE FUN... HAIRFUSION BECOMES PART OF YOU, IT'S YOUR NEW HEAD OF HAIR!

HAIRFUSION puts you right on top!

PHONE FOR NO OBLIGATION FREE CONSULTATION

MELBOURNE 14 Sandilands St, South Melbourne 3205 Phone 699 9488
NEWCASTLE Suite 1, 1st Floor, 850 Hunter St, Newcastle 2302 Phone 69 3655
PARRAMATTA 6 Pitt St, (cnr. Argyle St) Parramatta 2150 Phone 633 5544
SHEPPARTON 1st Floor, 98 Nixon St, Shepparton 3630 Phone 21 8633
SURFERS PARADISE 3rd Floor, 46 Cavill Avenue Surfers Paradise 4217 Ph38 8600
SYDNEY Suite 805A, 100 William St, Sydney 2011 Phone 358 3499
TOWNSVILLE 1st Floor, 60-62 Denham St, Townsville 4810 Phone 71 2033
WOLLONGONG 332 Crown St, Hospital Hill, Wollongong 2500 Phone 28 4666
BRISBANE 1st Floor, 383 Wickham Terrace, Brisbane 4000 Phone 221 2533

AND SOON TO OPEN IN PERTH & ADELAIDE



**ADVANCED
HAIR STUDIO**

I would like more FREE information on
your Hairfusion process

Name.....
Address.....
Phone.....(Home).....(Bus.)

Post coupon
today for
more detailed
information!

PH
HA/AHS17

•Stick with your own loving wife
and keep the stripper only as a
lovely memory — your untoppable
topless one, perhaps •

XAMIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

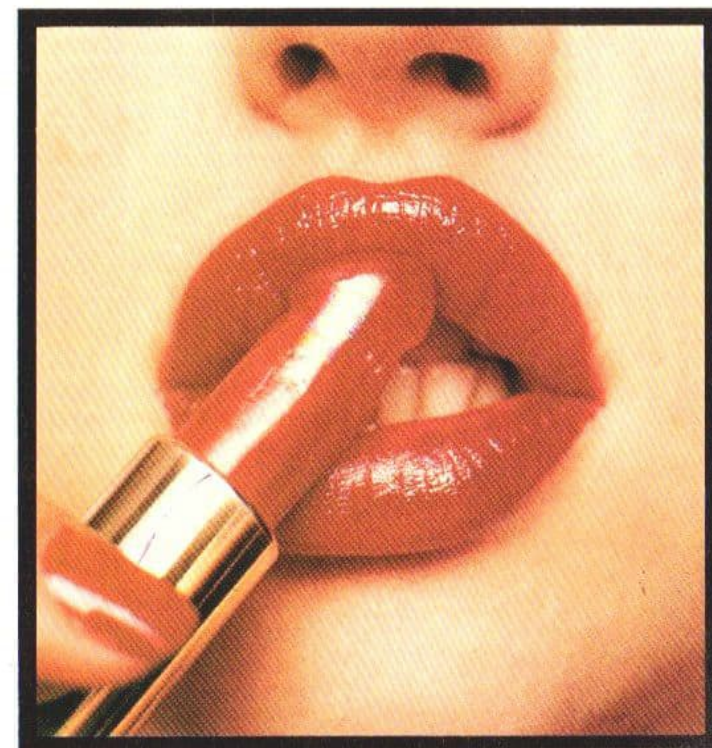
Not me. I was too old, too set
in my ways for it actually to
happen as I might have
dreamed as a young man. But
it did. Now my feelings about
it are decidedly mixed.

First, let me say I never
fooled around. I was faithful,
having enjoyed many years of
total sex only with my wife,
who in her prime, let me tell
you, was a ten plus. Having
admitted fidelity, let me add
that I'm at the same time an
inveterate fantasiser. It's a
trip each month with Pent-
house and with occasional
secret visits to my favorite
strip-club. I must also confess
though, that those trips leave
me a bit disappointed. "Look
— don't touch." And the
pretty girls are mostly surly.
They don't cause much of a
glow. That's how I sized it up
for several years. Then the
past six months changed all that. It was just another lunchtime
visit to watch the girls strip, I thought, as I sat down and began
appraising the slender young blonde nearby on the little stage
who, completely nude now, was finishing her act. Pretty, like
most of them, but dumb in the face, and she was unintentionally
comical in her exaggeration of sexiness. Better she had just
stood there scratching herself.

Nevertheless the customary redeeming part of the act was
about to begin. As the music reached the final notes, the girl did
her own finale, something that had become a trademark of the
place.

Turning her back deliberately on her audience she slowly
began to bend down, legs still straight, and let her hands glide
down her calves to her feet. At least that part of the act was ex-
citing, revealing and worth it.

Okay, now for the best one. A new one today? It couldn't be
true, but it really was. This new girl was an identical twin of how



my wife had looked as a
newly-wed 20 years ago. My
throat went dry, and I got un-
nerved — older men do that,
too, you know — as she
began to dance. Unlike most
of them I had seen she had a
unique radiance and vitality
that showed she wanted to
please, not merely to put in
time. She was getting into the
music smoothly as her act
progressed.

Then she started to fiddle
provocatively with her bra. It
almost hurt me to see her dis-
play her breasts, first mod-
estly, then proudly. They were
so much like my wife's had
been! I knew intuitively how
they'd feel to touch, to kiss. It
got even better as the rest of
her gradually came into full,
gorgeous view. Amazingly, it
all checked out. Yes, that long
dark-brown, curly hair would
perfectly match, top and

bottom. And her erotically rhythmic swaying — identical to how
my wife had danced long ago. But toward the end of her act, it
became clear that she was going to ignore the custom, pertly
refusing at the finale to spread herself all out for her audience to
admire. It added to her attractiveness, telling us we could never
know all of her.

Soon after, I left, drained emotionally. I headed directly toward
the nearest bar, knowing that only a stiff drink or three would
enable me to function and allow me to confront that aged version
of her which I knew so well — too well, in fact.

I went back to the lounge a short while later, with a mission. I
just had to tell her how much she resembled my bride. I was so
shy about it, rehearsing over and over what I might say, that I
couldn't fully enjoy her act. Afterwards, still not sure I could go
through with it, I went to the back of the lounge where she was
standing holding a drink. I passed her by the first time, then made
myself return and face her. Fear of rejection made me blurt it out

almost all in one breath. She smiled at what I said, warmly, not with a smirk, as I had feared.

My subsequent visits to the lounge when she danced were both good and bad. They served to kindle my sex life at home. ("What's got into you — I mean me — tonight?") We were having sex every week. With growing dismay, though, I began brooding that my own age was a barrier, making it futile to hope to ever realise my fantasy. Even so, my fantasy did lead me to turn more often to my wife, with gratifying results. Even then, though, my mind would keep persuading me that it really was my stripper I was impaling, intensifying the sensation each time. Little did I realise how nice this deal was.

Until she and I actually did it. A hooker she was. Maybe she could act out what I had been imagining? No way. Her turn-on was dancing, not sex. Sadder but wiser, I now appreciated what I had at home...

Right after she had completed her dance one afternoon at the lounge, she came over to my table with a questioning look. Abruptly she asked me to go and rent a room in the hotel down the street and meet her there in half an hour.

My mind was a blur as I complied. Almost immediately she was at the door and into my arms, sobbing quietly. What's

a man to do? My first thought was to embrace her in a fatherly way like I would my own daughter, who was about her size. And I did, cautiously, as I was very much aware that this could be a trick and I the victim. It wasn't. Then, averting her eyes, she slowly whispered to me that she had chosen me because I seemed to be safe for her to approach. (A compliment?) Maybe I could help her. She was so lonely and afraid since her dad had died after a long illness, two weeks earlier.

Back to reality. My mind was being very sympathetic as I held her gingerly. But my body was refusing to obey the dictates of conscience: it was fired by a separate will, and she could not have failed to notice it. It embarrassed me but to my joyous surprise, she didn't back off a bit. Rather, she looked intently and seriously into my eyes for a long moment. Then a little nervously she pulled me closer.

The rest was a blur of ecstasy, made sweeter when, at the point of my first entry she shuddered and then instinctively drew back, frightened. No rubber? Relieved, I nodded, assuring her that my vasectomy was time-tested. Satisfied, she proceeded to experience for the first time in her life the thrill of a naked penetration. It made her sigh with delight. Simultaneously I brushed my lips across her youthful, firm breasts. Her body shivered as she began to imitate my initial thrust with a hesitant one of her own. I held perfectly still and

watched, in a trance. At first tentative, then with determination and at last eagerness, she progressively engulfed me to the hilt, her eyes finally glazing in a sign of grateful fulfilment. I was so incredibly stimulated — at first almost frighteningly so. A man my age is likely to believe that dreams never come true; or certainly not in precisely the way you want them to, so that you would not change a single word or gesture in the entire experience.

Later she confided that it wasn't just the new and heightened sensitivity when she felt me bare and wet in her, or being stretched almost beyond endurance for the first time.

Instead, it was the slow and incessant rubbing of my penis on her clitoris with each probe and withdrawal, in such smooth and prolonged fashion that she simply kept melting from one shivering orgasm into another, long before I was ever spent.

I was thus finally able, thanks to my lovely young proxy bride, to consummate that afternoon what long ago I just dreamed of, then achieved so inadequately soon after as a fumbling honeymooner.

Who's to know what made her seek me out and how I have come to mean so much to her? In any event, my afternoon delight now is mine nearly every other work day.

So is my sexually revitalised wife. But while my genitals are eagerly complying with this new-found interest, the rest of me is getting worn out. I'm losing weight and sleep.

My muscles ache, although I had thought I was in pretty good shape. And lately when I climax, it has become a painful experience.

Two questions, Xaviera. Is there a greater danger of heart attack for me now, and even if not, do I risk a premature burn-out on sex?

I hope to stay active for at least another 10 years, beyond the late 60s. And so do two women I know. Can I? — R.S.

Don't you think you are burning the candle at both ends a little too much for your age? By that I mean that you might wear out your desire as well as your heart. I would think that by now the novelty of the short-term relationship with the stripper would have worn off and you would have returned to your wife all rejuvenated. But it seems to me that you are getting too involved and are mistaking your fantasy for reality.

As long as you can keep your affair separate from your marriage, you just might get away with it. So go easy with the stripper and don't see her more often than every second day.

But in the long run you ought to stick with your own loving and devoted wife and keep the stripper only as a lovely memory — your untoppable topless one, perhaps.



"You're going to make me the happiest girl in the world with that?"

To the audiophile, nothing is more frustrating than drop outs.

Nothing destroys the seductive effect of good hi fi faster than the shattering silence of a drop out.

Having a favourite piece of music disappear before your very ears is most disconcerting.

Especially since, unlike other aspects of recording and playback, this one is actually out of your control.

Or is it?

The fact is, some tapes are drop-out prone while others are not.

A major Melbourne tape dealer* recently pointed out that "the absolute lowest percentage of faulty tapes is TDK." Certainly, TDK does have a remarkable reputation for reliability.

To understand why the drop outs that occur with some other brands rarely occur with TDK, you need to understand first of all what causes them.

Classically, it has to do with a discontinuity of the magnetic coating.

With cheap tapes, this may be a section which has no coating at all.

But usually, it's due to imperfections called "nodules."

These minute irregularities may be clusters of oxides, or filter fibres trapped in the tape, or acetate particles...or even foreign matter such as dust.

By forcing the tape away from the recording or playback heads, they result in partial or total decrease in output.

TDK comes as close as technology currently allows to eliminating these nodules.

The company has spent 46 years studying the mysteries of ferrite (it was the first to commercialise this magnetic material).

By formulating uniquely uniform particles of ferrite oxide and, in turn, packing them together in a uniquely uniform arrangement, TDK manages to avoid clumps and gaps in its tape.

Additionally, engineers and craftsmen at the plant wear surgically clean robes and even vacuum the air to avoid foreign contaminants:

Finally, each roll of tape is polished.

But the cassette mechanism, as well as manufacture, can be a source of drop outs.

All TDK cassettes are precision instruments.

The unique double-clamp system for anchoring the tape to the hub virtually prevents the hub bumps that are a notorious cause of drop outs.

The winding mechanism, together with the parallel-to-within-one-micron edges, is designed to minimise kinks and twists.

If you have a TDK tape handy, inspect it (actually, it's already been through a series of ruthless inspections at the factory). The standard of engineering of the cassette itself is evidence of the standard of the tape inside.

Note: Any person practising tape recording should observe the provisions of the Copyright Act 1968.

TDK

"TDK does amazing things to my system."



*Steve Sartori, The Record Centre.

Bevins TDK1

HOW TO CHOOSE A WINE WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

FOLLOWING the overwhelming response to the first edition of "Australian Wine Vintages," The Benson and Hedges Company are proud to announce the release of "Australian Wine Vintages - Second Edition."

Author Robin Bradley has designed it to be a superb complement to the first edition, rating an additional 170 wines and making it the most comprehensive and authoritative vintage wine reference available for those who appreciate and enjoy the pleasure of wine.

Some 330 of Australia's best wines are expertly rated by their makers for each vintage, and assessed for their best year for drinking.

Other features include an expanded rating scale, and comprehensive winery location maps in colour.

A wallet-size vintage area

card is enclosed with each copy.

Whether one is browsing through a wine shop, entertaining at home, stocking a cellar, or perusing a restaurant wine list, "Australian Wine Vintages" is an invaluable guide to selecting the best.

This 100-page pocket-book edition is available in two versions: The Deluxe Edition, bound in brown English calf with 24 ct gold titling at \$20 per copy, with the option of personalising at \$1.00 extra; or the gold Soft Cover Edition at \$7.50 per copy.

Prices include mailing and all handling costs. Orders will be accepted strictly in order of receipt. To ensure your copy, post the order form (situated on opposite page) to:

"Australian Wine Vintages," The Benson and Hedges Company, G.P.O. Box 4515, Melbourne, Vic. 3001.

The BENSON and HEDGES Company
When only the best will do.

WOMEN

INSECURE WIFE

My husband and I have been married for three years. I love him dearly. The sexual side of our marriage is great for both of us. We share fantasies openly and often go to "blue" movies together.

The problem is that when my husband reads men's magazines I feel insecure and can barely face him. I'm afraid he'll find me unattractive and undesirable after seeing the beautiful women in the magazines. When we're making love, I imagine that he's fantasising about a lady from the magazine and feel left out.

My husband is anxious to have someone else join us in our lovemaking, but my insecurities make the idea frightening to me. At the same time, I'm afraid of losing him if I don't agree.

I remember my father chasing after one woman and just ogling young girls in the street when I was a child. My mother was chained to the sink looking after the kids. I resented my dad's actions then and get a hint of the same feeling toward my husband now.

I don't know how I can overcome this insecurity. I've discussed the problem with my husband and neither of us has come up with a solution. Can you help? Ms M.P., Phillip Island.

It's marvellous that your husband enjoys looking at centre-folds! Any healthy man, or healthy woman, for that matter, naturally enjoys looking at lovely bodies. I'd be anxious if men ever tired of looking at them. Whether illustrated in an art museum or gallery catalogue, or printed on the glossy paper of a men's magazine, a beautiful nude is a pleasure to the eye.

Rather than treat your husband's delight in nudes as a threat, why not try to discover these delights for yourself? Instead of viewing the pictures as potential rivals, enjoy the beauty of well-shaped breasts, thighs and buttocks, and nicely-formed toes and feet.

By comparing yourself to the magazine women and giving yourself a low score, you are preventing yourself from enjoying the photographs as art forms. Furthermore, you assume your husband is doing the same thing. But is he? Has he explicitly told you he finds you less appealing by comparing you to the beautiful women he sees in the magazines? Or is this something you are formulating in your own head?

You seem to regard sexual attractiveness as a purely physical matter, having to do with the shapeliness or loveliness of the body alone. But sex, as we all know, is a form of communication, a way of talking with our bodies. Your openly sharing fantasies with your husband and together attending blue movies tells me that you are responsive to each other's imagination

and communicate well, which means that, together, you are sexy no matter what shape you are. Since you say that the "sexual side" of your marriage is mutually great, that certainly presents behavioral evidence that your husband does care for you and that you make him feel sexy, regardless of whether he looks at centre-folds. If looking at centre-folds excites his imagination, you are the one who benefits: he stimulates his imagination in this way to share his excitement with you.

IF IN DOUBT, ASK

I am a 20-year-old female. I have been going with the same man for two years. When we first started to have sex, he would try to keep his erection for as long as possible before climaxing. This meant we would have to wait 30 to 60 minutes before he would come. He thought that he was pleasing me by making coitus last longer. He wasn't. I found that after a few minutes, my vagina became numb to everything except the feeling of pressure.

It didn't take me long to relay my feelings to my lover. Was he surprised! He had always been told women like to go on for hours. Now when we make love we spend a lot of time touching and kissing and doing all the luscious things that heighten our sensitivity instead of dulling it. When he finally does enter me, we are both more than ready to climax within the first couple of minutes. Our sex life has improved 100 percent since I told him what I like; it is much more sensual.

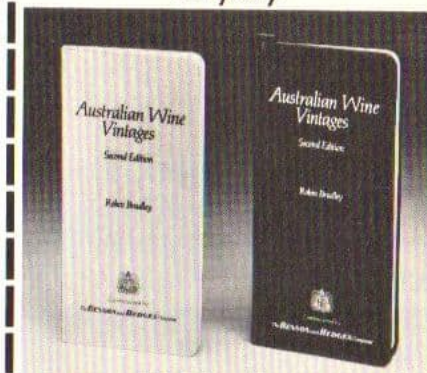
I keep reading letters from men who want to last longer, or from women who complain their men are premature ejaculators. Am I the only woman in the world who finds prolonged intercourse boring? — J.K., Tasmania.

Your story is a good example of how we can improve relationships, sexual or not, by avoiding what are often false assumptions about our partner's feelings and by telling them how we ourselves really feel. Many of us go through life making assumptions about other people's feelings, desires and needs — assumptions which may be inaccurate, but which we never test. All we need to do is to simply ask the other person what he or she feels.

Your lover has been told that women like to go on for hours. He assumed that you felt this way without bothering to check it out with you. You handled the matter very intelligently; you explained your feelings to him. Once you told him how you felt, he was able to change his lovemaking style to please you more.

Your feelings should be whatever they are. You're certainly not the only woman in the world who finds prolonged intercourse boring, but your response reflects your individuality. Some women, like yourself, find extended coitus boring and tiring; some find it very satisfying and do like their men to last longer.

**The
BENSON and HEDGES
Company**



Australian Wine Vintages ORDER FORM

To: "Australian Wine Vintages,"
The Benson and Hedges Company,
G.P.O. Box 4515, Melbourne, Vic. 3001.

Please forward copies of "Australian Wine Vintages - Second Edition" as follows:

Deluxe leather-bound
copies, numbered
and signed by the
author @ \$20.00

\$ _____

Gold Soft Cover
copies @ \$7.50

\$ _____

For personalised copies
(Deluxe Edition only), please
indicate (below) initials
required for gold stamping
on front cover and add \$1.00
per Deluxe book. Please
allow an extra 14 days for
personalisation.

\$ _____

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

(Maximum of four initials per Deluxe book.
For multiple orders of Personalised Deluxe
editions please provide separate details of
initials.)

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Tel. _____

I enclose my cheque for \$ _____

OR Please charge ☐ American Express
☐ Bankcard
☐ Diners Club

Account No. _____

Signed _____

Date _____

The Benson and Hedges Company, 71 Macquarie Street, Sydney.
(Please allow 21 days for processing and delivery
plus an additional 14 days
for personalisation.)



016.P264R2/AP

The average hi-fi designer versus the human ear.

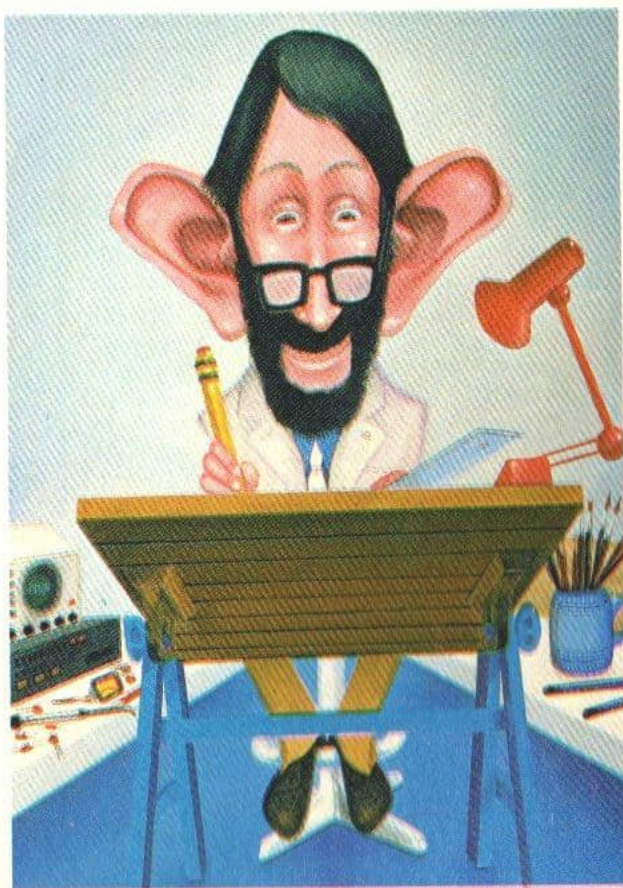
The human ear forms part of a sound receiving system that outperforms the best audio equipment known to science.

Capable of interpreting a dynamic range of 120db or 10 octaves, it has double the capability of any man made electronic equipment.

The ear can discern direction, coloration and musical within a complex detail rendition of a 50 piece orchestra in a manner no electronic equipment is able to do.

It is, in short, a sophisticated piece of equipment that should represent the most stimulating challenge to any designer of audio equipment.

Unfortunately it's a challenge that's largely ignored. Which is why in most stereo



were tired of compromise, Vector Research represents a new standard in high fidelity excellence.

Discussing the Vector VRX 9000, *Stereo Review* states "The receiver surpassed virtually every one of its performance specifications... it sounds as good as it looks, which is saying a lot..."

High Fidelity states "a receiver with such sophisticated performance and functions demands attention." *Popular Electronics* on the Vector VCX 600 cassette deck, "Lower Flutter readings than those of the VCX 600 are hard to find..."

while not cheap, it affords excellent value." *Hi-Fi Buyer's Review* sums up.

"Vector Research is a newcomer to the audio scene, but if the VCX 600 is any guide, this company should be very successful."

If then you are an audiophile whose interest goes beyond famous names and shiny knobs then you owe it to yourself to learn more about Vector Research.

Dear V.R., In my book, beauty is in the ear of the beholder. Send me the test reports and the name of my nearest stockist.

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Keio International Pty. Ltd.
198 Normanby Road, South Melbourne 3205.
Telephone: (03) 64 3546.

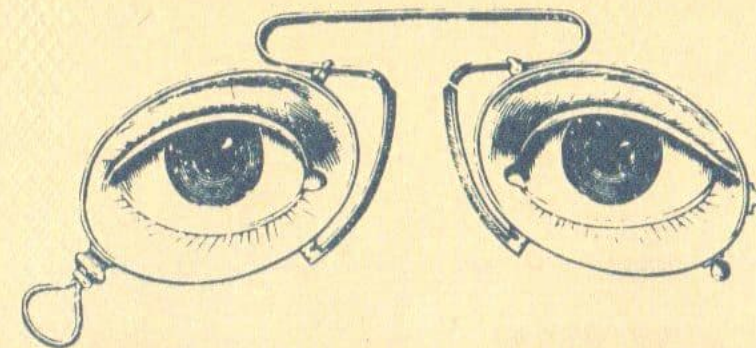
KO409

Brand Management



systems handling power and volume are substituted for subtlety and frequency response. Vector Research however is one of the few exceptions. Developed by a team of highly experienced audio engineers who

Vector Research. A fraction better than excellent.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

BOXES OF PLEASURE

BY JEREMY COOK

Just as the Beatles revolutionised the world of popular music in the early Sixties, so did a repackaging of their material in the late Seventies effect, though to a lesser extent, record marketing. In 1979 EMI brought out the *Beatles Collection* box set, which has since sold in excess of 50,000 units. Presently there are a number of box sets on the market — the bulk coming from EMI, Polygram and RCA. Each has delved into its repertoire to produce a series of expensive but comprehensive collections of catalogue artists' material. A catalogue artist is one who has a large back catalogue of records and who, though not necessarily charting, still maintains constant sales of records long after their release (and possible demise of the group or performer).

Box sets have been *de rigueur* in the classical field for a long time. Originally with 78s it was necessary to spread one symphony over several discs. As the world sped up and albums slowed to 33 1/3 it became possible to lump several symphonies in one reasonably priced box showcasing a range of the composer's work, usually via a specific personality conductor. Present prices range from \$25 to \$50, though there are exceptions, such as Von Karajan with the Berlin Philharmonic — 28 records for \$199.

Similarly, the rock boxes are cheaper than buying individual albums — marginally in the case of the AC/DC set, and radically in the case of the Hendrix box (about \$5 an album). However none of them represent a small investment — though they quite often sell for less than list price (this Christmas the *Beatles Collection*, listed at \$115, has been procurable for \$89.99).

Motivation for the record-buying animal known to the record companies as "the collector" is in numerous forms — you, too, could be one.

Albums are far from ageless. Records bought in a time of irresponsible youth may have had Brandavino and coke split on them; suffered non-specific food deposits and scratches; been

prey to dodgy record players; or simply been lost or stolen. Its a fair bet also that the record player you were using 10-15 years ago was not as sophisticated as the one you currently have access to.

The recorded quality of the box sets is generally good, with earlier albums you may have bought in mono now remixed in stereo.

The packaging is where the main difference between companies lies. EMI (Beatles, Stones, AC/DC) tends to go for facimilies of the original covers printed on a lighter cardboard and looking like a reproduction. Polygram, however, has a stated aim of reproducing the covers as originally presented — the Hendrix collection being a superb example.

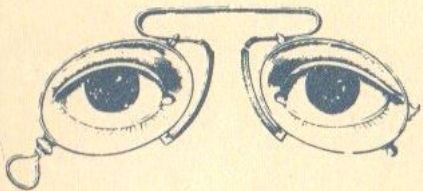
The effect of the boxes is to concentrate the artists' output and impact in a much more potent (and cheaper) way than simply going out and attempting to secure random albums.

Despite reaction from shop assistants in various large disc outlets that they hardly, if ever, sell any box sets they represent good business for the companies, both in actual sales of the sets and in rekindling interest in the artists' previous material.

As box sets require more complex and involved packaging than normal album production, companies tend to err on the cautious side in the numbers produced. Encouraged and inspired by EMI's Beatles offering, Polygram brought out a Bee Gees box at Christmas 1979 (14 albums for \$99) and the small exploratory run of 2000 immediately sold out.

Although most of the boxes' contents are available as individual albums most provide something new — photos, booklets, or a few previously unreleased tracks. RCA has taken this a step further with their Elvis sets — not so much re-releases of albums but collections of singles, TV shows, concerts, relevant excerpts from movie soundtracks. A successful ploy, as indicated by 10,000 copies of the imported *Elvis Aaron Presley* (eight discs at \$79.99) having been bespoke even before they hit the record bins.





SOUNDS

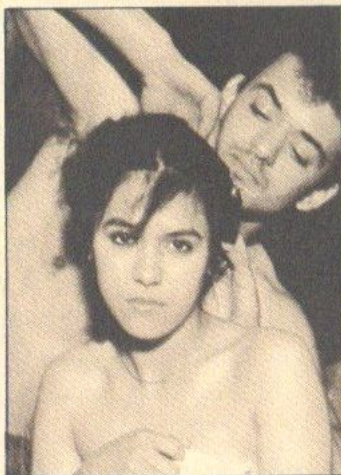


LIVED IN VOICE

Malcolm McLaren (author of the Sex Pistols — who elevated picking your nose to the status of a cultural revolution) has engineered another bizarre pop outing. **Bow Wow Wow** rises phoenix-like from the ashes of a less than satisfactory alignment with one Adam (of Ant fame). McLaren has always had a fine pop marketing sensibility.

Pistols' vocalist Johnny Rotten came to him via a clothing boutique. This time, he found the pubescent Annabella Lwin at a laundrette. She brings to the band a youthful, breathy sensuality that sounds lived in — though her mum seems to be a bit of a problem there. Matriar-

Bow Wow Wow... bizarre.



chal intervention squashed the original cover to the band's debut album *See Jungle! See Jungle! Go join your gang yeah, city all over! Go ape crazy!* (RCA). The original was to be a nude Annabella in a setting based on Manet's painting "Le Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe" — definitely an Art Shot guv'nor and not a cheap piece of smutty sensationalism. "I'm 15 and a fool can't you see, so don't fall in love with me I'm a rock and roll puppet in a band called Bow Wow Wow..."

Meanwhile the rest of the boys are giving us, according to drummer La Barbarossa, "versions, rhythmically, of music from all over the world — Third World, like Haitian, Phillipino, South American, African, North African, you know, Russian and all that..."

Their jolly, clattering tribal poundings — Sandy Nelson returns from 10 years in Nigeria and joins the Shadows, who are now heavily into primal chanting — get very repetitive over a whole album. However, the generally buoyant mood is pushed along admirably by 19-year-old Matthew Ashman's bass. A thumb plucker *par excellence*.

Heaven 17 also utilise a youthful thumb in the form of John Wilson on *Penthouse and Pavement* (Virgin). He is at times reminiscent of Colin Hodgkinson from the early Seventies trio Back Door and more recently the Jan Hamer Band.

Ex-Human Leaguers Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware have constructed an album that heads a two-pronged attack on bodies — they assault from the ankles down and the neck up.

The Pavement side is more geared for the disco — the pleasures of the dance in a veritable *plais de syntho-funk*. The Penthouse side is supposedly more song-orientated. Both contain provocative, beguiling compositions.

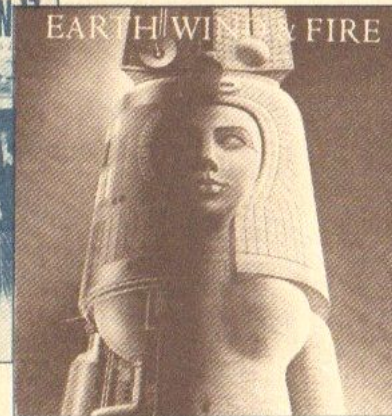
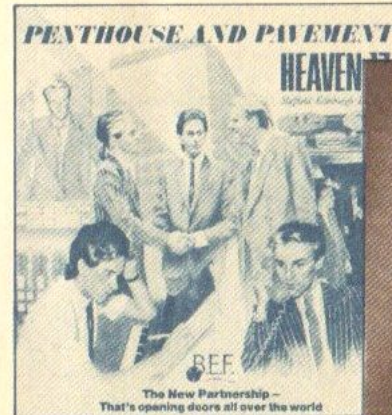
The single (*We don't need this*) fascist groove *thang* opens the album and set the mood. Written at the time of Reagan's election (*Fascist god in motion, Generals tell him what to do... fascist thang advancing*), it takes a defiant stance. "Let's all make a bomb" is about coping with nuclear threat whilst needing to party. "We're going to live for a very long time" rails against smug solutions for happiness offered by religion. The title track is about the middle-class desire for street credibility while the workers crave "uptown in the penthouse". Intelligent, opinionated, melodic and danceable.

Last year **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** had a worldwide hit with their song *Enola Gay* (the name of the plane that unloaded the big bang on Hiroshima). The follow-up album *Architecture and Morality* (Dindisc/CBS) sees the song-writing partnership of Paul Humphreys and Andrew McCluskey producing a collection of diverse moods. Stately and sparse, it is at times reflective without being cloying. It's like the soundtrack to a tour through an old, deserted English manor.

Fellow Brit synthesizer popsters **Depeche Mode** are much more concerned with froth and bubble than bricks and mortar. On *Speak and Spell* (Mute/RCA) this young band (ages range 18-20) repeatedly shows its debt to the cutesy instrumental of yesteryear "Popcorn".

The album has numerous melodies that are light and catchy — definite bathroom recital material. The band, in *What's Your Name?* sings *Hey you're such a pretty boy, you're so pretty*. This comes across more as wistful admiration than sardonic wit.

The band's bio reeks of a classic pop stance. For instance Martin's pet hate is "having to work when I could be eating or



Heaven 17... youthful; Earth, Wind and Fire... restrained.

sleeping." Vincent's favorite food is crisps (he lists his ambition as "none"). Poor David's worst experience was having a coat stolen while Andrew hates people laughing at him. Super! Well next kids we're going to see what happens when everyone in the band wants to do their own record.

The Cars, masters of the oozing, synthesized ostinato, have a new offering with *Shake It Up* (Elektra). On stage they present a weird combination with Rick Ocasek's nonchalant new wave stance, bassist Benjamin Orr's pretty pop poutings and Greg Hawkes (keyboards) looking like a bug-eyed medical orderly. Nevertheless these boys have been responsible for some great tracks in the past and although every song on this album may not be single potential (contrary to the gushings of Molly Meldrum) there are a few eminently hummable ditties, notably *Since You're Gone*, with its Dylanesque vocals and Robert Fripp guitar sound, and the title track.

Every album has featured a female of pin-up status and most of Ocasek's songs are variations on *Victim Of Love*. (*She can take you anywhere she wants to*.) When you tire of this gentle torment *do the move with the quirky jerk, just shake it up*.

Uncle **Frank Zappa** has produced another collection of tightly arranged pisstake cameos with *You Are What You Is* (CBS). Crass sexual humor,

gross images and a fairly comprehensive pastiche of musical idioms. An over-extended egomaniac or rambling, hyper-productive genius? This double album does little to throw light on the answer. Zappa has been simultaneously repeating himself and inspiring scores of musicians for years. A worthy balance to those that take themselves too seriously and their craft not seriously enough.

Could we interest you in some basic hard rock riffs (very popular — sold nearly 10 million albums of 'em last year); how about some gold records (drummer Phil Rudd claims to have run out of wall space in his Melbourne abode); no? ... how about one slightly used church bell only hit once an evening to start the show; well, how about 21 full-sized bronze cannons — great conversation pieces though don't expect to be able to talk over them, or the band.

On **AC/DC's** *For Those About To Rock* (EMI) they let off these large cigarette lighters repeatedly to complement the distorted guitar riffing of the title track. Friends blessed with more exquisite stereos than myself claim it to be a mega-sound. Whatever the size of your sonic hardware AC/DC will pound your auditory senses to a fine paste with their characteristic methodical precision.

On last year's *Rock and Roll Ain't Noise Pollution* new singer Brian Johnson told us that "rock and roll is just a good, good

sense". He's not kidding! Six years of contant overseas touring has brought AC/DC to the top of the heap. This album went to number three in the US in two weeks, with advance orders of 1.2 million. In Oz advance sales (50,000) sent it platinum.

The band doesn't disappoint the expectations of its fans. The rhythm section is strong, tight, and hardly in need of cannonic support. The guitars grunge with mighty aplomb and Johnson wails and screams as if one of their 17-ton riffs has just been dropped on his foot.

Would-be heavy metallurgists, the Canadian band **Lover Boy**, weigh in with a much lighter alloy on their second album *Get Lucky* (CBS). Lead singer Mike Renot prowls and menaces like some New Romantic/Heavy Metal gym instructor. Derivative? Well, according to the Countdown bible ("Rock All Over The World" — ABC) he considers it a compliment to be compared with Cheap Trick, Boston and Foreigner.

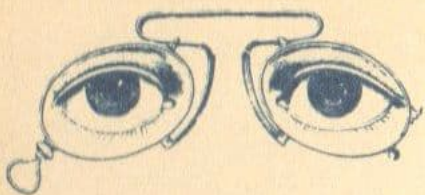
Like their first single *Turn Me Loose* the album is a well crafted, well produced piece of Heavy Pop. Close listening to the lyrics just highlights their vapid chauvinism — *You're so emotional... you never use your head... I guess that's why I love you so... enough said*.

The Original Sweaty Palms Orchestra... looney.



More impressive-sounding is **Earth Wind and Fire's** *Raise* (CBS). Exercising great restraint, they only offer special thanks to "The Creator, our Guiding Light" and the relevant extra musicians. Those familiar with their 1977 hit singles *Serpentine Fire* and *Fantasy* will hardly be caught unawares by this outing. Lyrically this album falls very much into the "have a nice day" (beam, beam) category. *Let this groove, get you to move, move yourself and glide like a 747*. Well what do you want?

Captain Matchbox may be dead but their spirit lives on with Sydney's **The Original Sweaty Palms Orchestra** (ABC/CBS). This group of loons have pillaged standards of the Thirties and Forties (and possibly earlier). The playing on guitars, kazooes, drums, washboard, harmonica etc is spirited. The band gains much from its benign giant Dave "Crazy Legs" Clayton, who more than competently moves between acoustic and electric basses, trombone, trumpet and tuba. Having stabilised their financial situation with "a contract guaranteeing bus fares and an undisclosed quantity of peanut butter sandwiches... they were free over the weekend to learn to play their instruments" — and we're glad they did.



WORDS



VAGUE BURTON

Richard Burton, it would seem, is the perfect subject for a biography: a larger than life character renowned for his fiery relationship with Elizabeth Taylor, notorious for his wild drinking sprees and acclaimed as one of the 20th Century's greatest actors. He is both famous and flawed. But Paul Ferris' biography *Richard Burton* (Weidenfeld and Nicholson \$24.95) fails to capture the essence of the man.

Ferris' research was meticulous, but restricted. He failed in his attempts to meet and talk with his subject. Others who could have shed light on Burton's character but refused to talk about the man include most of the actors who have worked with him in a career which ranged from brilliance to mediocrity over more than 50 years. Ferris didn't bother to approach Elizabeth Taylor, who has always been reticent about her years with Burton, and the author mentions that Burton's third wife, Susan Hunt, was as unapproachable as her husband. The result is that this biography never gives the reader anything more than Richard Burton viewed from a distance.

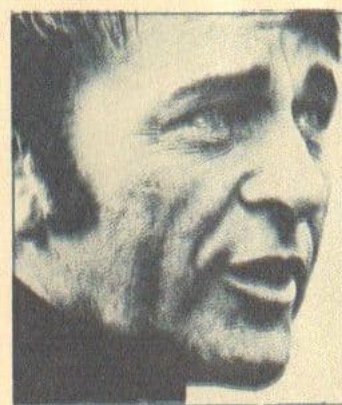
Despite those failings this is still a very readable book. Ferris did speak to members of Burton's family, and provides a

colorful picture of his childhood in a depressed Welsh mining village in the 1930s. He was born Richard Jenkins, a coalminer's son. His adoption by his English teacher Philip Burton sparked an interest in the theatre. Under his mentor's eye, the young Burton's reputation as an actor grew rapidly, despite the interruptions of the war years. Alec Guinness was one actor who did speak with Ferris, and he mentions the young actor's formidable talents: his voice — rich and pliable; the wide-set, penetrating eyes; and his head — "with the imperiousness of a Roman emperor's bust".

Burton was soon in big demand on both stage and screen. After he had won the British critics over in a variety of Shakespearean roles, Burton began to commute to Hollywood, and was soon commanding huge fees.

By the late Fifties, Burton was established as a genuine Hollywood celebrity: visibly rich and living the high life with his British wife Sybil. Ferris' sources fail him through this period of Burton's career. While he is able to offer a critical view of the series of films the actor was receiving increasingly large sums to appear in, he is unable to give any insights into Burton's private life, resulting in honest but dull conclusions like: "Many of Burton's acquaintances are unwilling to say what they know or believe about his sexual escapades."

It was his relationship with Elizabeth Taylor which boosted his celebrity status almost to the level of royalty. As Brenda Maddox wrote, his romance with Taylor during the filming of *Cleopatra* was "the most public adultery in the history of the world." The social pages of



RICHARD BURTON...DULL

newspapers all over the world documented the breakdown in the pair's marriages and their inevitable union.

They became famous for simply being themselves. As Taylor herself put it, Burton had become "the Frank Sinatra of Shakespeare".

During their marriage, Burton

and Taylor appeared in a series of terrible films. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, Mike Nichols' adaption of the vitriolic Edward Albee play, was an exception. A rare success for Burton who, at the age of 40 and a millionaire with the conspicuous trappings of the yachts and jets, had allowed himself to be cast in some dreadful movies.

"I've had many (failures) in films," Burton has said. "But then it's difficult to know what's going to happen between the cup and the lip."

For Burton, the cup and the lip were beginning to meet too often, according to Ferris, who tries hard to describe the extent of the actor's drinking problem, but is forced, by his lack of intimate insights, to fall back on vague innuendoes like: "Towards the end of the 1960s, he was a man in trouble; whether drink was the cause or the symptom is debatable, as it usually is."

In the final chapters of the book, Ferris documents the breakdown of the Burton/Taylor relationship, and the actor's need to hit the bottle. Once again his failure to give close-ups of the protagonists' responses leaves his narrative flat. Ferris' lack of concrete information (most of his facts at this stage were obviously gleaned from interviews the pair gave reporters at the time) results in an attitude of frustrated antagonism towards his subject, and statements like: "As for his life as an actor, it is possible that if they had never met, his career would have been different. But it is more likely that he was driven to look for someone of that kind just as he was driven to make money and be famous at the expense of the other career he might have had. (As a serious actor, rather than a film star.)"

At the start, Taylor was a conquest, a bare-shouldered beauty to cover with jewels and prove how potent he was, the miner's son."

Ferris briefly covers Burton's emergence from the shadows of alcoholic depression in the late Seventies — his marriage to Susan Hunt, his abstinence from alcohol and the revival of his interest in the theatre. His conclusions are not satisfactory, leaving the reader not with Richard Burton, aged 55 in 1981, but with another anecdote about the actor's refusal to talk to his aspiring biographer, which reads like an admission that his subject has been described in only two dimensions.

Shere Hite, the woman who keeps demanding a rematch in the battle of the sexes, has presented an exhausting, rather than an exhaustive, study of male sexuality in her lengthy tome *The Hite Report On Male Sexuality* (MacDonald Futura). The book looks at the sexual attitudes of 7239 American men, spanning more than 1000 pages. This work, although heavy, is not weighty with authority.

As a reference book it is an inadequate and unrepresentative piece of research by an obsessive lay sex expert, who tries to force a point made originally in her controversial study of female attitudes towards sex, *The Hite Report*, published in the Seventies. It was this: that largely our considerations about sex have been put into a biological context but are in fact sociologically created, and can be improved. Her proposal that female orgasm should not be dependent on intercourse was particularly contentious.

The book begins with a brief preface, then proceeds to quotes extracted from her subjects, under vague chapter headings like Being Male, Relationships With Women, Intercourse and the Definition of Sex, Other Forms of Male Sexuality, Man's View of Women and Sex, Sex and Love Between Men, and inevitably Rape, Paying Women For Sex and Pornography.

Most of the chapters begin with brief summaries of Hite's interpretations of her subjects' statements. For example, in the section titled Men's Anger At Women, she contends that many men's extramarital affairs, kept secret from their wives, can be seen as a way of secretly expressing anger at their wives, "getting even", a kind of private revenge.

She then attempts to back up her opinions with relevant quotes from the results of her extensive questionnaire.

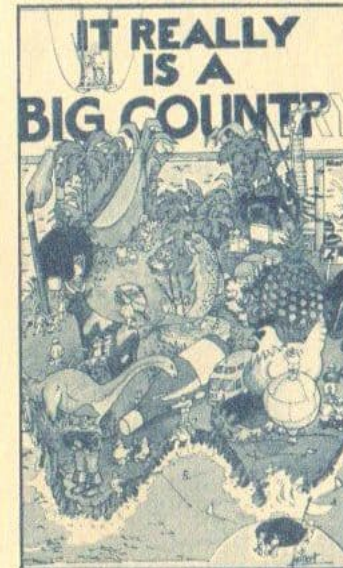
Hite's stance is always political. She sees intercourse as an aggressive act, a celebration of the male patriarchal society, and queries the thrusting action used by the male to achieve orgasm with the remarkable contention that male sexuality is based on anger. What rubbish.

This Hite Report is a trite report.

The author does little to present any positive aspects of male sexuality and reveals nothing more than a talent for stating the obvious — at length.

Mark Amdur's *It Really Is A Big Country* (Angus and Robertson \$9.95) should get the award for the silliest book of the year. Amdur, who works in advertising, says he likes to think big and that's what he's done in this 120-page guided tour of Australia's biggest cultural attractions — from the Big Banana at Coffs Harbor to the world's biggest water buffalo in Darwin.

In a frivolous introduction, which points out that Australia has covered almost every conventional subject with a larger than life model, with the exception of a big kangaroo, Amdur calls the art form kitsch, and quotes Melbourne professor Patrick McCaughy, who says: "They give banality a new dimension and demonstrate a megalomania that makes the pyramids look like pimples."

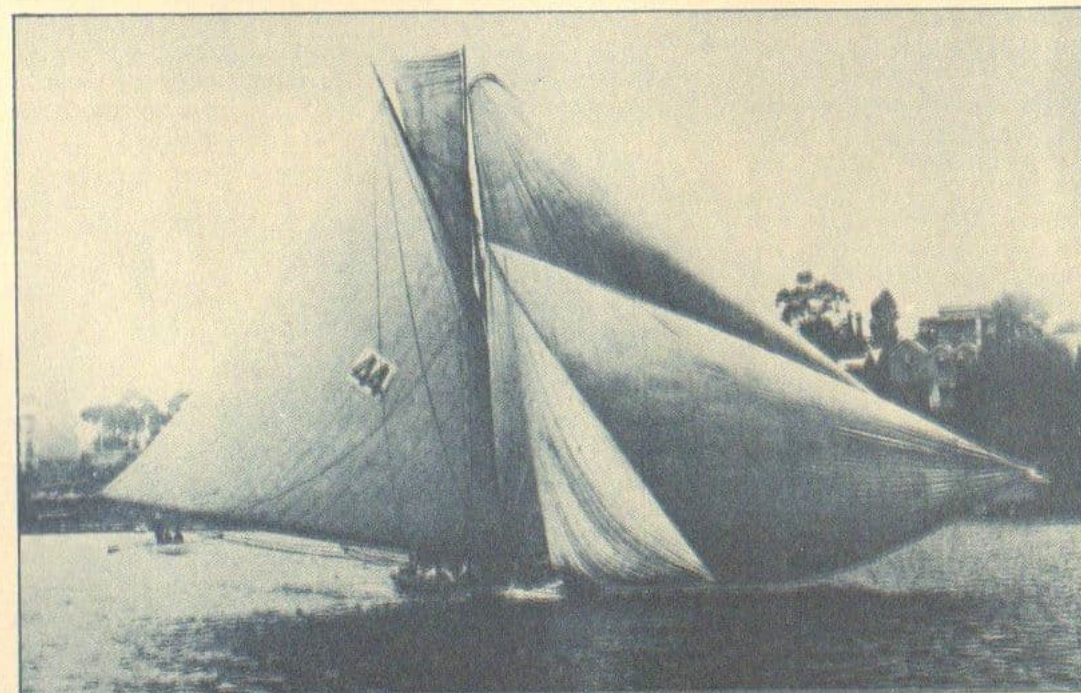


SILLIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

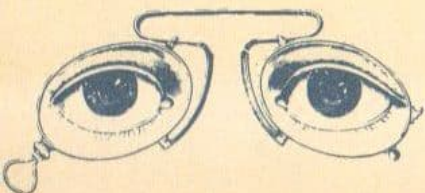
The book's coverage is extensive, taking the reader through tourist attractions like Queensland's Big Pineapple and Big Cow, commercial displays such as The Big TEAC Tape-recorder in Melbourne, and sporting shapes like The Big Tweed Heads Golf Ball and The Big Football outside the Riverina Football Club at Wagga Wagga. There is a remarkable array of big people, like The Big Captain Cook at Cairns and The Big Gold Panner near Bathurst.

It Really Is A Big Country is laid out attractively, like a child's exercise book, but the photos unfortunately follow this theme, are often taken from amateurish angles, and are occasionally out of focus. The words accompanying the pictures are uninspired and lack the spark of the introduction.

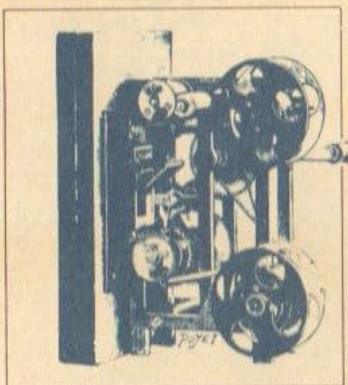
And while Amdur's approach is comprehensive, he has missed perhaps the silliest larger-than-life creation in Australia, the big daddy of them all — the New South Wales country town of Robertson's Big Potato, a brown cement creation which, a travellers frequently point out, looks more like a giant lump of excrement than a big spud. — Michael Kent.



Softly billowing sails dwarf a 1890 22-footer as she sets sail across Parramatta River. There's 3000 square feet of canvas stretched aloft, and the skipper's dressed "proper" in a long-sleeved white shirt and neatly tied necktie. The photograph is one of dozens collected by Bruce Stannard for The Blue-Water Bushmen, the "colorful story of Australia's best and boldest boatmen." The pre-history of today's skittish harbor butterflies — the 18-footers — is unfolded in a fascinating collection of anecdotes and original photographs culled by Bruce Stannard from dozens of veteran open boat sailors. — Allan Moul.



FILMS



UNTRUE GRIT

Corruption ripples through all strata of Australian society; it is neither the exclusive domain of establishment power-broking or middle class business or working class unionism, but when the need arises, it traverses a quorum of each. The Law is an instrument of order in one hand, a weapon of social injury in the other. It depends only on who is wielding it. The prize, when the forces of corruption unite, rests with the few; the cost to the individual and society is immeasurable. When this occurs, a common belief is reinforced: that there is one law for the majority and a separate, pliable law for those who are wise to its intricacies.

Frank Hardy dealt with class and corruption in *Power Without Glory*, the epic retelling of the John Wren story, and for his troubles received a swift kick from the man who had inspired his novel. The subsequent libel suit was enough to rattle the muse and stifle further creative ventures into the weave of law, business, establishment and corruption. The Australian libel laws are sparsely writ to protect the guilty and keep the innocent from muddying the waters.

For this reason, when two Australian films tackled the Juanita Neilsen affair, a particularly grubby incident in inner city corruption, their directors

Donald Crombie (*The Killing of Angel Street*) and Phil Noyce (*Heatwave*) followed strangely diverse routes in an effort to deny the source of their dramatisations. Crombie had a woman (Elizabeth Alexander) returning from England to find her old street being laid to siege, its inhabitants opposing takeover and eventual destruction by developers who were prone to using strong arm means to get their hands on the property. *The Killing of Angel Street* presented collusion between developers, the law and criminal elements, as does Noyce's long-awaited second feature, *Heatwave*. At the centre of Crombie's story the heroine under threat finds an ally in a hot-shot union man; Noyce relies on a similar coupling, bringing together firebrand radical, Kate Dean (Judy Davis), and the development's architect, Steven West (Richard Moir), as an unlikely duo destined to become the meat in a distasteful sandwich concocted by criminal elements and the law. The Juanita Neilsen figure is Mary Ford (Carol Skinner), a crusading editor and writer of a giveaway newspaper; she is a thorn in the side of developer Peter Houseman (Chris Haywood) and his efforts to stay one step ahead of the financial hassles that have been caused by the project's continual delays.

Opting for a linear European approach, Noyce's fluid narrative concerns itself with social intent in preference to dramatic statement. By taking this route, *Heatwave* arrives as a distinctly un-Australian film. Maybe it should be, since Australia does not hold the exclusive franchise on corruption. The screenplay, by Mark Rosenberg and Noyce from earlier drafts by Mark Stiles and Tim Gooding, lays to rest any idea of an auteurist hand at work here, or so it appears on the surface. Taking his lead from the character of corruption, Noyce layers the mounting conspiracy between Houseman and the

underworld (source for much of the finance that has fuelled his surprisingly quick rise in the business fraternity) with "sound clues" that buzz around the dominating action in scene upon scene like messenger mosquitos ... in tandem with Cameron Allen's haunting electronic score that hovers in a mood of foreboding. A gathering of storm clouds threatens to bring the heatwave, through which the occupants of this cut-rate Machiavellian community swelter, to an end.

Heatwave is not a safe film, nor is it entirely successful in delivering the promise of a director taking full flight after his initial success in 1978 with *Newsfront*.

As the two characters expected to carry the thrust of the story, Davis and Moir provoke little sympathy. Kate Dean is an unappetising remnant of an era when it was socially acceptable to be Left of anything. "The cause" has narrowed down from a world stage to a city street. Once that has been demolished, as it is destined to be, the Mary Fords and Kate Deans become impotent voices calling in the dark, made redundant by society's disinterest. Steve West is

fired with integrity but (until his steeled vision is clouded by Kate Dean's railing at injustice) little purpose. Ensconced in a rambling shack with the Sydney Harbor Bridge as an inspiring backdrop, West has been able to convince an air of the environmental visionary incarnate. If he is God's gift to architecture then the glib (and oft monosyllabic) line he follows in arguing his cause — a multi-levelled, open planned structure of cathedral proportions — is his gospel. Who needs a John the Baptist in skirts nudging the foundations of the Philistine's battlements and crying "foul play"?

At the centre of *Heatwave* beats a cold, cynical heart. The film proffers another gospel — that of the right of the working class to equality; yet here they are represented as Judas to their own cause, down-trodden but under their own, by caving in under the strongman's muscle, as under those of the men who are forcing the pressure. The nouveau riche middle class are well-intentioned in raising the standard of the environment by pulling down the old and replacing it with the new, but only for the betterment of their class.

The great Oz film industry rolls onward. Mike Preston and Diane Cilento face the realities of life at the top in David Williamson's Duet for Four, soon to be released.



The poor evicted sods are forced to the outer perimeters, the suburban nightmare where architects of West's standing can turn a blind eye to the brick veneer hovels that form the new ghettos of this great, luckless country. — Denis Whitburn.

After the success of their first effort, *Mad Max* (which grossed more than \$100 million, making it Australia's most financially successful film), producer Byron Kennedy and director George Miller could afford to indulge themselves with the inevitable sequel. They certainly did, to the tune of \$3 million. They spent it on a high-revving, high camp futuristic cowboy film; an orgy of brilliantly orchestrated violence and destruction which is bound to be another box office success.

The first *Mad Max* was an imaginative vision of society in decay. It worked on two levels, firstly as a riveting horror story with a clever plot and convincing characters. Max, the embittered pursuit cop who runs down the bikie pack after they kill his wife and child, and the gang leader played with subtle malevolence by Hugh Keyes-Byrne, were well-realised characters. Apart from that, the film's series of heart-thumping road battles attracted a massive adolescent audience which exceeded everyone's expectations.

In *Mad Max 2*, Kennedy and Miller have lowered themselves to the level of that audience. This time 'round they have made no pretence towards anything other than cheap stimulation. And they do that expertly, with stunning action sequences which guarantee screams of approval from the hordes of kids who queue to see the film.

As entertainment it's unbeatable, but *Mad Max 2* is deficient in areas where its predecessor excelled. Firstly, it is badly linked to the first film with a series of cliched and crudely-constructed flashbacks and



And another local production due for release in a few weeks — Kitty and the Bagman, scripted by John Burney and Phil Cornford. Kitty O'Rourke (Liddy Clark) in a tense situation.

some unconvincing introductory narration: an attempt to give the tale a mythological context, which fails. Petrol, called "guzzoline", is in short supply after the destruction of civilisation, including the Middle East oil supplies. Max, in his battered, super-charged Interceptor, comes to the rescue of a group of innocents stranded in the wasteland.

They are defending a crude oil refinery from a tribe of leather-clad, mohawk hair-styled vandals who circle their defences in cowboy and indian style on a variety of bikes and four-wheeled vehicles in an attempt to plunder their precious fuel.

The plot is wildly imaginative with some effective scenes, particularly those involving the feral kid, a juvenile scavenger who carries a deadly metal boomerang. But the film becomes completely ridiculous whenever there is any verbal interaction.

As Pappagallo, the white-clad leader of the oil refiner defenders, Mike Preston mouth

some absurd cliches. Mel Gibson's *Mad Max* is a fearless but apparently mindless "road warrior". Their dialogue sounds as if it was written by someone who reads too many comic books.

There is a half-hearted attempt to add a little romantic interest between Max and a warrior woman. Even the bad guys

MAD MAX 2...CHEAP THRILLS



tend to be more ridiculous than villainous. The leader, Humungous, is an outsized musclemán who amplifies his threats against the refinery workers through a public address system built into his mask. His side-kick Wez wears black leathers with the rear section cut out and his cross-bow arrows bound to his thigh: tough stuff.

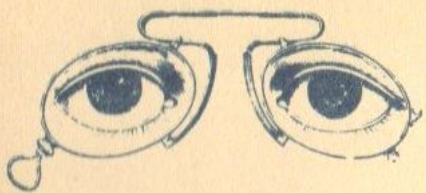
Mad Max 2 is made for teenagers, and for the adolescent in all of us. It's an impressively-executed bent leather and bondage S and M fantasy, an entertaining exercise in self-indulgence and the art of making a fast buck. — Michael Kent.

Body Heat is a meticulous puzzle — an interlocked series of haunting visuals and sparse dialogue that flesh out a polished script. It's also Lawrence Kasdan's debut as director and scriptwriter, and his writing apprenticeship on *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* has served him well.

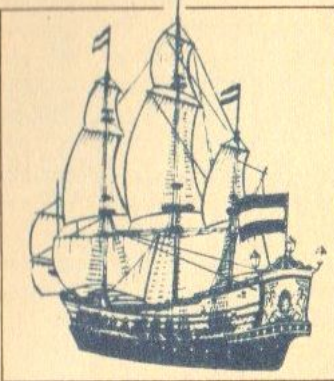
Body Heat is a compelling story — an old-fashioned story — that deals in sexual obsession, blackmail, duplicity and greed, and Kasdan's superb control of the plot and the piecing together of the sub-plots give it a gripping dimension.

Kasdan also took on the role of casting the leads and his choice cannot be faulted. Kathleen Turner was chosen to play the obsessive Matty Walker, the rich man's bored and ambitious wife. It's her first film role and it won't be her last. Kathleen is a perfect foil for William Hurt (of *Altered States* fame). Together they sizzle. Their on-screen bouts could be replayed endlessly as the Lust Tango.

Kasdan's script also succeeds in giving the lesser roles realistic and valuable contributions to the film's pace and plot. Each character is fleshed out and intrinsic to the final denouement. — Alan James.



TRAVEL



HIGH ADVENTURE

Even armchair travellers long accustomed to vicarious journeys through the glossy pages of travel brochures are going to find it hard to resist the exotic temptations of the 1982 Mountain Travel catalogue.

Listed are 230 tours to 27 countries on five continents. They're all expeditions and outings to remote wilderness areas and the guide has set a new standard in the subtle art of enticement. It is a stunning exercise in design, typography and printing quality ... a 72-page *tour de force*; page after page of delights guaranteed to get armchair travellers off their bums and into their hiking boots.

The photographs sparkle; they're crisp, sharp depictions of some of the globe's most exciting terrain.

Take their Himalayan program for starters. They've got trips organised to every corner of this vast mountain range — from Kashmir and Ladakh to Bhutan, not to mention Sikkim, Nepal and Tibet!

Warwick Deacock of Austventure, the local agents for Mountain Travel, calls the 1982-83 program a "dream book of adventures".

Mountain Travel was founded in Nepal in 1964. "The Australian operation followed in 1965, the United States in 1968 and New

Zealand in 1971," explains Warwick.

While admitting that some of the adventures would appear to be pricey, Warwick makes the point that "cutting costs on these kinds of trips is a false economy. You wouldn't jump with a cheap parachute!"

Warwick Deacock's favorite territory is Alaska, and when you savor the eight-page section devoted to this vast wilderness area it's easy to understand the attraction.

The itineraries offered include backpacking, kayaking, canoeing, mountain climbing and cross-country skiing. The ultimate high is probably the Mt McKinley Expedition, a 22-day climb of the 6192m peak — the highest point on the North American continent. As the guide says: "It is a beautiful and impressive mountain by any standards, soaring to a dazzling 5000m above the plains — one of the greatest base-to-summit rises of any mountain on earth." It was first climbed in 1913; subsequent ascents were few until the 1950s.

A great trip certainly, but there's a catch. Each potential climber has to pass a fitness test and be capable of carrying 35kg loads at high altitude.

For those of lesser strength and more modest goals there's the McKinley Climbing Seminar, which includes instruction in technical ice climbing and rock climbing, and a final ascent to the Kahiltna Dome at 3700m.

And for those content merely to observe from a distance, there's the McKinley Trek — a 14-day hike which begins at the McKinley River (1.5 kilometres wide at the starting point) and follows Cache Creek to the alpine meadows of McGonagall Canyon.

Halfway round the world, Mountain Expeditions are offering a Sahara Camel Expedition, a 19-day journey through the largest desert on earth. It offers an infinite variety of landscapes:

rock-ribbed plateaus, sandstone canyons, the volcanic Haggar Mountains, beach-like golden washes filled with oleander, tamarisk and thorn trees, date palms, acacia trees and many wildflowers.

The guide waxes lyrical: "We will travel a mountainous region of the Sahara by camel and on foot, enjoying the mystique of the Sahara and experiencing the way of life of our nomadic Touareg guides."

"There are rock carvings, paintings, archaeological remains, unclimbed domes, awesome volcanic spires, shifting sands and erosion-carved riverbeds."

Mountain Travel has built its solid reputation by employing highly skilled and knowledgeable guides on all its trips. They include people like Mike Banks — mountaineer, explorer and author. He was awarded the Polar Medal by Queen Elizabeth

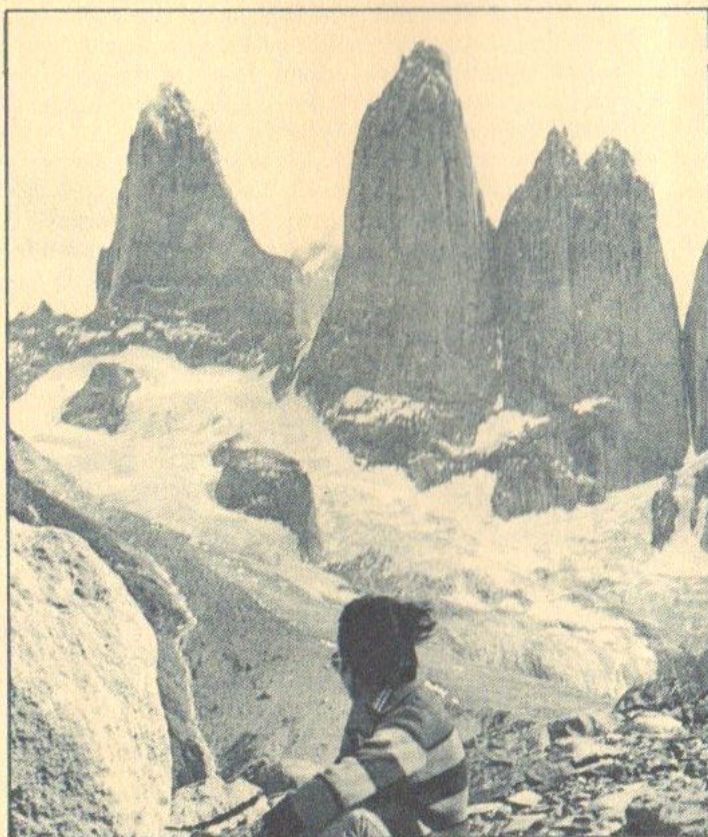
for his epic crossing of the Greenland ice cap. Banks made the first ascent (without oxygen) of the Himalayan giant Rakaposhi (7787m) and has written six books on the polar regions and mountaineering.

Another guide is Ned Gillette — writer, photographer and former member of the US Olympic cross-country ski team. Galen Rowell, one of America's top mountaineers, is another tour leader, and he has led many groups up high peaks in the USA and the Himalayas.

Also, there's Tenzing Norgay — the first man (with Sir Edmund Hillary) to reach the summit of Everest. Now director of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute, he still keeps his hand in by organising treks.

The Mountain Travel catalogue is available from Austventure, 860 Military Road, Mosman, 2088. Tel: (02) 960-1677. — Allan Moul.

Chile's Cordillera del Paine beckons a trekker.



CAMEL



Where a man belongs.



In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

CC847781 RJP 370



For Mark Alfred Clarkson, Melbourne's Roger Wilson murder trial was a marathon paper chase.

THE LONGEST TRIAL

BY PHIL ACKMAN

At 10.30 am on Sunday July 27, 1980, a naked businessman padded across his loungeroom, peered through the security viewer in his front door and saw four men standing outside.

As the businessman squinted through the peephole one of the four identified himself.

"It's Detective Senior Sergeant Frank Bellesini here," the voice from outside said. "I'm here to arrest you."

The businessman opened the door, the grossness of his 111kg frame forgotten in the drama of the moment. "On what charge?" he enquired, with not unreasonable interest.

"Murder," came the reply.

Ten minutes later, bankrupt merchant banker, lawyer, businessman and now alleged contract killer, Mark Alfred Clarkson, was on his way to Melbourne's Russell Street Police Headquarters and an unwelcome rise to fame, one that would wreck his life and dominate the headlines in Australia and New Zealand for 15 of the toughest months any man has ever endured.

The gathering storm, although little of it ever became truly public, encompassed one of Australia's biggest banks, a string of the nation's best-known companies, representatives of the world's richest man, finance houses, a battery of lawyers, QCs and judges, a whole posse of police, spies, informers, off-shore loans, disappearances, a stabbing, a Greek island and a high-flying playboy who started it all by failing to come home for dinner.

No-one knew where it might end, if indeed it has; it sparked one of the biggest and most sensational investigations ever mounted; it led to the nation's longest and most complex murder trial.

Four million words and six million dollars later there are still as many questions as there are answers. The case may never be unravelled. It is a story of wheeling and dealing run rampant across the fabric of a society too exhausted, too scared or too doomed to confront a cure so broad that it may ultimately harm us all.

The Roger Wilson case, as it came to be known, started officially in the early morning of February 2, 1980 with the discovery of a white Porsche sports car at Melbourne's Tullamarine Airport. The car belonged to barrister-turned-company chairman, Roger Wilson, a high flyer who managed the transition from businessman to missing person on a night so filled with question marks it can

probably never be reconstructed — though many have tried.

Whether Wilson is dead or alive is but the last in a fantastically complex set of questions, relating to equally intricate deeds that began six years earlier at the same airport just a stone's throw from the abandoned car.

It was December 1975 when a young New Zealand lawyer and his wife arrived in Melbourne to start a new life.

Mark Alfred Clarkson, son of a New Zealand farmers' union president, one-time legal officer for BP in Wellington and soon to be merchant banker and corporate puppetmaster, saw nothing but blue skies and a bustling economy as he hurried into a job at Melbourne's Chase NBA Merchant Bank.

But within six months the 25-year-old Clarkson left the bank to start his own business and a run of good and bad luck that would ultimately shake the Melbourne establishment to its foundations.

Along the way he would pick up the carnival cast of bit players, main actors, songbirds and money magicians whose day would come in the witness box at the Supreme Court.

Clarkson and an Oxford-educated Chase colleague sniffed a fortune, and maybe an adventure too, a they aban-

doned the security of a weekly wage for a bare 2nd floor office at 450 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. Their own venture started right from scratch — Australasian Merchant Finance Holdings.

The next 20 weeks saw a burgeoning turnover approaching \$80,000 as Clarkson wheezed his way through the financial gymnastics that would soon make him famous — though the adjective is a matter of hot debate.

He seemed destined to hog the lime-light from the start. No sooner did his partner return to Europe than along came a \$10m property company whose sagging fortunes, Clarkson was told, might be rejuvenated with the addition of some fresh young blood to the board.

It was heady company indeed for the young New Zealander, whose waistline and prosperity appeared to be growing in tandem.

Australian Urban Investments boasted major shareholdings by Australian Consolidated Press Holding, Wallace Brothers Sasson (a division of the Wallace Brothers Bank in London) and a Belgian group.

As it turns out, the heavies stepped off the board in favor of Clarkson and another young buck. If the ship went down — and despite land at Chatswood, Gosford, Castle Hill and a five-storey block in Brisbane, it was a real possibility — then only the small fry would drown.

Driven by a destiny that left him as

much a puppet as a puppeteer, Clarkson moved swiftly against the CBA Bank when they sold up the Brisbane property at a walloping \$140,000 shy of sworn valuation.

Clarkson cast around for a young lawyer to represent his interests in the Queensland Supreme Court and struck upon Roger Wilson, a dashing if not terribly busy barrister, keen as a terrier to make his way.

Wilson took his instructions from two Carlton solicitors — Ken Beruldsen, a 90kg no-nonsense man with a beard and bright eyes that saved him from being severe, and Cameron Telfer, a vast Scotsman with the durability of a bridge pylon.

Working for Beruldsen and Telfer was a young articulated clerk — balding rapidly, with horn-rimmed glasses and eyes like a schoolmaster that looked over the top. His name was Eddie Flannery and he had a kid brother called Chris.

Like gulls behind a fishing boat the cast was slowly assembling.

AUI lost the Brisbane case but Clarkson was impressed with Wilson anyway. He slapped him on retainer, another passenger along for the ride.

Things were moving more swiftly now. Clarkson met Gary Alpert, a tall, tanned and fit New Yorker resting up as a financial analyst at the ANZ Bank.

Alpert had a plan to snatch Victoria's biggest building company, all \$100m of it. E.A. Watts Holdings had just finished the Melbourne Metropolitan Board of Works Building and were working on the giant ANZ Collins Place project. But like many builders in the late Seventies they were taking a pounding on the stormy seas of inflation.

Australian Urban Investments entered the market and offered \$2 for each 80c Watts share. Clarkson wanted 51 percent and he was clearly taking no survivors.

He mounted an aggressive advertising program, criticised Watts' management (which included West Gate Bridge Authority chairman, Sir Oscar Meyer), lashed their industrial relations record and generally stirred the pot.

Clarkson was about to take it on the chin. He was coming up for his first lesson in business etiquette. The Stock Exchange declared his takeover document void and somehow the press got hold of the story that the Corporate Affairs Commission was about to prosecute. There was some truth in it too. Corporate Affairs was threatening to prosecute — right up to the moment it got a legal opinion.

It didn't matter of course. Clarkson's offer had skidded out from beneath him. Outflanked. Outgunned. Out thought.

But there was no going back now. Clarkson mounted a second attack: \$1.30 cash on the knocker, nothing deferred.

And again Watts defended, only more vigorously. They danced a minuet with

Sydney company Forestwood, which had coal leases and ultimately represented the interests of Daniel K. Ludwig, the biggest moneybags since Howard Hughes and, if the superlatives can be believed, richer by far.

For a Kiwi kid in his 20s, Mark Alfred Clarkson was creating a whole mess of bother.

To grasp the Forestwood/Watts deal is to grasp the "now you see it, now you don't" trick and to remember at the same time that all the peas under all the cups are controlled by the same mind.

Forestwood owned major New Zealand construction group James Wallace Holdings, and they allowed Watts to announce that it was acquiring Wallace to expand its own operations.

To find out what really happened it is necessary to look under all the cups, however. Watts bought Wallace against a share issue to Forestwood which gave the Ludwig interests 35 percent of Watts. When they increased this to 51 percent, Watts could still claim it owned Wallace just as Forestwood could claim that Wallace had never left the fold.

The effect of all this, the way Clarkson saw it, was that Wallace was dramatically overvalued in order to give Forestwood enough shares to keep the young New Zealander at bay.

Clarkson launched his now-familiar legal action while at the same time turning his attention to Forestwood. If he couldn't buy the children maybe dad was for sale.

But again he was outmanoeuvred. In a world of interlocking allegiances, to which everybody seemed able to gain access but Clarkson, he found that an apparently separate deal with Associated Securities Ltd — the group in which Ansett had a massive interest — wasn't so separate after all.

Financed by ASL, Clarkson's AUI had entered into a deal over \$1.6m of land at Torquay, Victoria.

As the Watts strategy unfolded, AUI found that ASL were becoming rather difficult to live with. Clarkson didn't realise it but ASL was already climbing the ladder for the most spectacular corporate belly-flop in Australia's history.

When it collapsed a few weeks later, it would take AUI with it, straight to the bottom. Ultimately, the crash would also see the end of Ansett Transport Industries as it stood at the time, and the vast empire created by one-time aerial paperboy turned knight of the realm, Sir Reg Ansett.

The consequences of Clarkson's actions stretched everywhere. For instance, he indirectly caused ASL's staff to get their Christmas pay. ASL was already broke. The coffers were empty. But it managed to find a cash buyer for a \$1m Queensland property so that it could stagger on decently past the festive season. The identity of the cash buyer? Watts Holdings.

In the meanwhile, Clarkson's Supreme Court actions ground on and on. One of the actions was taken in his name rather than on behalf of AUI for a complex set of reasons that contained the seeds of his own financial destruction.

And as though matters weren't sufficiently complicated he organised for a third Watts bid — this time from an obscure puppet, Fifth Yarni Nominees, which Clarkson secretly controlled. If the court case had come off and Forestwood had been obliged to "unminuet" with Watts then Fifth Yarni was the next suitor in line. Mark Clarkson knew a lot about perseverance. He'd have made a great marathon runner.

And now there were more players. Key players. The people destined to take the spotlight in the last and most important court battle of all — the only one Clarkson ever won.

The Crown would make great play of it: a meeting at the Prince of Wales Hotel in St Kilda, sort of a rogue's gallery though of all the participants, if you accept the Crown version. The meeting occurred in early '79 and it brought together for the first time Clarkson, Eddie Flannery's brother Chris, his blonde and resilient wife Kathy, Sergeant Brian Murphy, the Irish cop the Supreme Court would hear was getting money from Mickey's St Kilda Discotheque, Ronald Albert Feeney, the fringe businessman whose subsequent

gymnastic display would dazzle defense and crown alike, and of course, Roger Wilson himself.

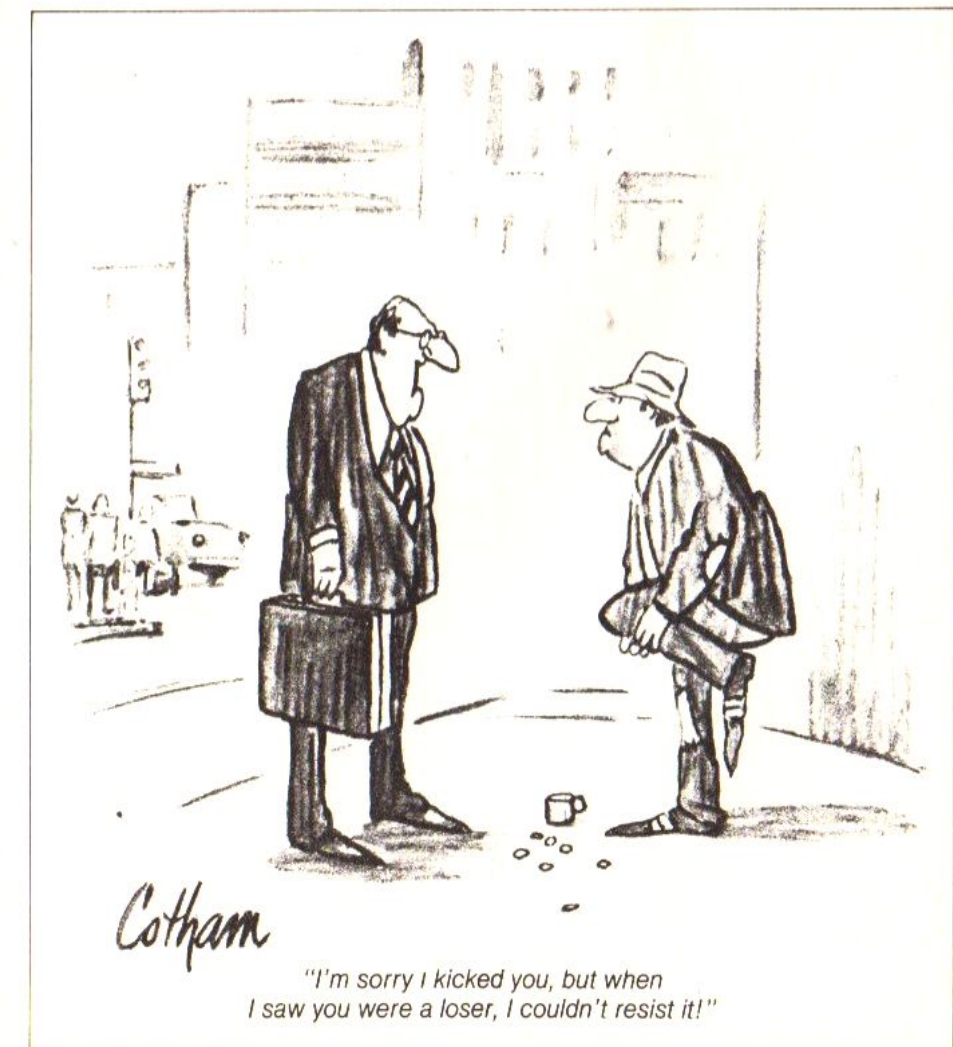
There they were — Clarkson, Chris Flannery, Kathy Flannery — three of the four who would ultimately be charged with Wilson's murder.

There can have been nothing to portend this at the time, however. On the contrary, Wilson's stars were in the ascendancy. And the key to that ascendancy was Third Kermit Nominees, a shelf company directed by Wilson and his father, who would later tell the Supreme Court he had never heard of Third Kermit when the story played its relentless final scenes.

Third Kermit became another secret Clarkson vehicle — the Crown never grasped this — and one that would give Roger Wilson the status and the apparent wealth that would lead Victorian Police Minister (now Premier) Lindsay Thompson to urge the police to step up their investigation into Wilson's disappearance.

When Third Kermit (Wilson senior had by this time been dropped from the board) took R.B. Davies, a \$2m Footscray (Melbourne) hardware company, Roger Wilson became chairman, drove his flashy Porsche, disappeared from the factory one night 18 months later, and has never been seen since — though that may not quite be true either.

Third Kermit — and by that is meant Mark Clarkson, now sufficiently fat for the



TRIAL

press to call "portly" — acquired Davies thanks to the help of General Credits and a handy \$¼ m loan.

General Credits, it should be noted, is the finance arm of the CBA Bank, and is controlled by director Timothy Marcus Clarke, who was stabbed mysteriously in the driveway of his Toorak home just 96 hours before witnesses placed Roger Wilson's Porsche at Tullamarine Airport.

Wilson's position, in short, was hopeless. He took control of a family company, a hotel supplies group named Mathews and Sons. It was sick when he got it, comatose when the liquidator took its pulse nine predictable months later.

By June 1979, Mathews and Sons showed a 1465,000 deficit, including hefty amounts owing to the Taxation Department and a list of unsecured creditors so long it looked like the invitation list for the wedding of the year.

But there was worse: liquidator Andrew Love would tell the court of discussions he had with Wilson over apparent breaches of the Companies Act and mismanagement.

And Schultzie, the family company that owed Wilson's Nar Nar Goon property, was equally unwell. Schultzie owed everybody from Telecom and the local vet up to first and second mortgages on the family

property totalling \$122,000, both of which fell due in 1981.

And there was the County Court bailiff who never tired of trying to serve what the jury must have imagined was a ute load of summonses and other legal paraphernalia on a Mr Wilson, who by that time must have needed every single horse under the bonnet of his Porsche.

To complete the miserable picture, there was the small matter of \$49,000 loaned to Wilson and associated companies from the coffers of R.B. Davies, the board of which — in the polite language of the testimony — never authorised them.

The press would subsequently describe Mr Wilson as "dashing" but, in the light of all this, dashing from what?

Certainly, bankruptcy never slowed Mark Clarkson in his dash for Watts Holdings. Only the strings had to be a bit longer — so long that one snapped, causing a letter ("the" letter as Clarkson would have it; the document on which he believed the case partly revolved).

But that is jumping far ahead. First there is another shelf company — this time Marop Industries — and its quarter million dollar bid for Falkiner Holdings, the one-time parent of R.B. Davies and soon to be involved in Clarkson's final bid for Watts.

The Falkiner board contained Alpert, who we have already met, and two solicitors — father and son — Jim and David Archer. Between them they con-

trolled Falkiner for Marop and Marop for AMF, which was of course Mark Clarkson, for whom puppeteering had now become something of an art form.

Well, Australian Consolidated Press Holdings — Kerry Packer if you like — had now entered the market for Forestwood and its enticing coal leases in the Hunter Valley, which Mr Packer had decided he'd like.

But what would ACP do with Watts? You will not be surprised to learn that Messrs Archer and Alpert and Clarkson himself had the answer. They would buy Watts from ACP. Everything in the end would be as planned.

But remember the long string; it was attached to Mr Archer (amongst others) and it would snap soon enough.

R B Davies, meanwhile, seemed to be getting over a rough patch in their own operations. General Credits (you will remember Mr Timothy Marcus Clarke) and a South African group agreed separately to new loans totalling \$1.75m. The loans would give Davies the breathing space it needed and would help ensure its future prosperity.

So Mr Wilson and a business colleague traipsed off to America to investigate a plan that Wilson had struck upon to flog large-screen television systems in Australia.

For once the sky was blue, although not for long, as a telephone call from Mr Peter Johnstone (a General Credits high-up) to Wilson would prove.

Mr Johnstone, it appeared, had heard some worrying rumors concerning R.B. Davies and General Credits was therefore a mite concerned about the \$1.1m credit line it was about to make available.

Wilson must have turned the color of thunder, or maybe Arctic white. If the General Credits money fell through he would be in an impossible situation. Mathews and Sons was already down for the count with an ugly corporate inquest likely to follow. If Davies, Schultzie and Third Kermit were starved of funds at this crucial time — well, the consequences didn't bear thinking about.

And General Credits were clearly serious. When sister company, Falkiner Holdings, popped along for another \$100,000 they were told their position had been reconsidered and the bank was calling in its loans — all \$500,000 of them.

Nevertheless, and for the last time in the whole messy business, the blue sky returned. R.B. Davies got its credit facility and by all accounts were closing in on the large-screen television system when the balloon finally went up.

Wilson returned from America after resigning from the bar and hinting to his law clerk that a brave, new corporate world was about to offer him everything he'd always wanted.

Ten days later Timothy Marcus Clarke was stabbed (though he's still around to



TRIAL

tell the tale). Which is more than can be said for Roger Wilson, who vanished four days after that leaving nothing behind but a wife, three children, a string of teetering companies and a white Porsche clean of fingerprints but containing his passport, reading glasses, credit cards, a parking ticket, three Codral cold tablets and an ashtray filled with nine Winfield cigarette butts which Wilson can't have smoked himself unless he took up the habit that very night.

And that brings us to Chris Flannery, who was supposed to have helped murder Wilson but instead had a terrific alibi: with wife Kathy at a sort of family gathering of the clans. Not even the Crown could shake that. The best they could offer was that maybe everybody had been mistaken about the date.

February 2 placed Clarkson, more bankrupt and more portly than ever, at the wedding of Camron Telfer at Euroa in northern Victoria. A fearsome row with Beruldsen, who was said to have been listing badly at the time — ensued. During the course of the row Beluldsen would later claim and Clarkson agree that Clarkson had said: "Wilson's gone."

To which Beruldsen had replied with an erudition in keeping with his legal training: "What do you mean?"

Followed by Clarkson who said: "Gone, disappeared, done a bunk. How the bloody hell do I know?"

The police held this to be important because Wilson's disappearance was far from public knowledge at the time and they were therefore entitled to ask, with a deal of suspicion, how come Clarkson had so much information.

That line of thinking taken to its conclusion saw Clarkson in the slammer for 15 months followed by the longest murder trial in Australian history, for reasons that are none too difficult to understand.

But the cops never figured on Clarkson's secret and highly-placed police contact, who'd actually tipped him off about Wilson's disappearance before anyone else knew. It was his loyal defense of the talkative cop — shall we call him Sergeant X — that meant Clarkson gave no testimony during the trial but relied instead on an unsworn statement from the dock. It meant no cross examination and therefore no compulsion to divulge the identity of Sergeant X, if he exists, which Clarkson reckons he does.

And then, as if February 1 wasn't bad enough, along came February 25 and the letter from Jim Archer to Clarkson, in which Archer wondered upon the existence of the Deed of Trust which made him another Clarkson puppet. If no deed existed, and Archer claimed no recollection of it, then he wasn't a puppet after all and Marop Industries could do what it pleased

without even having to invite Clarkson for a Christmas drink.

That was one thing. Another was this: the Archer letter set out his understanding of the Consolidated Press deal giving Clarkson interests first right of refusal on Watts Holdings if ACP ever managed to snare Forestwood, which, of course, it eventually did.

That was an awful thing to write, the way Clarkson saw it, because the moment the letter fell into the hands of the police, which it did, it would only be a matter of time before Watts chairman, Sir Oscar Meyer, found out about it. Clarkson maintained in his unsworn statement that this is exactly what happened.

Given the chronology of events then, Clarkson reckons he wasn't terribly surprised when a few days after his arrest, the Consolidated Press/Forestwood deal went through and Watts was hived off to one of New Zealand's biggest companies,

Marcus said
Clarkson had claimed
Wilson was dead and
that his body was
slowly dissolving in
25kgs of lime.

Fletcher Industries, instead.

Perhaps in the midst of all this, Clarkson can be forgiven for forgetting the \$10,500 investment which with interest had now swollen in value to \$12,800. Although his world was falling around him, Clarkson found the loot, not with ease, and Flannery was repaid — though it turned out it might have been better for all concerned if he hadn't been.

The difficulty was that the police never swallowed the story of the original investment. They just saw the hefty payment to Flannery and deduced that this was the contract hit money that had been used to butcher Roger Wilson, if he was dead, which plenty of people (including wife Deidre and his loving parents) now seemed to believe.

Clarkson, meanwhile, stuck to his belief that Wilson had merely done a bunk, and somewhere amongst these conflicting stories America was suggested as the sort of place where Mr Wilson might have headed after he'd smoked those nine cigarettes and wiped his car clean of all fingerprints, including his own.

When Chris and Kathy Flannery left

Australia (he on a false passport, for which he was subsequently fined \$100) for what the Crown would later concede was nothing more than an overseas holiday, the roar of the headlines and the rustle of the jackbooted cops thrashing around in the undergrowth was enough to get everybody from the FBI to Interpol involved.

The laws of libel prohibit me spelling out exactly what the cops seemed to believe, but it's fair to say this much: if Roger Wilson really had done a flit to America, and the \$12,800 really was contract hit money, and Chris Flannery wasn't the sort of bloke you'd bring home to mother, then why the hell was he going to America too?

There was such a hell of a rumpus over Mr Flannery's holiday that he got to hear of it on the other side of the world, and before too long contact was established with one Thomas Ericksen, whose occupation is usually given as "retired private investigator". Without doubt he is the busiest retired person in the history of the universe, which according to some people was probably constructed by Mr Ericksen in the first place.

So Ericksen, known in certain select legal circles as the "honorable schoolboy" for reasons which may not escape all readers, and Flannery — blond, tough and soon to be acquitted in Australia's most sensational murder trial — began to liaise.

In the middle, as the court would hear, stood Chief Inspector Ian McLeay, the head of Victoria's Bureau of Criminal Intelligence, which in Australian police parlance is as close as you can get to being a 007 without actually driving an Aston Martin DB5. Interestingly, the jury would also hear of certain rivalries between BCI and the Homicide Squad and how the homicide blokes sometimes felt BCI was holding information back from them. Like a rare stone, the Roger Wilson case presented a different surface every time you looked at it.

And one mustn't forget Mr George Marcus, private enquiry agent-cum-taxi driver, who chauffeured Clarkson round town for weeks on end and had a police tape recorder strapped to his leg so that he could encourage Clarkson to talk about Roger Wilson man to man, just the two of them — with all the world listening in.

Marcus said Clarkson had claimed Wilson was dead and that his body was slowly dissolving with 25 kgs of lime on top of it and another 25kgs underneath.

There were other alleged admissions as well. All good stuff. But inexplicably, Mr Marcus never seemed to have his tape recorder going at the right time, though he got plenty of other material including conversations with Clarkson so parodied that the police were said to have thought they were having their legs pulled. Clarkson agreed they were.

Nevertheless, on Monday, March 3, 1980, homicide squad detectives arrested

Clarkson on suspicion of murder — to the surprise of the two homicide police who actually headed the Wilson investigation and had to be called in from home to question Clarkson, whom they had never met. Nine hours later he was released, a little older if not a little wiser.

Things were going badly for everybody about this time, including the police, who would later find that their star witness, Ronald Feeney (remember the Prince of Wales Hotel meeting) had to be declared hostile when he somersaulted out of a taped conversation with a detective in which he tipped the bucket on Flannery, claiming Flannery had enquired about the best way to get rid of a body.

When it came to the crunch, Mr Feeney admitted telling the police all that — he could hardly deny it since it was on tape — but he said he had fed the police lies because he was wanting to get even with Flannery at the time. And worse, Sergeant Murphy (he also attended the Prince of Wales meeting) had allegedly helped him with his story.

Finally, after being frogmarched on to an aeroplane in Tahiti, Chris and Kathy Flannery arrived back home to an airport filled with reporters, camera crew and Tom Ericksen — but not even a parking cop in sight.

It was not unlike a surprise party where the only surprise was that the hosts never turned up.

Meanwhile, as if the damn thing wasn't embarrassing enough as it was, a policeman's wife from Neerim South claimed to have seen Roger Wilson on the beach at Lake's Entrance — the day after his disappearance.

Not only couldn't Mrs Norma Upton be shaken from her story, she actually claimed to have sold Wilson a raffle ticket — though he never won the pump-up-tyres pushbike.

Nine weeks later, another barrister who had actually worked with Wilson some years earlier claimed he may have seen the vanished sports car enthusiast in a fishing village on a Greek Island in the middle of the Aegean. After being harangued by a newspaper reporter and grilled at the inquest and trial, Mr John O'Brien may have come to wish he had selected his vacation spot with more care or better timing.

At about the same time, Clarkson was stepping on to a Sydney-bound jet for a meeting with former CIA man Mike Hand, who was 50 percent of the most suspicious merchant bank ever established — Nugan Hand.

What Clarkson and Mr Hand discussed that day is likely to remain forever a secret since Clarkson isn't saying and Hand subsequently vanished a la Roger Wilson, only without leaving a car behind. Just to complete the circle, Roger Wilson, according to Clarkson, had his own relationship with

Frank Nugan (who committed suicide — another story entirely).

And so at last the crux of the Crown case is reached. Their version of the events of February 1, the untidy end of Roger Anthony Wilson.

It emerged, according to chief Crown witness, convicted murderer and armed robber Wally Willgoss, during a camping trip through Victoria and New South Wales. The participants numbered Clarkson (co-defendant), Kevin John Williams, Debra May Boundy (teenaged girlfriend), Noel Wallace (camping companion) and of course, Mr Willgoss himself.

The Willgoss testimony had the taciturn Mr Williams (the police have never got much more than a "boo" out of him) spraying a virtual avalanche of incriminating information more or less around the barbeque.

If Willgoss can be accepted, then Roger Wilson was intercepted on his way home from work by Flannery and Williams, who used an imitation police sign to pull him over, shot him through the head, chased him through the bushes, emptied a gun into him and finally disposed of the body before Flannery disposed of the Porsche at Tullamarine. All under instruction from Mark Alfred Clarkson, whose alleged puppets in this version of events had become singularly unappealing.

The problem with Mr Willgoss, as the Crown no doubt apprehended, was his

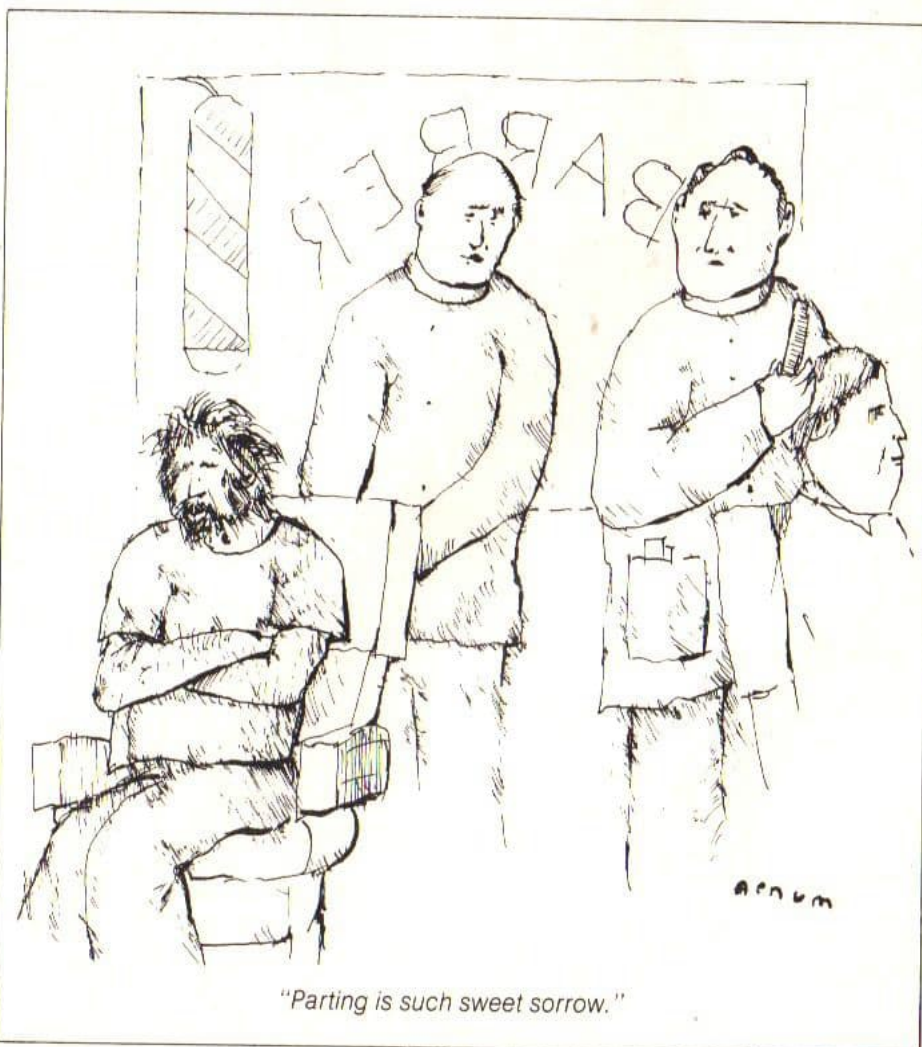
own murderous background, in which he had executed an old man who had the misfortune to disturb him while he was robbing the gentleman's bush shack. Coupled with the camping trip in which Mr Willgoss — though on parole — was armed to the teeth and in possession of funds he admitted were from a robbery, it tended to cast Mr Willgoss as somewhat odious himself. But odious enough to lie about something so serious?

There was an answer to that as well. She wore blue jeans. She had a *Penthouse* figure and, it is fair to say, she created a storm of controversy during her brief and dramatic appearance (followed later by her equally dramatic disappearance) at the Coroner's inquest.

Debbie Boundy, deeply in love with Kevin Williams (Mr Williams' wife notwithstanding) as she proudly admitted at the inquest, was what in legal terms is known as a corroborative witness. She was expected to back up the evidence of co-camper Willgoss, which would have gone a long way towards sealing the fate of Messrs Clarkson, Flannery and her heart-throb, Williams.

There were alleged records of interview with Miss Boundy in which she was purported to have supported the reptilian Mr Willgoss.

The trouble was Miss Boundy never testified that way. As the faces of the homicide squad grew ever more purple,



"Parting is such sweet sorrow."

TRIAL

she stuck grimly to her claim that the police had verbalized her — made up her testimony to suit their case.

The police responded by charging Miss Boundy, who may by this time have wished she'd never left school, with perjury, and she was duly taken to Fairlea Women's Prison and finally bailed, only to vanish on Christmas Day, make the Victorian Top 10 wanted list and attract a reward of \$25,000 (which is probably more money than the desperate and tragic teenager had ever dared dream about in her whole life).

But we are jumping ahead, past Clarkson's arrest on that fateful July Sunday morning and past his repeated attempts for bail, which the full bench of the Supreme Court finally, referred to the Attorney General — who remained as silent as Roger Wilson had become.

But Clarkson did have one jailhouse victory — a precedent-busting retinue of solicitor, junior counsel and QC all paid out of the public purse and all selected personally by him.

Under normal circumstances he could have expected the public solicitor, like getting the editor of the Public Service Gazette instead of Rupert Murdoch.

The turnaround produced one of the strongest defence teams ever assembled

in an Australian courtroom, together with a \$400,000 public bill which the Legal Aid Office would complain had wrecked its budget for the entire year. Rather like television, prime time never comes cheap.

When the inquest started, under the nonsense control of coroner, Mr Geoff Hoare, it was a little hard to tell the difference between the players and the officials.

While Flannery, Clarkson and Williams stood placidly in place, two solicitors and the aforementioned honorable schoolboy were thrust unwillingly to centre stage.

David Grace, representing the Flannerys, looked ashen-faced, shaken and not a little confused when he learned the police had raided his office even as a morning session of the inquest unfolded. He was a lawyer, after all, and things like that usually happened to the clients.

Tony Fisher, representing Clarkson, took it on the chin when the Coroner lashed him for undesirable conduct over the placement of a missing persons advertisement, the bottom line of which read: *Roger, no need to hide any more, contact me. Tony 689-2277.*

Maybe the ebullient Mr Fisher should have taken a book of raffle tickets and driven to Lakes Entrance instead.

And Tom Ericksen found his supertanker bulk and vast understanding thrust downstairs to the city watchhouse after he was jailed for a month for contempt —

though he had satisfaction when the Supreme Court overturned the conviction, partly on the grounds of denial of natural justice.

Through all this, 15 months of it, Clarkson paced up and down in the exercise yard at Pentridge Prison, his marriage dissolving, his business empire in tatters, his reputation (such as it was) baseball-batted to death. He even lost 32 kgs in weight. There were no constants in his life anymore — he couldn't even be relied upon to stay fat.

Finally, the whole roaring freight train of human misery, double crosses, broken ambitions, shattered dreams, impossible loves and cataclysmic hatreds ground to a silent climax as the jury retired to consider its verdict.

Fifty-four hours later, eyes downcast in a posture that Clarkson had been assured meant the worst, the jury shuffled back into the Supreme Court and in its infinite wisdom set everybody free.

In an exclusive interview with *Penthouse*, the only interview he has given since the trial, Clarkson lashed the Australian legal system, which could see a man imprisoned without trial for more than a year.

"What upset me was that the system seemed incapable of dealing with the matter prior to a Supreme Court trial. At the inquest we were not permitted to call our own witnesses and were denied full and fair cross-examination of Crown witnesses.

"We were not allowed to address argument to the Coroner and we were generally denied the right to have our say. I had always been taught that no man could be deprived of his liberty other than by due process of law, which I interpreted as meaning upon conviction.

"But I discovered that in Victoria, Australia in 1981 you can be committed to prison on being charged with a criminal offence regardless of its merits.

"Basically, \$6 million, 16 months and 180 witnesses later, all the Crown succeeded in proving was that Roger Wilson had disappeared, which everybody knew six months before my arrest.

"As a result of this process I have lost everything I spent six years in Australia constructing. They pulled it all down round my ears."

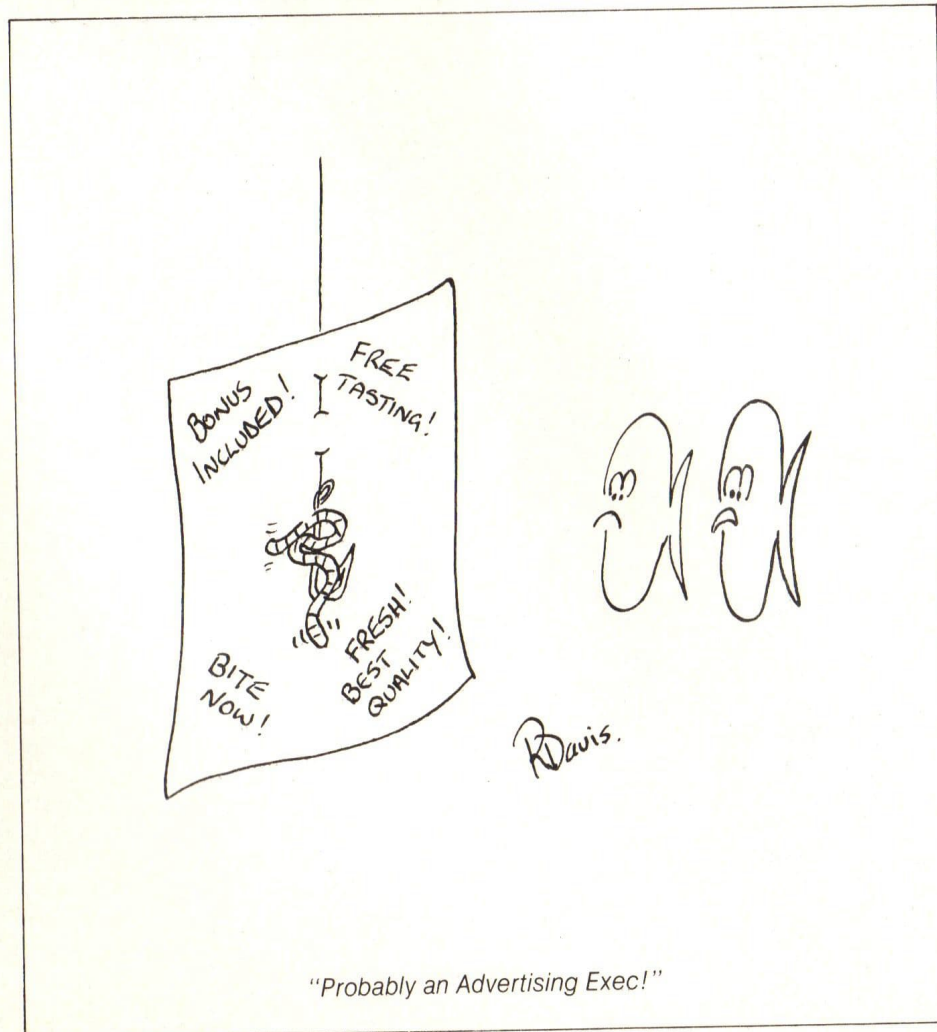
Chris Flannery must have felt much the same. Seconds after the verdict he was re-arrested and charged with a Sydney homicide. Six weeks later, Kevin Williams was arrested and bailed after a then-murky incident in which police shot another man dead. And Kathy Flannery would still have an accessory charge hanging over her head, though given her husband's acquittal, she could not possibly lose.

As Christmas approached, only Clarkson would be truly free; he has a secret plan to buy a construction company and get rich quick. ☐



JULIA

• Men prize a woman who's great in the kitchen even more than one who's wonderful in bed. After all, food is the staff of life; sex is simply a delectable aperitif. •



"Probably an Advertising Exec!"

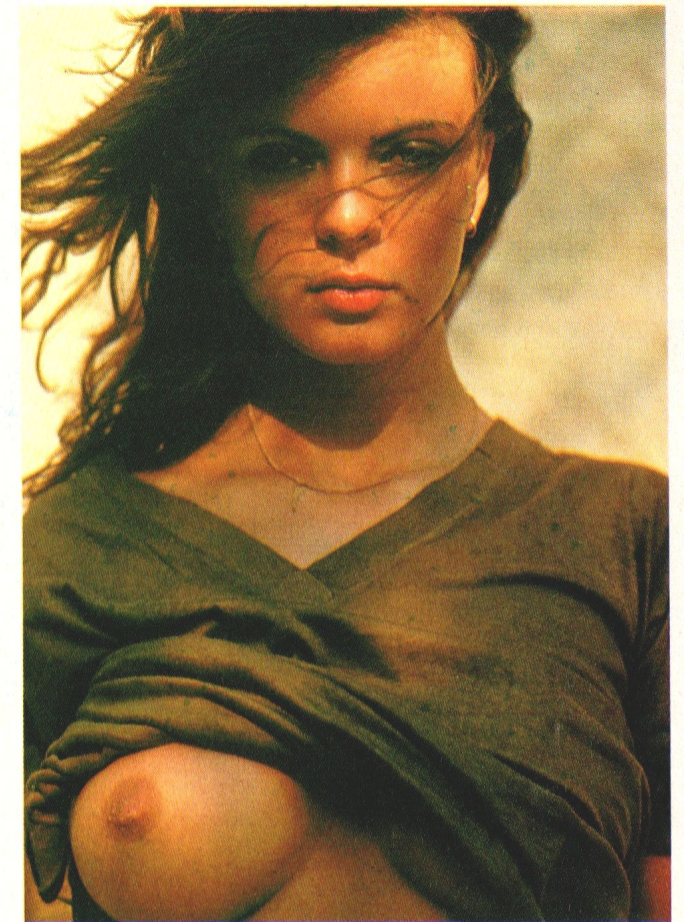


BED AND BOARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MEGAUD

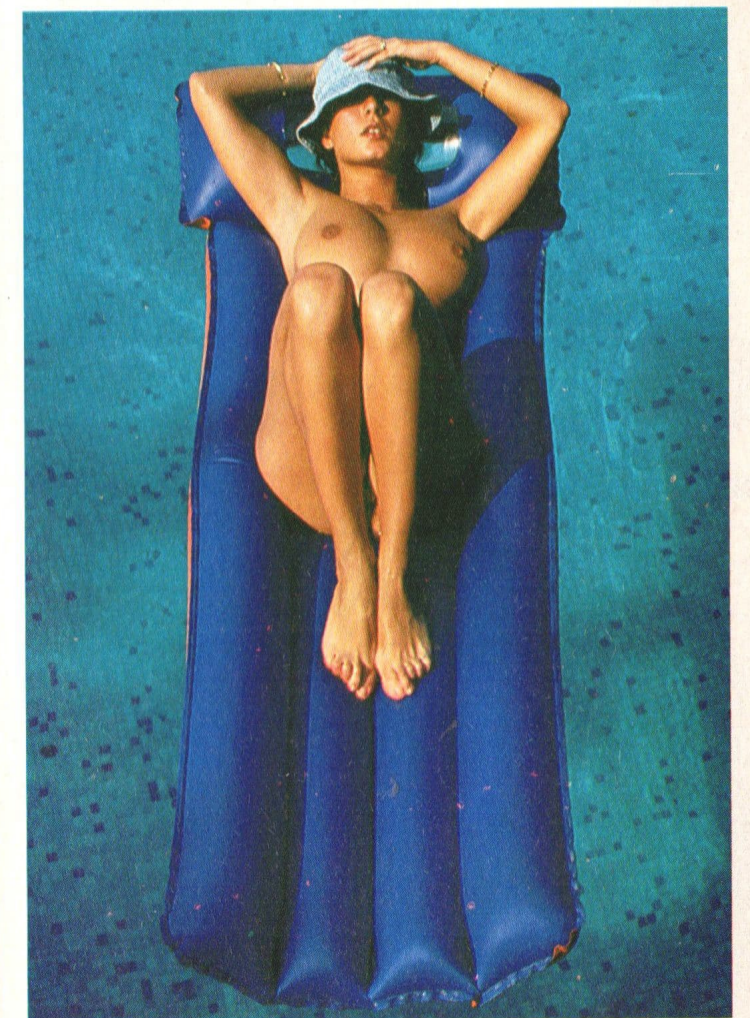
Until meeting up with Julia Perrein, we always thought concierges were stout old ladies wearing pristine aprons and disapproving scowls. But our dusky-haired French Pet happens to run a small and charming country inn on the outskirts of Paris. A welcome sight for many a weary traveller. The inn is owned by her parents, but Julia — the eldest daughter — mostly runs it herself. Seems her parents are progressive types: they told her all about sex at 12, all about money at 14.





The rest she assumes
she will have to learn for
herself. But that doesn't
worry Julia. At the age of 25 our
softly curved, sultry
young Pet has plenty of time to
further her education.

Her debut certainly bolsters our relations with France, now that the New Left is in power. But socialist policies suit our young businesswoman just fine. After all, "I'm a very sociable person!" she smiles, giving us her version of Parisian splendor.

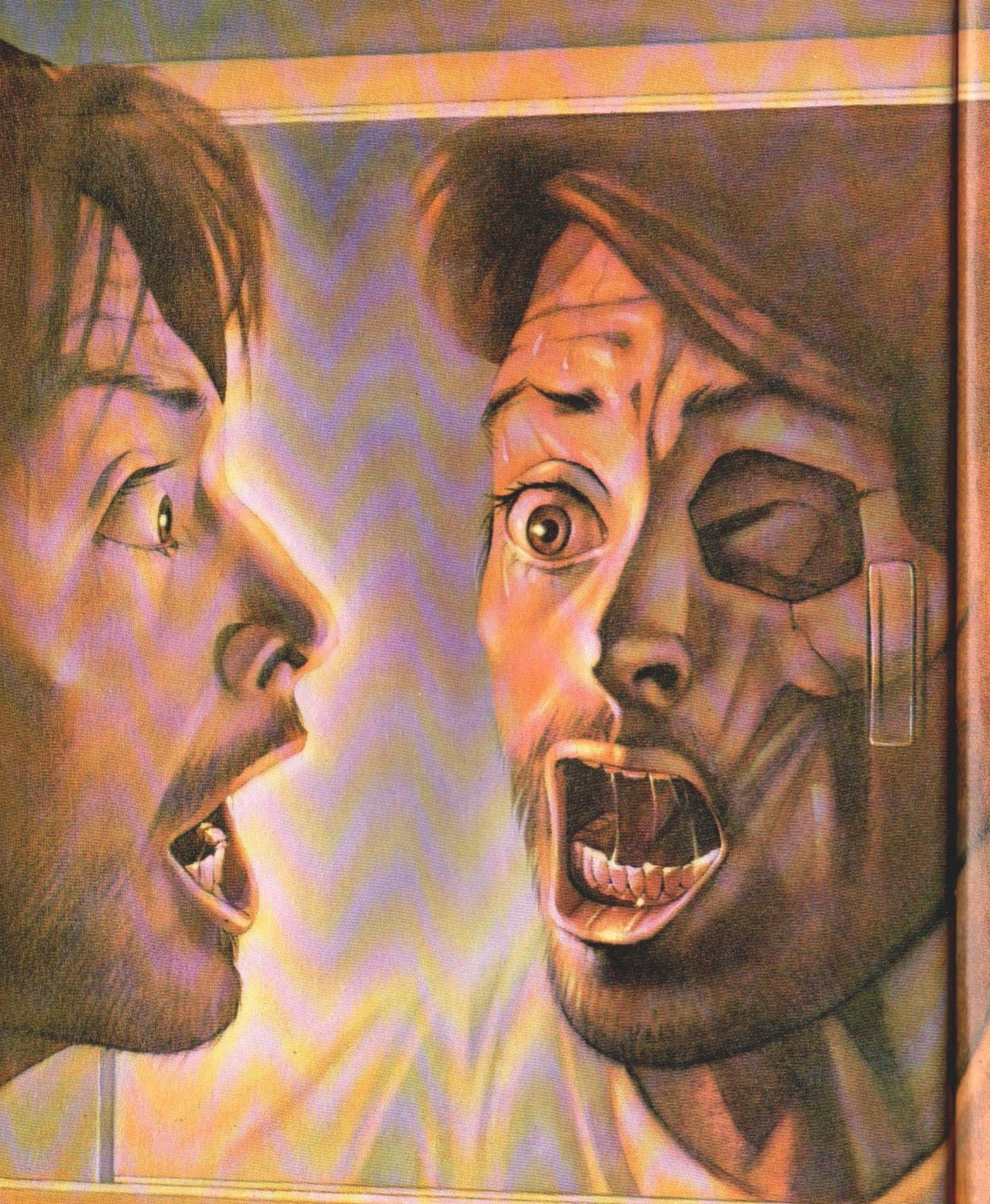






What feminists can't admit, she thinks, is that men prize a woman who's great in the kitchen even more than one who's wonderful in bed. After all, Julia reasons, food is the staff of life; sex is simply a delectable aperitif! Julia, we deeply admire your priorities, among other things.





The dead man was
resurrected by a dangerous prescription.

THE MANY LIVES OF MALCOLM PALMER

FICTION BY MICHAEL KENT

The incidents that mark the turning points in our destinies are often merely random connections in the cosmic computer: chance encounters that throw us unexpectedly from our chosen paths. It was one of these, a collision of separate plans and assignments, that brought Malcolm Palmer into my life.

It is difficult to avoid the gaze of a hitch-hiker, alone on an empty road, when yours is the only vehicle in sight. This one caught my eye when I was still hundreds of metres away.

I was driving into North Queensland, to a tropical city and a reporter's job on the region's morning daily. For the first 48 hours of the long drive my brain had been bubbling with the infinite possibilities of a new life in the North.

A soft suitcase and a guitar stood in the dust, and he grabbed at their handles as I stopped beside him. He was thick-set, hard-muscled and scarred. Remnants of a soft lilt said he was Irish; a Belfast boy, now aged and well travelled. He had flown from New Zealand, leaving a wife and child. Now he was drifting through the heat of Australia's northern summer. He said "My name is Peter," and we talked and travelled for two days.

Indecision and convenience kept him around when we reached the city. He had money, saved while working as a laborer down south, and the opportunity to settle presented itself immediately. The sign on the shutters of the old fibro home said HOUSE VACANT, and the hag who lived next door offered it to us for \$100 a week. "No parties," she said. "I run a quiet place, and I don't want no darkies around either."

We promised to abide by her rules and the rest was easy. The new job claimed most of my time. It was night work, routine reporting: checking police rounds and covering anything else that cropped up during the evening. I rose late, in the heat, to the sound of Peter's music. He sang sad laments — slow, down and out blues.

On the third day he shared his secret with me, reticently at first, but then revealing a certain pride in the details of his scam. That morning, on the shuttered, sunlit verandah, I noticed the walking stick with its price tag still attached and asked him why he needed it when he had two good legs.

"You'll see," he replied slyly and told me it had been purchased the day before at the local opportunity shop. Then he reached into the back of a drawer and threw a small glass jar with a printed label at me. "Read it." The typed script on the chemist's prescription bottle said MALCOLM PALMER *Pethidine 50mgm x 50 For Severe Pain*.

"I suppose you could say they were Malcolm's epitaph. He shared my house in New Zealand until last year. He died from an overdose of these. I kept the bottle. Do you know what Pethidine is?"

I gave a negative shake of the head.

"It's a synthetic narcotic, highly addictive . . . a pain reliever. If you can't score, half a dozen of these will get you there."

I revealed my naivety by wondering why he couldn't just go out and buy heroin from some shady salesman in a pub. Peter told me regular supplies of black-market narcotics could be hard to come by in country towns. "But if you need a hit, you can try conning a doctor, and a lot of junkies bust into chemist shops."

Peter was well-practised at swindling the medical profession. To obtain the drug he assumed Malcolm Palmer's identity — the bottle was marked with Malcolm's name and he needed that small glass jar to prove that Pethidine had been prescribed before. Then he found a doctor, feigned agony and showed the medico the bottle which gave credence to his claim.

Peter took a telephone book from the table and turned to the medical practitioners' section. This coastal city, a sweaty port and industrial centre, with its

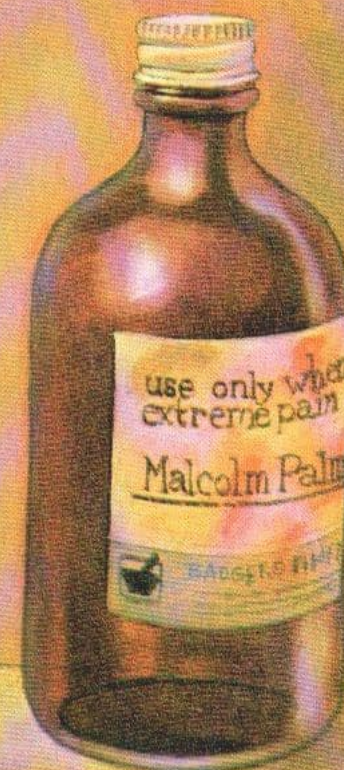


Illustration by Francis Kantor

MANY LIVES

inevitable suburban sprawl, had more than 50 doctors, almost half a page of numbers and names. The first, Dr N.L. Anderson of Gregory Street, Blackstone, had been underlined with a ballpoint pen.

He went for a walk to the telephone booth on the corner. He was back within minutes to tell me he had an appointment and had ordered a taxi to take him to the surgery.

I watched as he began the preparations for his visit. That was where the walking stick came in. He stepped into the bathroom and returned with a razor-blade. After seating himself carefully, he lifted his left leg on to the table, revealing a deeply scarred shin and heel. The leg had been crushed in a bike accident. Peter told me a pin had been inserted in the break. Scar tissue rose to a thick mound beside the shin. He took the blade to this section, slicing into it methodically until the flesh broke open and bled. Then he picked up the stick and practised a pained hobble.

"I play the family man," he said. "I tell the doctor my daughter slammed the car door on my leg and smashed it up again. I say I'm just passing through town and that I'll get proper treatment when I get back to Brisbane. Meanwhile, could he give me a prescription for Pethidine to ease the pain? I tell him it's been prescribed before, show him the bottle and he can't refuse. I guess you could say I resurrect a part of Malcolm Palmer every time I use this bottle." He slipped it into his jeans.

A car horn sounded. The taxi was waiting. Peter hobbled out, leaving me sitting in an apprehensive state, unable to believe that his scheme could succeed.

But he came back. Moving with obvious tension he slammed down the shutters and emptied his pockets on to the table. First came a full bottle of tablets, then the empty one, both carrying the name. They were followed by cigarettes, matches and two disposable syringes.

"No hassles," Peter grinned. Doctor Anderson had believed the story and prescribed the painkiller. Malcolm Palmer filled his script at the local pharmacy and then went straight to another for the needles. It all took less than an hour. Now he was crushing and diluting five white pills in a spoon. His arm was bared, taut as the leather belt that bulged his veins, and blood mixed with the chalky solution as his medicine slid home.

I balked the first time he tried to initiate me to his ritual. Alcohol was an adequate vice for me. But he continued to impose his sly Irish charm upon me. A week after his first success at the surgery, I arrived home drunk and depressed after a bad night at work to find Peter had once again mutilated his leg and assumed the identity of his dead friend. He offered me more of his medicine, with the implication that

refusal would amount to cowardice. With drunken bravado, I accepted.

The dose was prepared with practised efficiency. As the needle pushed into me he said: "You're gonna dig it," and I did. The dream transfusion rushed into me with a soft thud, spreading a dull narcotic ecstasy through every artery and vein.

The frequency of my flirtations with the drug increased as Peter's habit grew. Malcolm Palmer's visits to the doctor rose correspondingly in regularity. He found scoring easy, and the row of marked names moved rapidly down the telephone book page. Like Peter, I soon developed a taste for Pethidine. The drug killed appetite and numbed more desperate hungers. Work became secondary to the private pleasures provided by Malcolm Palmer.

Tropical nights were spent in a daze. The trade's soothing breeze brought exotic odors, and the hysterical ecstasies of fruit bats in the mango trees tested the

“
Anyone
can earn
an honest living.
The take
is much preferable
to giving
”

night's serenity. Peter would grasp occasionally for his guitar to rasp out a song.

*I got the blues so bad / you know my feet
can't walk / I got the blues so bad / My
tongue it just won't talk / I got the blues
so bad / 'cause my body's filled with
chalk.*

After a couple of months he was broke, sickly and despondent as Malcolm Palmer's offerings played an increasingly dominant part in his days. Petty theft became a necessity, as well as false pretences, and he would often stumble in with cigarettes, alcohol and other stolen goods.

Malcolm Palmer was also getting desperate. He thrived briefly under Peter's influence. His pain appeared real and he was rarely refused. But by this stage the leg had been opened so often it was almost beyond repair. Peter's limp had become real. He hardly had to put on a show in the surgery. But each doctor could only be visited once and the frequency of the appointments made them expensive. Malcolm Palmer joined Medibank and the bills were refunded.

"Cheap thrills," Peter remarked sourly, knowing they couldn't last. The list of doctors was getting shorter and his needs were increasing every day. Sometimes he spoke of desperate action, making a clean sweep and moving on to greener pastures.

I knew he was responsible for the chemist shop job the moment the police told me the news. Cyclonic rains lashed the city that night and I was looking forward to dashing home after completing the final and invariably fruitless telephone check for stories with the local station. This time the desk sergeant had something for me.

"A break and enter, Redlands Pharmacy. Looks like he knew what he was doing; threw a brick through the window using the rain to kill the sound, then sawed the hinges off the safe with a hacksaw." The sergeant continued: "He got a big bag of drugs; morphine, methadone, you name it." It seemed that Malcolm Palmer's criminal activity had stretched to burglary. He had gone too far for me. I prepared for an angry confrontation.

But my temper was forgotten when I opened his bedroom door. Peter was dead. He lay stiff and contorted, blank eyes bulging at the ceiling. Vomit stained the sour sheets and a fine spot of blood oozed from the bruised crotch of his arm. Two glass vials lay broken beside his bed and there were more on the table.

The next four hours passed in a blur of hostile faces, flashing lights and interrogations. I numbed myself to the situation. The police and ambulance arrived and I managed to feign ignorance of Peter's illegal activities. My position on the newspaper saved me from being implicated in his death. The police were satisfied that although the house was shared, we lived completely separate lives. The body disappeared under a plastic sheet, the stolen drugs were recovered and by morning the authorities were gone.

The ordeal left me in a state of jittery nervous tension. There was only one thing that could ease the shock and bewilderment that gripped me. I needed it urgently. As I opened the bathroom cabinet I remembered the words Peter had once used to defend his actions. "You recognise the opportunity, you know what to do, there is no decision. Anyone can earn an honest living. The take is much preferable to giving." The prescription bottle and the blade were in my hands. I rolled my jeans to the knee.

Sweat rolled from my forehead. It was hot in the phone booth, but the receptionist's voice was cold. "Doctor Wilson's surgery. Can I help you?" I blurted my story into the telephone, describing my shattered leg and the pain. She replied curtly: "Doctor will see you in half an hour. Can I have your name?"

The words came easily. I said, "My name is Malcolm Palmer." 



AUSTRALIA'S GUIDE TO WW III

BY R.J. SWAN AND DENIS WHITBURN

"Rest in peace for the mistake will not be repeated"

— The promise carved in stone at the site of the Hiroshima atom bomb explosion of August 1945.

The time has come when Australia may need to observe the White House from a "with friends like that who needs enemies" viewpoint. Between them, President Reagan and US Secretary of State Alexander Haig are giving traditional allies cause for deep concern. Encouraged by a "grass-roots" belief in America's need to reassert itself as *the* world superpower, the White House has taken this spirit of pride and used it as a platform from which to preach the myth of "limited" nuclear confrontation with Russia as a means of achieving the aim.

Soviet President Brezhnev has his own ideas. There can be no such thing as a "limited" nuclear confrontation; a conflict would take place on a world scale. Including Australia.

Haig sent a tremor through the NATO Alliance countries when he addressed a Senate Foreign Relations Committee in early November of last year, stating that in the event of an attack by Soviet conventional forces the NATO option might be to fire a "demonstration" nuclear missile to serve as a warning. He was giving substance to the Reagan concept that a "controlled" nuclear war could be waged between America and Russia — preferably on NATO ground.

The less than enthusiastic response from European governments was perfectly understandable. Distrust now infiltrates debate between the NATO Alliance countries and Washington, where a united defence policy once flourished. Media debate on the nuclear confrontation issue has taken on the guise of a softening of public attitudes, particularly in US-based press, news magazines and television coverage. This focussing on the nuclear war issue leaves the impression the American media is in collusion with the Reagan doctrine — that America will be given back its pride. The one price to be paid in the confrontation to preserve world peace would be a partly devastated Europe — for the third time this century. And also for the third time (according to the Reagan-Haig scenario) America would escape a war being fought on its mainland.

When Europeans in their millions took their disillusionment to the streets, American media recoiled at the demonstration. *Time* magazine saw the dissenters as imperilling "the very ability of the West to stand free and united against the encroachments and

designs of the Soviet Union." The Europeans were cast as ungratefals, after America had already stepped in twice this century to defend them against similar "encroachments."

In America, "despite Ronald Reagan's attempts to revive it, fear of Communist aggression continues to decline," notes *Psychology Today* in a recent survey to gauge the feelings of the nation in regard to the future. That decline went from "29 percent in 1964 to 13 percent in 1974 down to eight percent in 1981." Clearly, the Soviet threat

in the public mind was in marked contradiction to the threat as perceived by the White House, where lobbying by both the Pentagon and the military-producing Fifth Estate has resulted in an upward swing in defence budgeting far exceeding previous predictions. An unimaginable US \$1.5 trillion dollars is to be spent over the next four years to bring about a balance with the Soviet arsenal and achieve a "first-strike" capability. A vital link to that capability is Australia.

Somewhere between the chilliest

THE KILLER SUB

Six months before it is due to be launched, the new US Trident submarine has already earned itself the dubious tag of "most expensive and destructive weapons system in history." It measures 168 metres in length and stands as high as a four-storey office block.

Its 24 missiles on board can deliver a total of 192 nuclear warheads — each one five times as powerful as the bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima in 1945. Each bomb is accurate to within a few hundred metres over 7,400 kms. The Electric Boat division of the huge General Dynamics Corporation plans to manufacture about 15 Tridents for the US Navy at a total cost (including support bases) of about \$26 billion.

The launching of the Trident from its secret bunkers around Seattle will represent a landmark in the world arms race. It will be without doubt the most deadly craft ever to roam the world's waterways.

And it puts enough nuclear weaponry under one man's thumb to effectively destroy the world.

With its greater speed and range, the Trident can operate in an area 10 times larger than previous submarines could. And its sophisticated engineering reduces the give-away noise that the "killer" sub-searchers look for. Refuelling is not a problem. The vessel's 90,000 hp nuclear reactor can send it around the globe 16 times. It can reach to within striking distance of potential targets almost as soon as it leaves home port, and preparation for firing takes 15 minutes. On ignition, a muzzle hatch swings open; steam pressure shoots the missile to the surface and the two million hp first-stage rocket ignites. The eight hydrogen bomb warheads can be independently aimed.

At present the Soviets appear not to have the same massing of arms in one

force, although it seems only a matter of time before their Typhoon submarines are equivalent.

The Trident is essentially a first strike weapon. But, as Robert C. Aldridge (US engineer who designed the Trident 2 missile) has pointed out, it is likely to cause that which it has been designed to prevent.

He argues that Soviet leaders, feeling that they face an international crisis, could be led into hasty and less rational judgements about the use of their own missiles.

Already two years behind schedule and \$280 million per vessel beyond original cost estimates, the Trident is not without problems.

Electric Boat increased its manpower from 12,000 in 1971 to 29,000 in 1977, but the sheer size of the Trident is severely straining the company's resources.

Problems with steel quality and paint defects have surfaced recently, and cracks in the rotating portions of the General Electric-manufactured main propulsion turbines have also been noticed.

The names Trident and Titanic are beginning to sound ominously similar.

If the USA and its most likely foe, the USSR, both have enough weapons to destroy each other — why are the Tridents being built?

The answer is obviously not one based upon logic. It may be possible to destroy the other side a few minutes earlier with a Trident. But it appears that \$26 billion worth of Trident is more than enough to do that twice over.

An answer that seems near the truth is that arms contracts are immensely profitable. Over the past decade arms corporations in the US have, after tax, averaged profits of 56 percent. So at least someone stands to gain from the Trident... or do they?

days of international diplomacy in the Fifties and the open dialogue of the Seventies, the Cold War lost enough of its edge for Russian Premier Krushchev to comment: "President Kennedy once stated... that the United States had the nuclear missile capacity to wipe out the Soviet Union two times over, while the Soviet Union had enough atomic weapons to wipe out the United States only once."

Krushchev joked, "We're satisfied to be able to finish off the United States first time around. Once is quite enough. What good does it do to annihilate a country twice? We're not blood-thirsty people."

His dry wit was worthy of the satiric line taken by Stanley Kubrick when deflating Cold War paranoia in the film *Dr Strangelove (Or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb)*. Tension surrounding the likelihood of a nuclear war between the three superpowers, America, Russia and China, was easing. At last we were learning to live with (if not exactly love) the bomb.

Now, as if to meet a premonition set down centuries ago by Nostradamus, the smile is being wiped from our faces. The Eighties are taking on the character of the Fifties. The potential for a nuclear confrontation is fast gaining ground. And not only from or between America and Russia.

The popular conception is to view the world today as one nuclear arsenal. In reality, it is a nuclear junkyard. Until the Sixties, nuclear weaponry was the exclusive domain of the superpowers. Black marketing of plutonium (now near endemic) to the Third World mini-powers, which have expanded over the last two decades, has diminished that exclusivity, and with it responsible attitudes toward the use of nuclear weapons.

The ideological conflict between Communism and Capitalism that formed the core of the post-WWII Cold War has been diluted by religious fanaticism and racial tensions, now partly focussed on the world's richest oil territory — the Middle East. The traditional East/West conflict is the motivating force behind leapfrogging weaponry build up by the Third World nations, but neither Washington nor Moscow necessarily has exclusive access to the nuclear trigger.

Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser was one of those leaders who addressed the United Nations General Assembly First Special Session on Disarmament in 1978. Over the ensuing years nations have, in his view, continued to spend vastly disproportionate sums on arms. "War, revolution and insurrection in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and South America have continued to make existence a misery for large sections of

mankind," he stated last year in a message to the Peace Picnic staged by the United Nations Association in Canberra. "Mistrust and suspicion cloud relations between the superpowers and the gulf between the rich and poor nations grows wider each year. This is a situation which, for our very survival's sake, mankind must end."

The government, according to Fraser, "has long been committed to the objective of stemming the international arms race" by working through

No longer can
Australian play the
role of innocent
bystander and shrug
off the threat of
nuclear attack

international forums for "practical and achievable disarmament measures which will contribute to security and lower expenditure on armaments." Rhetoric of a positive and worthy kind, but little more than that when Australia's expenditure on armaments is taken into consideration as the government escalates its defence program to fall in line with current world standards, while playing sycophant to the US defence system by allowing covert installations on Australian soil.

No longer can Australia play the role of innocent bystander and shrug off the threat of nuclear attack with a "What would anyone want to bomb us for?" attitude. Australia is as much in the gun-sight of nuclear threat as are its allies. Strategically, it plays a vital role in the international surveillance network of the US defence system. Adding to suspicions about our link in the Western defence alliance is the secret development by Australian defence scientists of the "concussion bomb", of the type President Carter refused to sell to Israel. His belief was that the bomb should not be made available to any foreign country. The Defence Standards Laboratory, Melbourne (now the Materials Research Laboratories) developed and tested the bomb, which utilises an atmospheric explosion from a cloud of fuel, in the early Seventies. The bomb, commonly known as the FAE, was highlighted during the 1979

United Nations conference on inhumane weapons as cruel and indiscriminate, yet without public knowledge it was developed and tested here. Perhaps as part of our commitment to the "stemming of the international arms race"?

Malcolm Fraser's rhetoric, coupled with his inclination to keep the public in the dark as to the purpose of the US defence installations in this country, must open to question the government's integrity, highlighting a propensity to laud peace on the one hand while actively supporting the nuclear arsenal on the other.

The existence of US bases in Australia was perceived by the Soviets as a threat to them as far back as 1964. The Soviet Journal *International Affairs*, in May of that year, said that "... surface installations servicing submarine missile carriers cannot avoid a retaliatory blow. American military specialists themselves note that the radio stations which guide atomic submarines... are one of the weakest points in this entire system... Naturally countries on whose territory the various installations associated with the use of missile weapons in general and submarine missile carriers in particular are being built would draw nuclear retaliation on to their territory."

Key US bases in Australia include Pine Gap (NT), Nurrungar (SA), North West Cape (WA), Omega (Vic), Cockburn Sound (WA) and more recently, Darwin.

Pine Gap is located 15 kilometres west of Alice Springs and was established under an agreement signed on September 9, 1966. It was officially described as a "Joint Defence Space Research facility" and was built at a cost of \$250 million, making it one of the largest and most important bases of its kind outside the US. In 1977 the Australian government renewed the lease on the base for a further 10 years. The installation is essentially a satellite control station. Its feelers run world wide and can detect missile launches, track missiles in flight and detect nuclear explosions anywhere in the atmosphere or in space. It will undoubtedly be used to target Trident missiles, and in the event of nuclear war, firing instructions would come via Pine Gap. It is possible that in analysing the data from 647 satellites and relaying an interpretation to the North West Cape installation, without reference to the US command, Pine Gap could be instrumental in sparking off a catastrophic false alarm.

Pine Gap is operated under contract to the US government by two private American companies, TRW Incorporated and F Systems Incorporated, both operating independently of the

THE WORLD'S NUCLEAR CLUB

One of the great headaches for peace planners is the fact that billions of dollars are being spent on defence by poor countries who cannot afford them. The sense of vulnerability of small States, and the corresponding paranoia in the face of a superpower as a next-door neighbor, is understandable. But large intakes of weaponry in these countries can make them less stable internally, and the risk of nuclear terrorism increases.

"The real culprits are those countries who, just to keep their factories busy and in money, will actually 'push' arms on to the under-developed States," suggests Ralph Harry, the man who served as Australian Ambassador to the United States for four years and who was also one of the main architects of the 1978 United Nations Declaration on Disarmament.

"Large quantities of weapons are in the hands of countries who do not have sophisticated administrations like the US and USSR. The superpowers will calculate very carefully before entering a conflict. But the Amins, the Gadhafis, and the Khomeinis of the world don't have the 'cool' that, say, Gromyko or Haigh have," says Harry.

"I don't think there's evidence at the moment to suggest that any one country is pointing a nuclear gun at the head of any other country, but there are countries who have wild and irresponsible leaders and we have to improve our techniques of dealing with these people."

Others are not as tempered as Harry in their perception of possible scenarios. "Nuclear war is most likely to be started by one of the newer nuclear powers," is the belief of Dr George Rathjens, a former Chief Scientist for the US Department of Defence. "There the command and control systems may not be as refined or the government as stable as ours. The risk is particularly grave with nations that feel beleaguered or threatened and abandoned by the world community."

Israel, feeling increasingly isolated and sceptical about continuing American support, is a concern of Dr Rathjens. "Israel has a strong nuclear technology (with the help of France and carefully executed raids carried out by Israeli intelligence in America, France and England in the Sixties); for a dozen years it has had an experimental reactor operating that can produce enough plutonium for a nuclear weapon per year."

"The Nationalist Chinese govern-

ment on Taiwan ... is confronted by 800 million sworn enemies on the mainland and it has been totally abandoned by the rest of the world. It has one of the most aggressive nuclear power programs in the world." In Dr Rathjens's opinion the nuclear build-up may make sense in terms of Taiwan's electricity needs, but if the mainland government made a determined attempt to take Taiwan, the threatened government could only respond effectively by using nuclear weapons.

South Africa's white population, under continuous threat from its black population and hostile countries to the north, is exploiting substantial uranium deposits with help from the Germans. With the black population increasing at a greater rate than the white, South Africa has created its own time bomb — with a nuclear detonation possibly the only defence when a racial conflict erupts.

President Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace Program of the Fifties must carry part blame for placing nuclear weaponry in the hands of erratic governments. This is the opinion of Dr George Kistiakowsky, a former assistant to Eisenhower for Science and Technology. The program was intended to assist less developed countries towards a speedy prosperity by allowing them access to nuclear power. A "haves" and "have-nots" situation arose out of this policy. "The nuclear 'haves' built and sold some 25 nuclear reactors (to the) 'have-nots' ... for a country without oil or coal, nuclear reactors may indeed be the best way to obtain electric power. But these reactors are also the only means for making plutonium — the prime nuclear explosive material."

International agreements were meant to prevent the nuclear installations being used for anything but giving prosperity a nudge along. Before 1973, the Atomic Energy Commission was the only government-authorised body able to supply weapons-grade nuclear materials, but the Nixon administration opened the way for American business to deal in this market. Several countries selling nuclear technology not only supplied reactors, but also reprocessing plants necessary for the extraction of plutonium, as part of the deal.

Over two decades, Eisenhower and his former Vice President, Nixon, paved the way for proliferation of nuclear weaponry in the Third World. Today, we face the consequences of their actions.

WW III

Australian government and often accused of evading Australian politicians and inquiries. This was brought home in *The Canberra Times*, May 11, 1977, when an F Systems employee at Pine Gap, Mr Kealy, said: "Some Australian politicians ... have been through the place and believe they know what it does. The Americans would not have told them more than what suited them at the time, and in any case they work on the 'need to know' basis. I doubt if a politician would understand the place even if he was told everything about it."

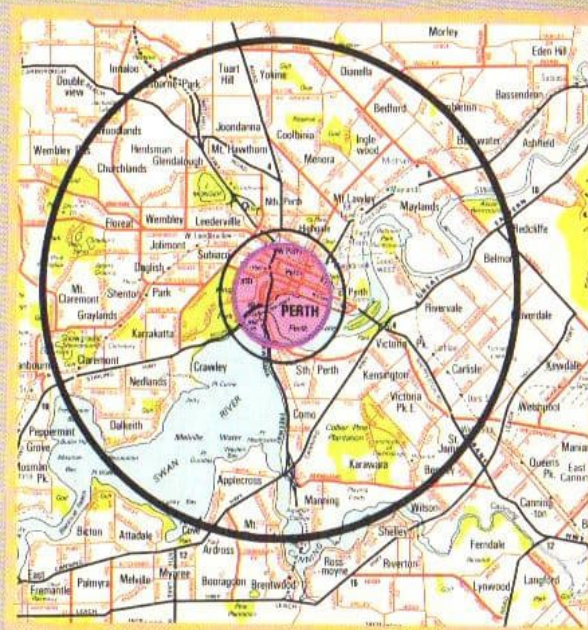
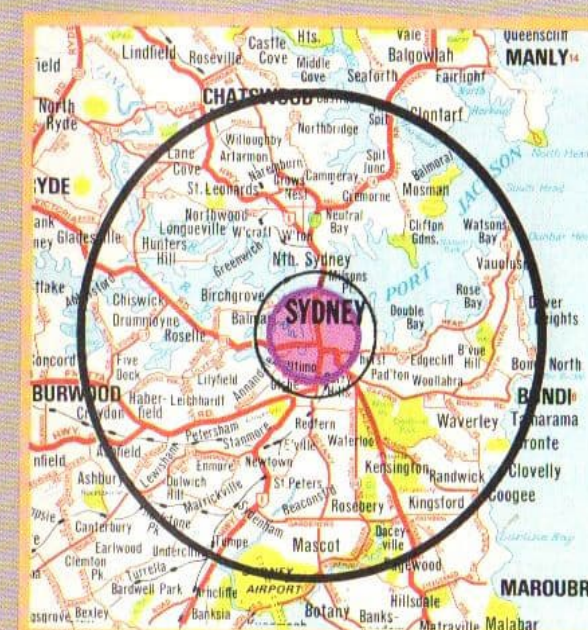
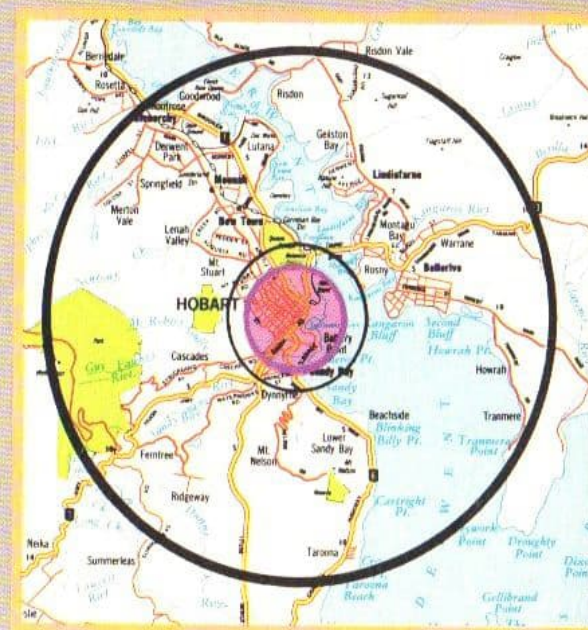
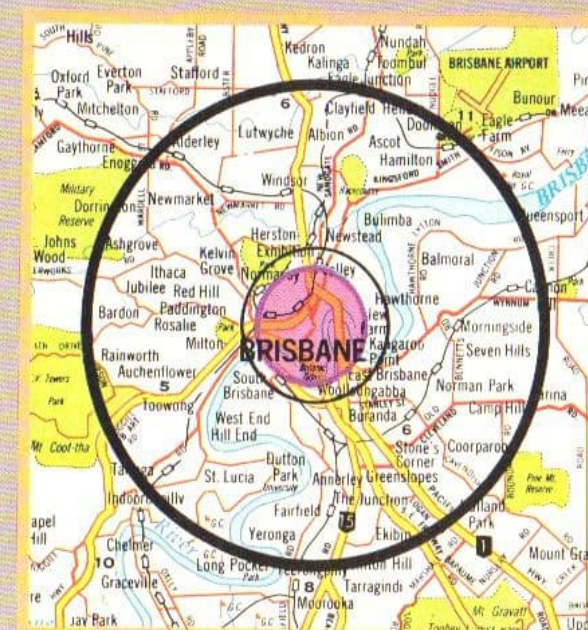
In an interview on the ABC on May 15, 1977, former CIA agent Victor Marchetti revealed some startling facts about Pine Gap operations. "It is," he said, "essentially targeted against the Soviet Union and Communist China ... sucking up electronic information from that area, beaming it back down into Australia, and the Americans and Australians, under a secret and probably illegal treaty, which Dick (Stallings) and I helped to draft, were sharing the information." Marchetti went on: "I don't think the treaty is legal because under the US Constitution, only the President can make the treaty and it has to be approved by two-thirds of the Senate. And these treaties are secret. They are never given to the Senate. So the Senate cannot pass them and therefore they are illegal."

It was Marchetti's belief that the CIA used the treaties as a gimmick when dealing with the Australians, British or Canadians, "to indicate that this is a very important, secret, legal agreement. Now, if something goes wrong, they can just turn around ... can say: well it's illegal because it was never passed ... approved by the Senate. And there's nothing we can do about it."

Of the other installations, Nurrungar is located near Woomera in South Australia and was formally announced by the then Prime Minister, John Gorton, on April 23, 1969. It acts as a back-up satellite control station to Pine Gap, also receiving and re-transmitting data from "spy" satellites such as "Big Bird", which is basically a 50-metre long, 14-tonne camera orbiting 200km above earth, producing detailed strategic photos. Nurrungar can also be utilised to target Trident missiles.

North West Cape, located in the north-west region of Western Australia, was born under an agreement signed on June 28, 1963, its main function being to communicate with submerged submarines using low frequency radio signals able to penetrate up to 30 metres below the water surface. As the US has gone from Polaris submarines to Poseidon and now to Trident, the

THE DEADLY CIRCLE



Centre purple shading — fatal neutron blast area. Inner black circle — fatal zone in fission bomb blast. Outer circle — fission bomb blast damage and possible flash burn fatalities. Maps reproduced by permission of Gregory's Publishing Co., copyright.

status of North West Cape has changed. When the 15 US Trident subs start to roam the world's waterways, this installation will be one of the most vital strategic bases in the world.

In October 1973, US bases around the world were put on a "red alert" during the Middle East War. Prime Minister Gough Whitlam admitted in Parliament that he had not been informed about the red alert. In subsequent negotia-

tions involving the North West Cape, the US was asked not to use it to transmit orders to submarines to fire nuclear missiles. The Americans refused to comply.

A Parliamentary Joint Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee report, tabled November 1981, mentioned North West Cape, Pine Gap and Nurrungar as being on the Soviet Union's nuclear target list. It also said such facilities were not necessarily part of this country's obligation under the ANZUS treaty.

To rub salt into what could turn out to be a highly radioactive wound the US State Department official, Robert Brand, while visiting Australia at the same time, declined to say whether the US regarded its top-secret defence facilities in Australia as likely nuclear targets. Ominously, all he had to say was that "all free and democratic countries have burdens to carry in their efforts to preserve peace." He refused to comment on whether or not withdrawal of the US facilities would impair Australian/American relations.

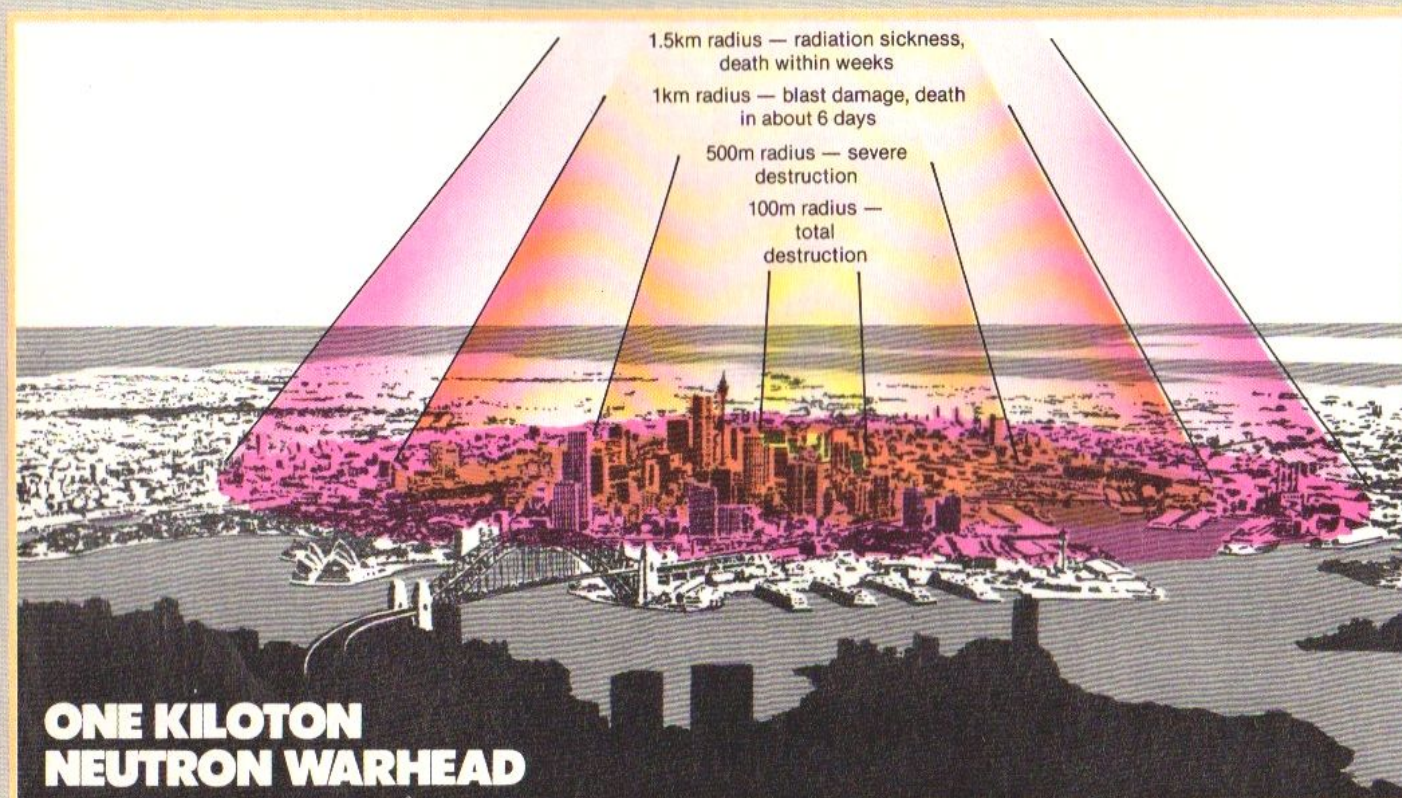
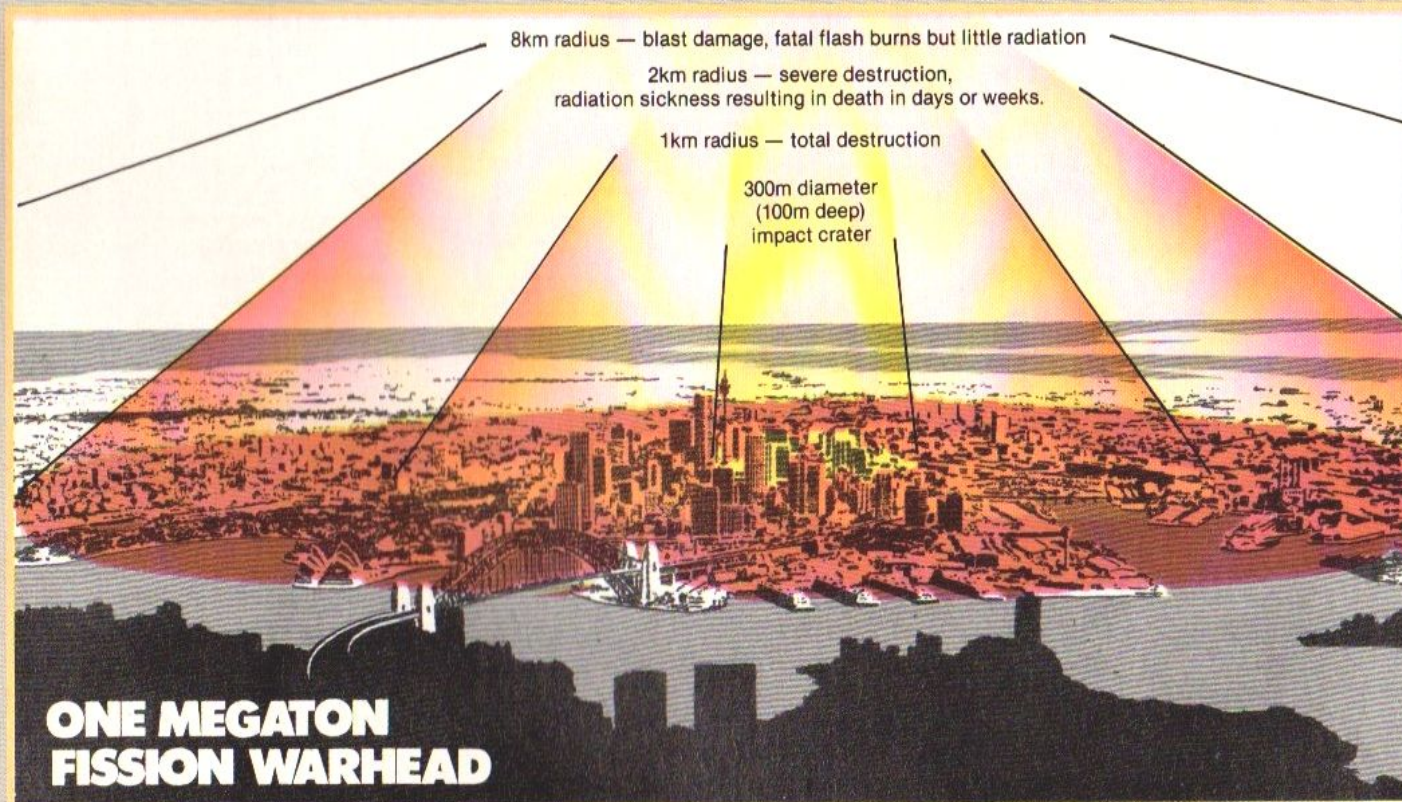


Illustration and maps by Mark Salowski

The Omega base in Victoria is a VLF radio navigational air for submerged submarines. The official line on this facility is that it does not serve a military purpose. Transport Minister Peter Nixon has said that "Omega is simply a civilian navigation system. It will not be used by any military vehicles whatsoever." But in what appears to be a never-ending saga of secrecy surrounding the American bases in this country, the US Navy states quite openly: "Omega is the only navigation method that is as well-suited for submarines as for aircraft or surface vessels. Its low frequencies penetrate seawater to appreciable depths. They also travel through sea ice. Thus a completely submerged submarine can be guided by Omega through any seas, including those that lie beneath the frozen polar regions. Only reception is required, so the submarine user does not reveal his position."

Even the USSR Defence Ministry made it clear the Soviets considered Omega of strategic military importance, when in 1973 it stated: "The Pentagon continues the construction of Omega, designed to provide coordinates for American strategic nuclear attack forces — missile-carrying submarines and strategic bombers... the people of these countries are aware of the fact that this system is meant not for peaceful purposes and justly point out that the construction of stations of this system would threaten the security of countries on whose territories they are planned to be built."

All US bases on Australian soil are generally here because of the 1951 ANZUS Treaty, a mutual defence agreement intended to bring America to Australia's aid in the event of attack — and in return we pledge our forces to guarantee US sovereignty. We are allowing infringement of health, customs and immigration rulings by the US at their Australian installations, and are not being consulted concerning construction of new facilities on Australia soil (as took place in 1978, when the then Foreign Minister, Andrew Peacock, protested the lack of consultation over plans for a new satellite terminal at North West Cape).

There are many incidents in the history of US bases in Australia which appear to contradict existing treaties and agreements between the two countries.

In the early hours of October 25, 1973, President Richard Nixon, working from his bedroom at the White House, sent out an order to US military forces around the world — "All commands, assume Def Con Three." Defence Condition Three is one of five defence readiness conditions for US forces.

Nuclear weapons were armed during the alert. Amazingly, US bases in Australia were on "red alert" from October 8, a full 17 days before the Def Con Three order.

A report in the *Sunday Telegraph* of October 21 confirmed that the US Navy base at Exmouth in WA and the Pine Gap installation had been on "red alert" approximately 10 days before. *The Australian* (November 23, 1973) stated that Marshall Green, US Ambassador to Australia, had conceded that the Australian government had not

By alerting its bases here, the US clearly violated Australian neutrality

been told of the alerts in advance. The *Brisbane Courier Mail* (November 21, 1973) quoted Prime Minister Gough Whitlam: "The Australian government was not, at the time, informed officially by the US about the alert; nor was it informed that the alert applied to the North West Cape installation." Two days later in *The Australian*, he said: "The ANZUS Treaty and the US Naval Communication Agreement would both indicate Australia should have been consulted."

In retrospect it now seems that if the Arab-Israeli war had spread, Australia would almost certainly have been involved. By alerting its bases here, the US clearly violated Australian neutrality.

A low-level nuclear attack alert on November 9, 1979, which lasted from 10.50 — 10.56 am, resulted from a computer malfunction. And yet it set the whole US war machine in motion. US Defence Department spokesman, Lieut Commander Gordon Paterson, refused when questioned to comment on reports that the alert set in motion operations at bases around the country and abroad. Which leaves open the question: Were all US bases on Australian soil geared into action for a nuclear holocaust, while an unsuspecting Australia went about its daily affairs?

The final irony would surely be that Australia's historic involvement in WWII was not precipitated from Canberra — but from Washington.

It happened partly by plan, mostly by confusion

THE AFTERMATH

BY DENIS WHITBURN

Historically, Brezhnev was right, Reagan wrong. The US President's assurance of a "limited" nuclear war confrontation had, in less than an hour, erupted into a world conflict — partly by plan, mostly by confusion. A flashpoint between NATO Alliance and Warsaw Pact nations escalated into a direct Soviet-American missile exchange on each's mainland. Simultaneously, one-megaton warhead missile rained down on Darwin (rendering the US airbase useless), North West Cape, Pine Gap and Omega installations, severely affecting the international American defence communications network.

The subsequent attacks on Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra occurred almost as an afterthought, motivated (some would surmise later) out of sheer spite, to teach Australia to choose its allies with more care in future — if such a concept still existed.

At the ground level hypocentre of the blast, the heat was devastating. It was as if a piece of the sun had fallen to earth. A crater seared where the city had bustled to an ordinary day's activity only seconds before. It measured close to 100 metres deep and another 300 metres across. For a radius of 3km all forms of life had been vaporised instantly. They were the fortunates. Hovering 12km over the drop site, a ball of fire unleashed injuries of varying degrees up to 45km away, where those who turned at the instant of the explosion had been partially blinded by the intensity of the heat. For now, they too could be called lucky.

A grading of fallout brought third degree burns to those nearer the hypocentre, while further out, objects were hurled at 150km per hour in a cyclone of heat. Then there had been the "mild" effect on the perimeter with people suffering only second degree burns. Most of their homes still stood.

There had been no forewarning other than flash radio and television broadcasts and a siren wailing over the cities. The death, injury and violence that would have occurred on roads inadequate to handle the bottleneck an evacuation would have caused made it

AFTERMATH

advisable to leave the warning until the last minute. Those lucky enough to be working in buildings with underground parking — beyond the reach of the hypocentre crater — at least had a chance. Most never knew what happened. One moment they were doing any one of the thousand things that give a city life, momentarily aggravated by the piercing, distracting wail of the siren — the next, nothing. Not even pain.

The 45km perimeter was, at first, thought to be the limitation of the fallout. As winds drifted in from the Pacific the radiation was carried inland at a height of 20,000 metres spreading over an area 300km wide and over 900km long. Diarrhoea, vomiting and nausea became endemic with the fall of the cigar-shaped radiation path in the days following the attack. Within weeks, ulcerations of the mouth, internal bleeding and loss of hair preceded a complete dissipation of immunity to disease. Cholera and typhoid had already taken hold in what was left of the cities, which were now isolated by a breakdown in communications and kept at arm's length by those survivors not wanting the contamination to spread into the non-contaminated terrain. Medical supplies and manpower to combat the disease were next to non-existent.

In the wake of the attack, one painful fact became clear. There was no medical technology able to cope with the radiation survivors. In the four decades since Hiroshima and Nagasaki the medical minds of the world had come to one irrefutable conclusion: there was no medical salve to the consequence of a nuclear detonation. Rage spread amongst the survivors once this became known. Husbands watched helpless as wives and children died slowly, agonisingly before them. Those unable to bear it ended the agony with a gun — some turning it on themselves when the execution was done.

In the hours before the attack, when the first missiles were fired in Europe, the Prime Minister and key government and defence personnel had all been transferred underground, to shelters way below the cities. They were protected by the myriad tunnels which had lain dormant since transport and facility projects had been scrapped. Once again, they had enforced the time-honored right of those whose policies had contributed towards war to be protected from its effect. A rumor ran rife later (when social upheaval had lain to waste once-lush terrain and turned the outer suburbs into uninhabitable ghettos) that the bureaucratic survivors had been the benefactors of a covert survival plan that had been drawn to assure their continued authority in a network of subterranean communes complete with filtration systems and sufficient

supplies to last years, if need be. With what was taking place above ground, if this indeed was the case, they had to be protected as much from their own people as from the enemy.

In the following five years of regrowth, historians were able to piece together the causes and effects of the social calamity that eventuated. Civil war ignited when the uncontaminated fought to hold back the contaminated from the untouched, fertile harvest regions. As in civil wars of the past, brother fought brother and Man's instinct for violence plumbed new depths:

As in civil wars of the past, brother fought brother and man's instinct for violence plumbed new depths

an acre of fertile soil was worth dying — and killing — for.

For a time another rumor took hold, of an invasion from the north, the aim of which was to take the unspoilt regions and farm them (with white slave labor) as one massive food source. Whether there was truth to it or not, it was enough to soften the civil war and bring about a reluctant unification of the two factions.

These were the short-term ailments of Australia's scarred social landscape. In the long term, the diminishing population (now numbered only in a few millions) would have to cope with psychological breakdown, a sharp increase in cancer deaths, genetic diseases that would carry the "nuclear effect" on for generations and a total estrangement from life for many, as an emotional chasm disrupted anything approaching the normality of the pre-nuclear attack era.

Still the question persisted — why? Why here? Why was there no preparedness? The historians were expected to come up with the answers. They spoke of the inefficient means of handling a nuclear attack by city, State and Federal authorities; the lack of general education on what to expect and how to prepare themselves for the detonation of a nuclear device — and mostly of an apathy, a general disbelief that whatever took place between the superpowers would in any way have an immediate repercussion in Australia.

A Royal Commission into Australia's

lack of preparedness was mooted but the time had come to shunt aside outmoded bureaucratic white-washing. Traditionally these commissions had contributed little towards righting society's wrongs and now actions spoke louder than sanctified words. The more vital workload of governing took priority. Not by the previously elected or military survivors, but from groups of ordinary people now prepared to take social responsibility for their lives by finding ways to feed a nation, and caring for the "mutants" (as those seriously affected in the long term became known), despite the burden and drain on supplies and manpower.

Australia had come through in better shape than the nations in the Northern Hemisphere, but it was now a nation cut off from the rest of the world. There was no longer a balance of trade to concern the new "managers" — there being few nations left to trade with. Those still existing stumbled to produce enough food to keep their races from extinction.

Much of the rich harvesting and stock lands had been contaminated, as had the livestock. Food was, and would be for years to come, the number one concern. There was radioactive rain to contend with when new land was tilled. An exodus had begun to inland regions, where communes emerged, gradually turning once-barren terrain into bases of survival.

The phrase "the lucky country" took on new meaning. All Australia had sacrificed was Darwin, Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra and the US Defence installations (where those members of government and defence departments, fleeing the wrath of the people now their underground sites had been discovered, joined the survivors of the crippled bases many kilometres underground in a form of technological affluence). Day by day, the outcasts began to slip from the public consciousness. A decade or more would pass before they would surface to once again attempt control of the recuperating country.

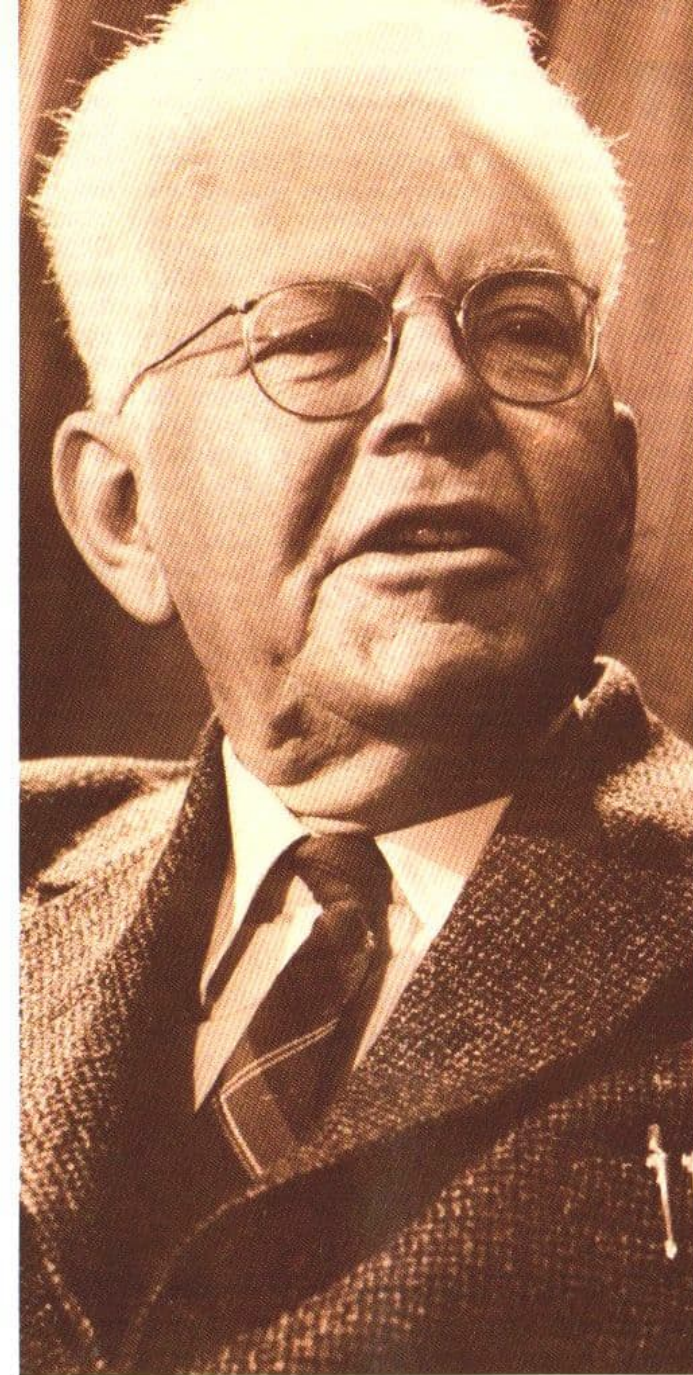
The knowledge there had been no victor in the flash conflict — which had become known, despite its brief duration, as World War III — was of little consequence to the survivors bearing the injurious brunt of Man's supreme folly. Force-feeding conflicting ideologies on the peoples of the world had not brought about an eternal flame of equality or liberty. It had, instead, bred an air of hopelessness, a spiritual loss of faith in Man's ability to ever achieve lasting peace with himself.

In the post-WWIII culture the "how" and "why" of what had taken place manifested itself, in small pockets, into a vow sworn in the name of God — that it would never happen again. Such vows were invariably railed upon by cynics who took great delight in recalling the maxim inscribed in stone at Hiroshima . . . ☐

At 80 years of age he very modestly terms himself a retired gentleman. However, as with much of his life, Sir Mark Oliphant even in retirement works hard for the things he believes in. And after 50 years of delving into the structure of the atom and being instrumental in the creation of enough nuclear weaponry to blow all life off the face of the earth — his strongest belief is peace.

From very humble beginnings in the Adelaide hills his first job was working in the Physics Department at Adelaide University for 10 shillings a week. Putting himself through University, he felt that chemistry was his real calling. But in 1924 a surprise visit to Adelaide by the celebrated British physicist Sir Ernest Rutherford resulted in a few lectures on campus, and so fascinated was the young Mark Oliphant that "come what may, I was going to work with him." In 1927 he won a scholarship to travel abroad and was accepted by Rutherford as a colleague in that now-famous Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge. Although nuclear physics was his main love, the pressures of WWII demanded that England come up with a sophisticated radar system, and to this end Mark Oliphant and his team were given the task of developing microwave radar — one in which they were singularly successful. The close of WWII saw Britain very much depleted and in a race with the Germans to develop a nuclear weapon. The US offered a more conducive environment. Mark Oliphant and his team set up a laboratory on foreign shores to complete their work on the atom bomb.

In 1950 he returned to Australia and became the director of the Research School of Physical Studies at the Australian National University. Together with Dr D.F. Martin, he then co-ordinated the birth of the Australian Academy of Science. So



Limited nuclear confrontation is a fallacy . . . it will be total war, over in a matter of hours

SIR MARK OLIPHANT

his modest suburban home in South Canberra. Swan recalls: "I couldn't believe the agility of his mind. He was able to remember the most insignificant details and dates so matter-of-factly that I began to marvel at his mental acrobatics. The impression that I left with was that I had just spent a couple of hours with one of the most intelligent and genuinely caring souls in the country.

Penthouse: Can you tell us about the scientific mood of the late 1920s and your thoughts on atomic energy then?

Oliphant: Well, there was no thought about atomic energy in those days. The whole idea of nuclear physics at that time was to understand the structure of the nucleus of the atom. The nucleus, that little sun at the centre of this system, and the

came to a close a distinguished and memorable career in science.

In 1971 Sir Mark Oliphant became Governor of South Australia, and began a distinguished career in an equally public office and in the pursuit of peace.

Having outlived all his scientific colleagues of the Twenties and Thirties, and having had such an academic life, he could have been forgiven for being an aloof man, a man even slightly removed from the pace of modern life. Not so. His mind is phenomenal and he still displays a voracious hunger for knowledge, one which must surely possess him till his final day. He obviously feels a heavy sense of responsibility, in that he shares with a few others the dubious distinction of being the first to propose and develop atomic weapons. One gets the feeling he is secretly outraged over the fact his discoveries have been manipulated and used in a most unscientific way by politicians whom he sees as unscrupulous.

To interview Sir Mark, *Penthouse* sent Robbie Swan to visit

OLIPHANT

electrons revolving around it, which Rutherford and Bohr had shown, explained all the ordinary properties of the atom; but not its radioactivity — we couldn't explain the properties of the nucleus itself. Fission had not been discovered and the whole idea of a chain reaction was metaphysical.

Penthouse: What was the first laboratory work which could have suggested weaponry?

Oliphant: It was not until 1932, when Cockroft and Walton, who were working in the Cavendish laboratory, showed that by following the ideas of Gamow (a Russian theoretical physicist), a heavy particle like a proton could be made to penetrate the nucleus of a light atom and produce a transformation. Perhaps one in 100 million hits would result in a disintegration. The first one that they observed was the transformation of lithium, of mass 7. We were then able to do experiments which showed the extraordinary properties of heavy hydrogen in producing nuclear transformations. These transformations of deuterium are, of course, basic to the hydrogen bomb.

Penthouse: When did these ideas become a reality?

Oliphant: In 1938 Hahn demonstrated that when uranium absorbed one of the neutrons, which had been discovered in the Cavendish laboratory by Chadwick, the uranium nucleus split into two simpler atoms. Then Frish and Mitener in Copenhagen showed that there was enormous energy associated with this process, about 200 million electron volts. Remember that when a carbon atom is burnt in an ordinary fire it releases three or four electron volts of energy. And here we had 200 million electron volts released, which meant that one pound of uranium, as a source of energy, became equivalent to about three million tons of coal. And so the concept of obtaining energy from uranium, if one could produce a chain reaction, became clear. Then Joliot and his colleagues in Paris showed that in the fission process neutrons were produced, and it was a neutron that produced the fission process, so obviously those neutrons would go into fresh uranium nuclei, produce fresh fissions and the whole thing would grow into what is known as a chain reaction.

Penthouse: Did anyone feel that there was a danger in this?

Oliphant: No, at that time we thought of it in terms of a substitute for coal. As a producer of energy for generating electricity and so on. A little later on whilst I was working on the development of radar, Frisch and Piles came to me with a proposal that if one could separate the isotope of mass 235 in uranium from the uranium 238, one could then expect to produce a chain

reaction with the fast neutrons that were released in the fission process and this would mean an almost instantaneous chain reaction which would release enormous quantities of energy. That was the beginning of the bomb.

Penthouse: What was the political climate like in those days, and was there any coercion in your work by politicians?

Oliphant: None whatever; you see one has got to remember this all along the line. It was the scientists who proposed the nuclear weapon. Not the military, not the government. Every advance in weapons of mass destruction that has taken place since this has been due to the scientists.

Penthouse: You mean the scientists are the ones that have actually said, "Well, here we have developed this, now what do you want to do with it?"

Oliphant: Not that "We have developed it" but "We have this idea, would you like to see it developed?" In America it was

We know
how easy it is to
make nuclear weapons.
Anyone who really
wants them can
get them

Teller, for instance, who developed the idea of the hydrogen bomb which used the reactions that we had discovered in Cambridge, and which could be made to take place as a chain reaction if one could heat the deuterium hot enough. This could be done by exploding a uranium weapon inside a mass of deuterium.

Penthouse: What was your reaction to that proposal?

Oliphant: Horror. What had happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki seemed horrible enough to anybody, and to have a weapon which was a thousand times as powerful again... well, it meant that a single weapon became more than equivalent to all the explosive that had been used in WW2. It was really something that one had to recoil from.

Penthouse: As a pioneer in nuclear physics, do you think you are in a better position to judge the effects of a nuclear war than politicians or the military?

Oliphant: Oh I think so! Not so much nuclear physicists but anyone who has been in on the inception of the bomb knows very well, on a gut level, what to expect. We also know how very easy it is to

manufacture nuclear weapons these days. Anyone who really wants them can get them.

Penthouse: When you look back on it now, do you feel that your early work was a mistake in any way?

Oliphant: No, there is nothing one can do about these things. One thing follows from another and if you don't do it somebody else will. Of course, the reason that development of the nuclear weapon was begun in England and then completed in the United States was because of the intelligence we had suggesting that the Germans were working hard on the project and we did not want them to be the first to possess the weapon. It is this suspicion and fear of one another that, at the present time, drives Mr Reagan to further development of more sophisticated and newer types of nuclear weapon.

Penthouse: To what degree do you think we are caught up in a process of evolution here which is just impelling the human race to develop more powerful weapons?

Oliphant: Well, we are. As I said you can't put the clock back. Once the knowledge exists, then, because of the nature of human beings, their greed and their avarice, their seeking of power and glory, there will always be somebody in the world who, with the prospect of a new and powerful weapon that will enable him to win a war over his enemies, will seize the opportunity. You see the trouble is that human beings, including scientists, are greedy. You can always pay a medical man to develop nasty biological or chemical weapons; or a physicist to develop better varieties of nuclear weapons; or a psychologist to develop new ways of influencing people to accept these new horrors of warfare.

Penthouse: The shift from conventional weapons to nuclear weapons — what sort of jump was that in the history of weaponry?

Oliphant: It was a revolution, not a jump. It was not like the invention of gunpowder, which enabled a bullet to be fired from a gun instead of an arrow from a bow. Or the development of high explosives like TNT or gelignite in place of gunpowder. This was a ten-fold increase in power. But here you have a complete revolution where the new power was not 10 times as big as that available originally, but a million times as big, and you can see that this just radically transformed the situation.

Penthouse: How do you see the present stockpile of nuclear arms? Do you think that any one country really has an edge over another?

Oliphant: It just can't have. As George Cannon, ex-American Ambassador to Moscow, has pointed out, it is really an absurd sort of situation when both Russia and the United States could afford to throw away 90 percent of the nuclear weapons that they possess and still totally destroy the other.

Penthouse: If you took one particular nuclear warhead, how can you actually verify the power that is in it? It might seem to be much the same size as another one, but could it have say two or three times the capacity of another?

Oliphant: Oh, yes. But what does a factor of two or three matter when we are talking about factors of a million? A nuclear weapon is a nuclear weapon. It is just a horrible thing. Take for example the development of neutron warheads in the United States and Russia. Horrible weapons that will kill people and in particular the crews of tanks, yet leave buildings intact (they hope!). Man now has the capability of destroying the whole human race, and possibility of destroying all life on earth, through the radioactive debris from the explosion of nuclear weapons and particularly from the fire that is caused directly by the weapons.

Penthouse: So what is the first step out of this doomsday scenario?

Oliphant: I believe very strongly in the steps taken by my good friend in England, Philip Noel Baker, who has originated the idea that if only one could get the people of the world en masse to demand the outlawing of nuclear weapons, politicians would have to do it. The trouble is that at the moment governments go to peace negotiations independently of their people. But the one thing that a politician must do is to count the votes. And if he sees that his attitudes towards peace are dramatically different from those of his constituents... he'll change.

Penthouse: In the event of real controls being brought in, how can they be effectively implemented?

Oliphant: They can't be implemented except by agreement. Agreement between governments is notoriously hard to achieve. We do not seem to have the capacity to negotiate with others. Fear and suspicion are in the air all the time. The Helsinki agreements between the US and Russia have actually resulted in the escalation of arms. So we have to overcome this human problem first. This is why it can be done only by political means and by the people of the world demanding that these nuclear weapons and all other weapons of mass destruction be done away with. Over 500 billion dollars is spent every year on world armament. One year's expenditure on armaments would solve almost all the problems of poverty and malnutrition in the world. After all, it is necessary to remember that no "ism", whether it is communism or capitalism or Christianity or Moslem faith or anything, will last forever. It is always something that goes through a period of development and then is replaced by something else, and to my mind it is far better to be alive and red (you know the old saying "better to be dead than red"!). There is only one way to work disarmament and that is by negotiation between people at grassroots level.

They must demand of their politicians that they go for disarmament and not armament.

Penthouse: You seem to be implying that the horror of a nuclear war could in fact unite all the "isms" of the world?

Oliphant: I think it probably can if it is properly used and if people really realise that no nuclear war is "winnable". It would certainly destroy civilisation and probably destroy the human race.

Penthouse: So the idea of a limited nuclear war is not feasible?

Oliphant: Just not on. It is foolish to believe that one could start with little weapons and that the enemy would not use bigger ones in retaliation.

Penthouse: How do you think a man like Ronald Reagan, then, could get into a position of Presidency and tell the world that it is on?

Oliphant: I do not know how he got into that position. I often wonder at how one

They're dreaming
if they think
that an average
war would not
escalate into a
nuclear one

elects the people who are represented anywhere in parliament. They don't seem to be the highest form of humanity. But the problem really is that once in a position of power (as President Eisenhower pointed out), the military industrial complex really takes over and governments have to do what is demanded by these people.

Penthouse: Alexander Haig has recently announced that the US could explode a nuclear device in some less populated area to act as a deterrent to the USSR. What sort of effect do you think this would have?

Oliphant: Any antagonistic use of nuclear weapons would be an excuse for an all-out nuclear war. It cannot be any other way.

Penthouse: A recent opinion poll in the US shows 68 percent of Americans believed that their country would be involved in a war within three years, but it would not be a nuclear one. What does that reflect?

Oliphant: Ignorance... they're dreaming if they think that any average war would not escalate into a nuclear one. Any nation which is beginning to lose a conventional war and has nuclear weapons will not hesitate to use them.

Penthouse: Recently the US military have acclaimed the new Trident submarine as so powerful that it will deter aggression wherever it is placed...

Oliphant: Well this is absolute nonsense — the other side is just as capable of attacking a Trident submarine as it is of attacking any other sort. It is certainly a more destructive submarine than any other and its capabilities are absurd. It carries 24 missiles, each with 18 nuclear warheads, and can target 192 cities! The combined destructive force of Britain, Italy, Spain, Argentina, West Germany, Japan, Brazil, Philippines, India and Pakistan is not equal to even one of their subs. It's a horrible thing...

Penthouse: How long would it take to wage a nuclear war and how much warning do you think we would have?

Oliphant: A few minutes warning, perhaps. Certainly not more than half an hour even if it was intercontinental, and then the whole thing would be over in a matter of hours or days.

Penthouse: So you couldn't see the possibility of nuclear weapons transferring across oceans after two or three days?

Oliphant: No, by that time each side would have knocked out the other. There are horrible things to think about in this. Remember, for instance, that if you take a city like Sydney or Melbourne or any of the Australian cities, a single hydrogen bomb could destroy the city completely and all of its suburbs. Remember that inside that area are all the hospitals, most of the doctors and nurses and so on, all the stores of drugs, all the services, electricity, gas, water and so on. These would disappear and the people on the periphery, who would perhaps be only injured, would have no hope of any sort of medical attention or any sort of care. It is really a terrible thing to think through and to appreciate.

Penthouse: As a scientist, do you see that there is any escape for people? Can they take any action besides political action to escape a nuclear war if it did happen, like underground shelters and so on? How effective would they be?

Oliphant: Underground shelters, unless they are built a long, long way underground, won't protect you from the radiations or the blasts which are produced by nuclear weapons. Just think what the result would be. You would have to live down there for months, perhaps years before it would be safe to emerge into the radioactively contaminated earth above. You would have to have some way of recycling your air and all your waste products, so as not to have to draw in the highly contaminated atmosphere outside. You would have to have all your medical services, stores of water and power with you for many months of solitude in an underground shelter.

Penthouse: There have been a number of articles appearing in journals recently that

OLIPHANT

have suggested that a nuclear war might not be so horrific if you were prepared.

Oliphant: This is pure propaganda by the military and the war machine, of which Eisenhower warned. If you read any of the authorities, people who really know about nuclear weapons and their effects, you will find that it is just not on. You might be able to save the President or the Prime Minister of the country in a very deep underground shelter, but you cannot do anything for the people.

Penthouse: Do you feel that there are people within Australia who would like to see nuclear weapons developed here, and how close do you think we are to that?

Oliphant: Well, there are those people, but I do not think we are close to that at all. I believe that our government realises that Australian possession of nuclear weapons is not really a possibility in terms of defence of the country, and I think for this reason Australia has subscribed to the non-proliferation treaty. It has agreed not to produce nuclear weapons. While there are people in Australia who would like to see Australia retaliate, remember that Australia, with its small population and industrial complex that is rapidly being closed down by the present government, could never undertake to produce enough nuclear weapons to be significant in nuclear war.

Penthouse: In the event of a nuclear war somewhere else in the world, how would Australia be effected do you think?

Oliphant: Well, what are the targets in Australia that would justify the use of a nuclear weapon which could be better employed in knocking out Europe? The big cities, first of all, where our industry and our naval depots and everything else are concentrated — they would be prime targets. But also, places like Pine Gap, or the North West Cape communications systems, might be worth knocking out. I rather doubt it myself. They are peripheral to what is happening elsewhere. I cannot see that people would waste nuclear weapons on Australia unless, as they have at the moment of course, so many that they could afford to put half a dozen down in Australia and not miss them at all. When war is on, remember that all morality disappears. When the Germans bombed Stalingrad the British said, "We would never engage in that sort of bombing of a civilian city," but it was not more than a year later when they were mounting monstrous bomber raids against Hamburg and other German cities. So that you can forget morality or any sort of restraints that are imposed by morals in war.

Penthouse: Do you feel that there may be some world leaders who may be out to start a nuclear war?

Oliphant: I do not think so; I think the world leaders are all too aware of what would

happen if nuclear war broke out. I am talking now about leaders of the nations that possess nuclear weapons. I do not know what would have happened if, for example, the Shah of Iran had had a nuclear weapon with which he could have stopped the rebellion in his country; he probably would have used it. I think there are people — national leaders, particularly despots — who would use it without thought of consequences or as suicide attempt. Hitler in his bunker, if he had had nuclear weapons, I have no doubt would have released them on the world. Just from the need to retaliate, not from any sort of idea that it would win him any war. Just because he felt he was near the end and would smash the other fellow if he could. This is the danger, when the mad man gets nuclear weapons. Unfortunately they are becoming so easy to make now. I would not be surprised if in the next decade they become an article of com-

The accuracy
of nuclear weapons
is so great there
is a temptation
to bring about a
pre-emptive strike

merce, or a so-called military aid as it were. After all, the US is sending these AWACS to Saudi Arabia and the next thing it sends might be a nuclear weapon to use against Iran.

Penthouse: What about the possibility of terrorists sparking off a nuclear war?

Oliphant: Well, it is a possibility but not a probability. I believe that if, for instance, one of the African States gets a nuclear weapon and uses it against another African State, the attitude of the US or Russia would be "for God's sake, let's put this conflagration out!" And they could do so by threatening the use of their nuclear weapons. The real horror arises from the generation in Russian or American minds of the idea that it could knock out the other chap before he could retaliate. The accuracy with which nuclear weapons can be delivered today is so great that there is a temptation in the air to bring about a pre-emptive strike.

Penthouse: How close do you think we are to global stability?

Oliphant: Unfortunately we are a long way away from it. There is still this feeling abroad that a nuclear war might be win-

nable and so long as this persists, it is an impossibility.

Penthouse: How committed to disarmament and the Peace Movement are you?

Oliphant: Completely. Because I now see the folly in settling differences by fighting about them. One chap wants to be rich at the expense of others. One nation is prepared to exploit another. In the law courts we have an antagonistic attitude between prosecution and defence. In parliament we have two parties who are at each other's throats all the time and never have a kind word for one another. On the football field they have to fight and maim one another, and on it goes. It's all intimately connected with global stability. The fact that people are prepared to kill others in pursuit of their own aims has been with us for so long and is very difficult to eradicate. After all, for more than a million years man was just a hunter-gatherer and he had to be pretty well prepared to defend himself and chop the other chap's head off. But when he came to live in communities this almost genetically inherited property of human beings came to be an anachronism. But at present it seems more evident than ever.

Penthouse: What do you think about the premise that "scientists are analytical animals and don't think about peace"?

Oliphant: Oh they do, don't believe that for one moment! Scientists are just a cross-section of ordinary people and they have the same emotions. One thing we have to remember is that the nuclear weapon is a technological development and not a scientific development. The discovery of the fission process was the scientific development that sparked it all off but the decision to make the weapon was a technical process and therefore involved technocrats as well as scientists. Scientists must speak out bravely because only they know the extent of their power and the utter impossibility of defence. As Einstein once said . . . "There is no cure for our problems through mechanisms, only by changing the minds and hearts of men; beginning with changing our own minds and hearts." I think that if more people can think in these terms peace can be an obtainable objective and not something which must be ruled out because of our inherited antagonism . . . then I think there is hope for humanity.

Penthouse: The latest US move to satellites that can shoot down nuclear weapons before they land and explode could be the beginning of a solution.

Oliphant: It would be unfortunate because it would be the beginning of a feeling in the US that a nuclear war was winnable. That would be horrible. No, I do not think much of this idea of satellites, of anti-weapons, for the simple reason that killer satellites can knock them down.

Penthouse: Can you see the development

Continued on page 160



LEA



RARE HARMONY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

19-year-old Lea Turner is the result of a fascinating series of alliances. With Canadian, Spanish, Maltese and Aboriginal grandparents she seems an unlikely combination, but in our Pet of the Month there's no racial discord — she's a harmonious blend of the best of all worlds.

Lea started modelling bikinis when she was 14. "My mother was behind that. I thought I was really ugly then — I had braces and short hair and I was so skinny," she laughs. Obviously mum knew better, but now Lea doesn't need anybody to push her cause. "By the time I was 16 I wanted to be famous, and I started to realise that I had a body. I've learned a lot about what to do with it since then."





"I never let myself think I'm not going to make it as an actress. If you think negative you'll go down the drain in this business," she says in a pragmatic tone that belies her tender age. But Lea's sexual fantasies reveal a romantic heart. "My favorite is a candlelit dinner with soft music, in which my man is seated at an elegant table in a suit and tie, and I'm serving him in a garter belt and stockings. I get to serve him in a lot more ways than one."





Lea forsook the chance of becoming a champion sprinter when she turned her back on the bump and grind of athletics for her modelling career. "I like the glamor and the feeling of freedom that modelling gives me. When acting I can play an emotional part well, but once in America I had to play a nun, and that was really hard for me!"





Lea doesn't want to go to drama school — she reckons actresses are born, not made. Besides, with her passions for touch football, horseriding, netball and lovemaking, where would she find the time? With two films already behind her she's on the way, and we wish she was staying right here instead!





MISS LEA TURNER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

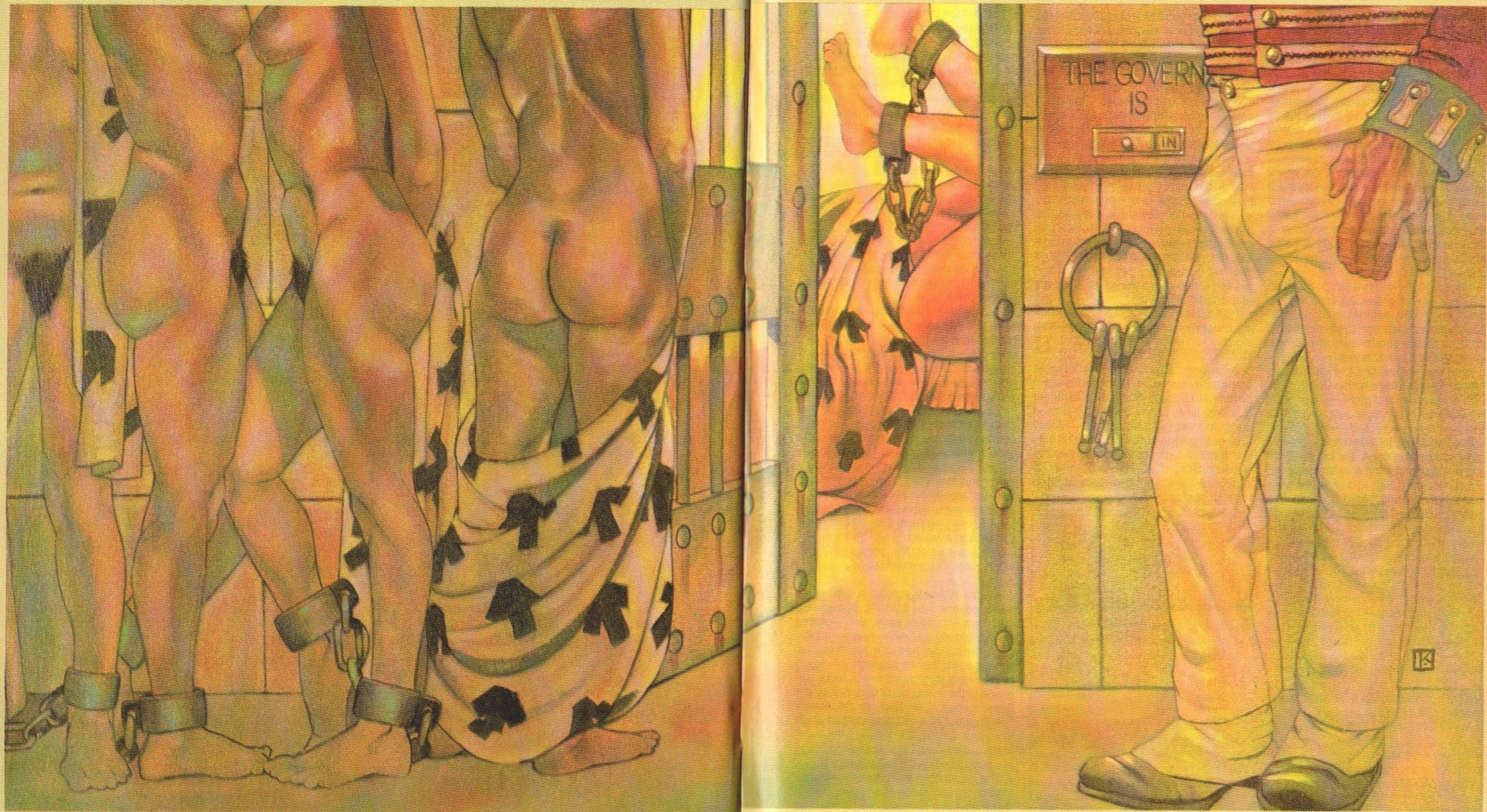


Illustration by Frantis Kantor

Darlinghurst Jail was run
like a comic opera . . . until the wrong
people started to sing

TURN OF THE SCREW

BY RONALD ROSE

In the late 1840s the only grim things about Darlinghurst Jail, Sydney, were its sandstone walls, still uncompleted, and the gallows near the gate used for public executions. The common people used to lift their children shoulder-high to see the poor fellows drop to their doom — a popular spectator sport of the period and a nice change from watching the wretched iron gangs clanking their way around the cobbled streets. Usually the gates of the jail were wide open so that passers-by could

see, within the great yard, the radiant blocks of cells, two stories high, and often some very curious sights.

The first impression for the casual viewer would have been the exceptional cleanliness and tidiness of the prison. Indeed, it could be said that the jail was pretty! Everything that could be painted was painted; white-washable things were white-washed; paths were swept; there were neat flower gardens. There were huge aviaries of local and exotic birds, muscovy ducks and turkeys, monkeys in cages, and a couple of emus strutting about, haughtily ignoring the sleek cows and fat pigs in the yards.

Moreover, there was a happy air about the place — music, dancing, floral decorations, good food, entertainment. It could have been a huge stage, the setting for — no, not a grand opera, or even an operetta, but certainly a comic opera.

That was entirely due to the unique attributes of the fellow who ran Darlinghurst Jail for pleasure and profit — one Henry Keck. A man of immense personal charm, tremendous energy and brilliant entrepreneurial ability, he spent most of his time getting up to no good. He knew all the tricks and he put them all into practice.

Let's look at it, say, at dusk on a balmy-summer's evening. As the sun sets,

candle lights begin to twinkle merrily in the cell windows. Through the gates we see a convict covering the birds for the night. He drapes arrow-marked prison blankets over the cages of hawks, pigeons, budgerigars, the colorful "Rosehill" parrots, cockatoos and galahs, magpies, gulls, and crows; he checks the locks on the monkey cages (they are securely locked up); and shoos the emus into their enclosure.

A couple of convicts tramp along the road bearing great clumps of Christmas bush to decorate the jail. There is washing on the line, that of the visiting magistrate — a laundering service is provided for prison "friends". A group of convicts, with one of the turnkeys (jailers), is readying a long net for a fishing trip on Sydney Harbor later in the evening. A two-up school is in session at one side of the yard and a game of pitch and toss at the other.

Half a dozen convict women are working happily with needles and thread making checked shirts — the prison matron's sewing class. Or so she says.

A hansom cab draws up. Out of the jail come convicts laden with dozens upon dozens of cabbage tree hats of different qualities, fancy shoes, beautifully-tailored suits, carved picture frames. Money changes hands and the cab goes off with hundreds of hats and other prison-made goodies filling it so high as almost to obscure the vision of the driver perched on his high seat at the back.

There is the sound of music. A clarinetist, a pianoforte player, and a drummer begin to practice waltzes, the polkas, and mazurkas — the popular dances of the day. Down the steps of the governor's two-storey residence tippy-toes a dancing master; he pirouettes his way to the centre of the stage — sorry, yard.

Alongside the governor's splendid residence there is a charming lady and her two daughters at the entrance to what was known as the "shop" by day and the "grotto" by night. [Grotto: *noun*, an agreeable retreat.] They are selling tea, sugar, bread, butter, tobacco, and candles to the convicts.

Some of the inmates have emptied their prison meal of corn hominy into the pig and cow troughs and are buying steaming roast dinners from the charming lady and her daughters.

A turnkey in uniform appears, bottle in hand. He reels to a stool by the jail entrance, sits down, and immediately falls asleep. He is the nightwatchman.

A handsome carriage (not a hansom this time) with a convict coachman (but you'd never know it because he's dressed in gorgeous livery) passes through the prison gateway and stops. From it emerges a bespectacled dandy wearing a waistcoat in the latest fashion, plum-colored pants, and spats. He is also wearing a contented smile, having just returned from a pleasureable afternoon with one of his mistresses, in this case a teenager — Miss Brewer was just 15 or 16, the evidence later attested.

The main actor has appeared — Mr Henry Keck, Governor of Darlinghurst Jail.

Almost 10 years earlier, in September 1840, prisoners at Carter's Barracks, a notorious "house of correction" located where Sydney's Central railway station now stands, planned a mass breakout. Nineteen of the ringleaders, all tough soldiers and mostly recidivists, were surprised in the execution of their plot by the Superintendent of that establishment. Breaking out of a cell, they rushed down the yard, armed themselves with hammers used for stone-breaking, and prepared to scale the sandstone wall.

The Superintendent grabbed a single-shot pistol and made after them, cutting them off. Alone he faced the 19 would-be escapees. He ordered them to go back, one at a time. They threatened to rush him but he held the pistol at them without a tremor and calmly assured them in his soft Irish brogue that, if they did, one of them would surely die. They knew his reputation for courage and their bravado dissipated. One by one they slouched back, to be chained up by four aged, decrepit, and almost useless overseers, who were the Superintendent's only support at the barracks at the time.

It was another victory for Henry Keck, formerly second-in-charge of the crowded

prison hulk *Phoenix* on Sydney Harbor, a dedicated screw like his father before him (Captain Keck was for years Barrack Master at Featherd, Tipperary) and a man with ideas for the future.

Henry knew how to put his best feats forward and the story appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* next day. The following year his humane conduct was praised in the *Australian*; when other officials were censured, he was always specifically exempted from criticism. The magazine *Heads of the People* described him as "experienced and kind-hearted, albeit eccentric".

On October 7, 1841, Henry Keck was appointed to the top prison job in Sydney: Governor of the new Darlinghurst Jail.

Within a few months the press was again extolling his virtues. Darlinghurst Jail "reflected extreme credit" on Mr Henry Keck — this was the universal theme. It was time for him to begin to feather his nest — the turn of the screw. Under him, Darlinghurst Jail soon became a thriving factory and pleasure palace. He relaxed the criminal code in some ways, strengthened it in others. No floggings, he said. He would not allow his turnkeys to hire out their pistols for 10 shillings a night to criminals as he had seen done at Hyde Park Barracks. He disapproved of the naughty books of the day, which he called "filthy trash" — none of these could be brought in. But he made life more bearable for the inmates, even enjoyable. "Many are better off in jail than out of it," declared one of his turnkeys. And he had no objection to Darlinghurst Jail becoming a co-educational establishment.

He was aided in his enterprises by Elias Hibbs, the principal turnkey, by Captain John Long Innes JP, the visiting magistrate, and by his numerous family.

The custom of allowing convicts to earn some money in their spare time was long established in New South Wales, perhaps the beginning of enlightenment in our dreadful penal system. At Cockatoo Island; after prisoners had labored during the day, mainly hewing out the huge bottle-shaped cavities in the rock of the island (designed for grain storage against a failure of the harvest but in fact never used), they were allowed to plait and fabricate cabbage tree hats to sell, and to buy from the proceeds some little luxuries like tea, sugar, and tobacco.

The hats were beautifully made and much in demand, particularly in summer. The teased fibres of the cabbage tree palm were plaited and the resulting lengths sewn together. As many as 80 or 90 yards went into a fine hat (as much as a man could plait in a day) and 120 yards of thread were required to complete it.

Henry Keck carried the system much further. He bought the raw material in bulk and sold it to the convicts (Mrs Keck sold them the thread) and greatly extended the time allowed for hat making. Indeed, it

became the main industry. At Darlinghurst, convicts were excused from most of their normal duties (like building stockades or a treadmill) to work on hats, and many operators (known by their mates as "head men") were allowed to labor on Sundays and at nights as well.

If necessary, some of them could plait in the dark, they said. But Keck allowed them candles in their cells to labor into the night. Mrs Keck sold them the candles. (Eventually it was those wretched candles that undid Mr Keck.)

Keck found that he had some excellent wood carvers in his convict company. He had them carve and decorate fancy feed troughs for his beloved birds and then the thought struck him that this talent should not be wasted.

He bought some fine timber and his men began hand-carving elaborate picture frames, much in demand in the colony. These fellows were called the "fancy

The stories came out of the misuse of prison labor; sodomy in the cells; escapes and escapades

men". There were makers of fancy shoes, too, and these he provided with leather and allowed them to use their awls and knives in the cells — phew!

So, these men made their hats and picture frames and shoes (and some of the women, guided by Mrs Keck, made shirts for sale) and earned money to buy their luxuries. The "shop" under the Keck residence burgeoned. Mrs Keck bought butter in Sydney town for 6d a pound and sold it to the convicts for 2 shillings a pound. Similar margins applied to tea, tobacco, sugar, and all the other goodies supplied by the Kecks.

Why should these monied convicts eat the miserable corn hominy provided by the government when they could afford better? Mrs Keck and her dutiful daughters made roast and boiled dinners for sale. The cash register in Henry's mind clinked. Why waste the hominy? Why, indeed! Let's get some cows and pigs. Then we could sell milk and pork to the convicts.

How delightfully it all worked! And, to make sure that these customers of his spent their money (and to show there was just a little discipline in the jail) Mr Henry

Keck devised a new local rule. He regularly had his turnkeys "frisk" the convicts. Any money they found was shared between the turnkey and a benevolent fund. Guess who ran the benevolent fund? (Nevertheless, on the completion of their sentences, some convicts left with quite handsome sums accumulated in their illicit activities; not surprising when it was said that some, particularly the middle men, could earn up to two hundred pounds a year. One turnkey said they left the jail at the expiration of their sentences looking like swells. He added, longingly, that he wished he could do the same.)

What other talent was there for Henry to tap? To cut a long story short he found a fellow to break horses for him (his second son, Henry Jnr, was an outstanding steeplechase rider), another became his liveries coachman; he had a trusted messenger (more about his trysts later), a dancing master for his daughters, and even a personal physician.

Then there were the musicians — a clarinetist, a pianoforte player, and a drummer — for the parties he loved to give. During Henry Keck's reign as Governor there was really only one disturbance at the jail. After a party the musicians, roaring drunk, found themselves locked out of their cells in the early hours of the morning, and raised hell demanding to be let in.

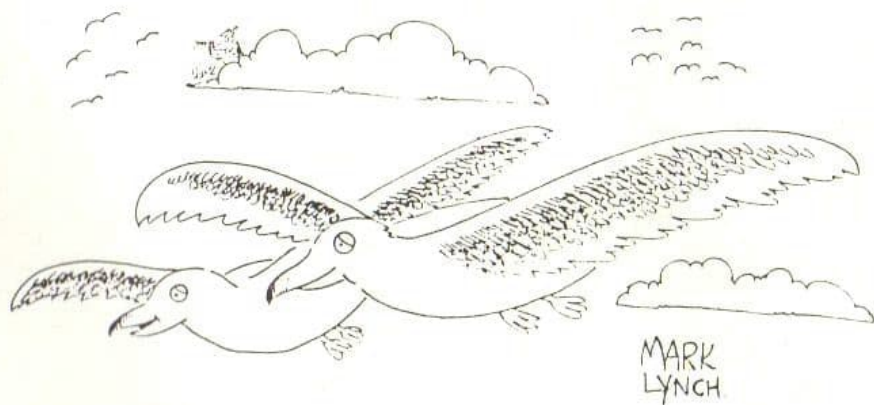
Over the years lots of prisoners escaped. Many were recaptured. But many returned of their own accord because, as one critic put it, Darlinghurst Jail was "more like a home than a prison". He went on, "I consider it a paradise for felons."

Female convicts were "servants" in Mr Keck's household — at least that was the story. As many as 16 were there on occasions until late at night — the younger and better-looking ones, of course.

After a few years the "shop" became too big for the Keck family to handle. Henry passed this concession to a private entrepreneur, James Coops. The fee was a mere 3/6d in the pound — 17.5 percent on turnover!

Henry Keck's right hand man was the Principal Turnkey, Elias Hibbs, a man of violent temper who, it was said, "got about the yard like an evil spirit". He was a nasty piece of work, from his dandruff down to his occupational flat feet.

Here is what a correspondent wrote of Hibbs: "Business called me to this establishment a day or two ago, and in crossing the yard I heard a voice of thunder calling on all hands to proceed up the yard. A most woeful dozen or so of men hobbled up ... They were all denounced as vagabond. The appellation of 'You, sir', which each was honored with, being prefixed by vagabond, scoundrel, etc, and the pleasing recollection of 'Oh, don't I know you', — 'out of work', — 'I'll give you the mill', — 'By the blessing of ...



"Nah ... I think I'll give statues a miss today and whizz down to Canberra and crap on the real thing."

I'll get 50 tipped into you' and all this, though I heard no offence given by these poor men."

But this anonymous correspondent, who sheltered under the pen-name *Humanitas*, was a sanctimonious no-good. At the beginning of his letter he wrote: "Perhaps the most delightful pursuit man can be engaged in is in reforming his fellow creatures from habits of vice and knavery and I believe it is the most acceptable offering man can make to his Creator."

That Henry Keck survived for so long, with humbugs of this sort waiting to shoot down himself and his ilk, is his most remarkable epitaph.

To return to Mr Elias Hibbs. Apart from having a strong turn of phrase, and a weakness for the opposite sex, Elias loved fishing. With three or four convicts to assist him he regularly hauled the seine near Sydney Heads; snapper were abundant there in those days. He and Henry ingratiated themselves with influential gentlemen in town by presenting them with parcels of fresh fish.

Hibbs, with the Keck family and some of their friends from the gentry of Sydney town, had picnics and parties of pleasure on the harbor foreshores or inland to Salt Pan Creek near the Lansdowne Bridge,

driven there by convict coachmen, their meals prepared by a convict cook, and attended by convict servants.

None of this could have happened without the approval and connivance of the visiting magistrate, Captain John Long Innes JP. His life was happy enough. Teams of convicts were provided to work in his garden, he got free firewood, and even the washing from his household was done at the jail. Quite interesting washing it was, too, according to Keck: "... boys' pinafores, boys' dresses, and blouses, and jackets, and counterpanes, and I have seen bed-curtains."

What an interesting trio they were. Henry Keck — inventive, energetic, resourceful, kind in his way, lining his pockets, enjoying life; Elias Hibbs — rough, tough, crude, in a word — gross; John Long Innes — a naive gentleman, courteous, loyal, perhaps a little gay, certainly more than a little venal.

As well as the emus, budgies, and galahs in the prison yard, Henry Keck was interested in other birds, although at this stage he was probably in his late 50s. In fact, he had mistresses everywhere, in the jail and out of it.

He used to send a turnkey into the women's quarters to bring a female convict to him — "to wash his feet," he said! Sometimes he went into the women's quarters himself. One turnkey said he saw Mr Keck coming out of them in the morn-

ing "with nothing on but his slippers, his drawers, and a morning wrapper."

The matron, Mrs Caroline Keck, was up to no good either, winking at the turnkeys and whispering to them where they could find the key to the female quarters.

Elias Hibbs? His naughty wife was in Van Diemen's Land, transported there for a second time. He took the mistress of another turnkey, a convict girl who had completed her sentence.

Darlinghurst Jail really came to life after dark. All the convicts, male and female, were supposed to be locked in their cells by 6pm. More often than not, those who had not found partners and were ensconced in the "grotto" were either hard at work in their cells or wandering around drunk. Oh yes, Mrs Keck sold porter. In addition, there was a grog supply arranged by the wife of one of the turnkeys, using the code names "Bluebeard" and "Blackbird".

Occasionally, more as a matter of form than anything else, Elias Hibbs would check the prison, carrying out a sort of random breath test. We have his actual words on record. "Do you smell the spirits out of the cells?" he'd ask. It was a rhetorical question; nothing was done.

But Darlinghurst Jail was a time bomb. Something had to go wrong, and it did. Henry Keck, Elias Hibbs, John Long Innes, and a few others were about to lose their good conduct badges. *La dolce vita* was coming to an end.

One of the problems was Henry Keck's personal physician and sometime messenger, John Michael Fitzsimmons. Officially a turnkey, he rarely functioned in that capacity. He was used, however, to escort prisoners from one jail to another.

One morning he and Ruth Robinson ("a very comely woman" according to one account, a prostitute according to another) set out to go to Parramatta. They missed the morning steamer and had a few drinks — or it could have been the other way round. It was quite early when the afternoon steamer got them to Parramatta, so they had a few more drinks and then, arm in arm, they began to stroll the streets. Unfortunately, one of the people they nodded to amiably on their perambulations happened to be Gilbert Elliott JP, a police magistrate, and one of those fellows with a remarkably good memory for faces.

(It must be said in Fitzsimmons' favor that he *did* deliver his comely prisoner. Which is more than can be said of another, Jane Goode, who set out from Darlinghurst but never arrived at Parramatta. And there was yet another who should have set out but never did; she was Margaret Holland, a seamstress, who was kept at Darlinghurst to make dresses for the Misses Keck.)

On March 15, 1849, an anonymous correspondent signing himself *Vigil* (subsequently identified as a schoolteacher, John Joseph Clayton) wrote to *The People's Advocate and Colonial Vindi-*

cator and, as his "disagreeable duty", exposed some of the foul excrescences of Darlinghurst Jail.

He said that one night he had counted 40 lighted windows in just one wing of the jail. "The stream of light proceeding from the upper windows being most conspicuous, would, to a stranger, have suggested the idea of his proximity to some extensive public factory or workshop ..." wrote Clayton.

He asked, "... are the prisoners allowed candles that they may see to spend their midnight labor in tailoring, showmaking, hatmaking, etc" and went on, "The den of thieves has become a place of merchandise, instead of a place of correction and punishment ... There is money made in Woolloomooloo by prison labor. The quantities of boots, shoes, clothes, hats and slops manufactured and disposed of by the jail overseers is enormous, and must seriously compete with the industry of the poor honest tradesmen and needlewomen of Sydney ... There is nothing that money can buy that is not accessible there; the grog bottle, the tobacco pipe (sworn companions), are no strangers in Woolloomooloo."

Clayton also commented on the "dogs, poultry, pigs, goats, horses, and the cows of a wholesale dairy establishment" at the jail and closed his letter with some cutting remarks about all the prisoners being "armed with knives and other deadly instruments."

Henry Keck had weathered a few other storms in the past. Once a fictitious "Thomas Hughes" had accused him of numerous offences; Henry had offered a reward for his identification but he was never uncovered and Keck's reputation remained unblemished.

Yet more dangerous was an official investigation, in which Hibbs was accused of intriguing with convict women "in a most open manner in an arbor", and both he and Keck of having had "criminal intercourse with the women in the jail." By a strange coincidence one of the members of the board of inquiry happened to be Captain John Long Innes JP, and not surprisingly Hibbs and Keck were cleared.

Henry realised, however, that he was now in real trouble. He foresaw a full parliamentary inquiry of the sort at which, a few years previously, he himself had given evidence, thereby condemning in the management of the Hyde Park Barracks some of the very practices he was now engaged in.

From the moment that Clayton's letter was published things began to stir in the stir. The lights in the cell blocks went out, the cowherd disappeared, the gates were closed to prying eyes, and a semblance of discipline became evident.

Moreover, while attempting to tough it out, Keck found that Clayton was the author of the letter, and threatened to proceed against him for defamation.

It was too late. Things had gotten out of hand. Whispers about his immorality and that of his subordinates had grown to an angry murmur in self-righteous Sydney, and tongues were wagging about fishing parties, drunken convict musicians, a market oversupplied with cabbage tree hats, a tipsy female convict parading arm in arm with her escort, and a score of other things. A small army was standing by to give evidence.

The blow fell. A Select Committee of the Legislative Council was appointed. Over the 19 days it sat 35 witnesses were examined.

And the stories came out — cells ankle deep in cabbage tree palm; turnkeys hawking hats in the street; accounting and non-accounting for prisoners' money whether honestly or dishonestly obtained; the misuse of prison labor; sodomy in the cells; escapes and escapades; the pécadillos and the profligacies of Henry Keck and Elias Hibbs, a well as some of the turnkeys, and the bland indifference or connivance of Captain John Long Innes JP.

Innes seems to have been gentle and naive. He said that, to him, Darlinghurst Jail was "a sort of hobby". He tried to whitewash his friend Keck. In reply to a question, he declared that Keck was "one of the kindest men I have known." Again, "Mr Keck lives the life of a hermit."

Henry Keck did not return the compli-

ment. In fact, he sold Innes down the drain.

Every malpractice in and around the jail was directed or approved or authorised or countenanced by Captain John Long Innes JP. That was where the blame lay. Keck kicked while Innes squirmed.

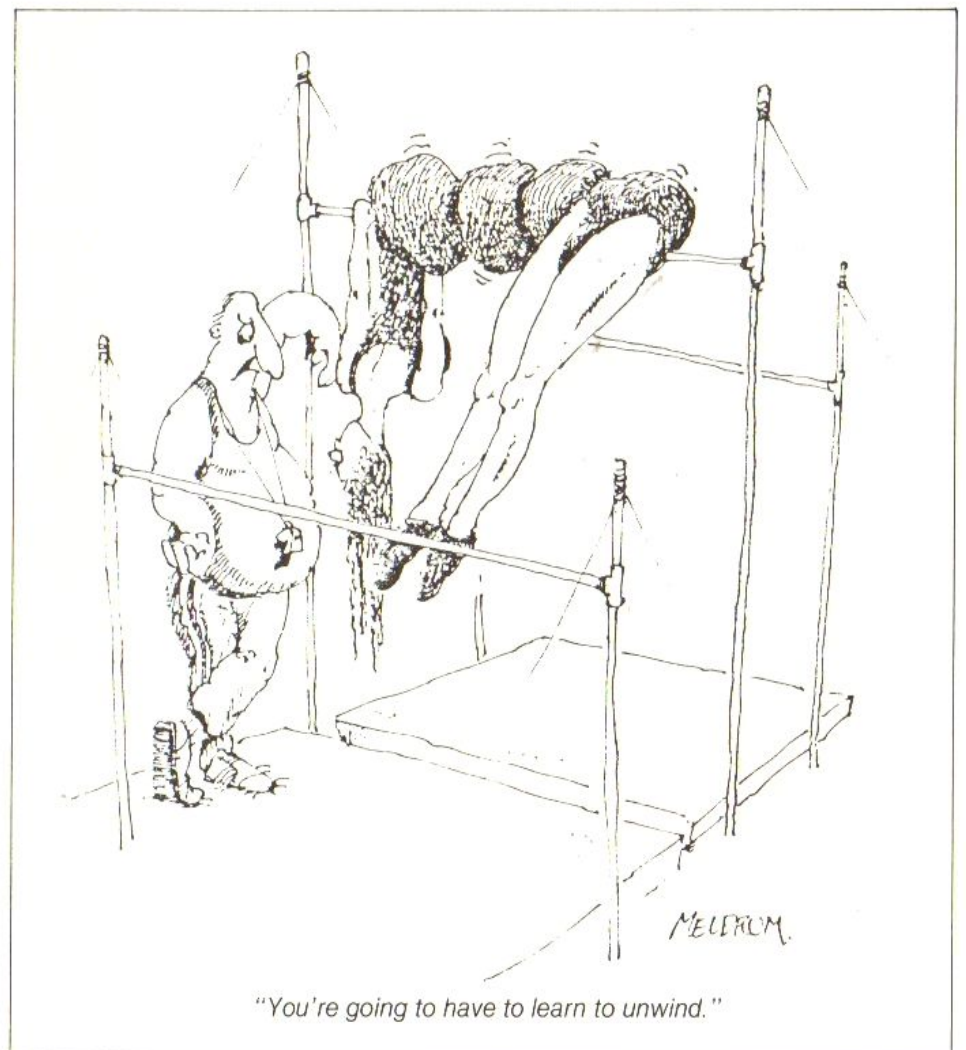
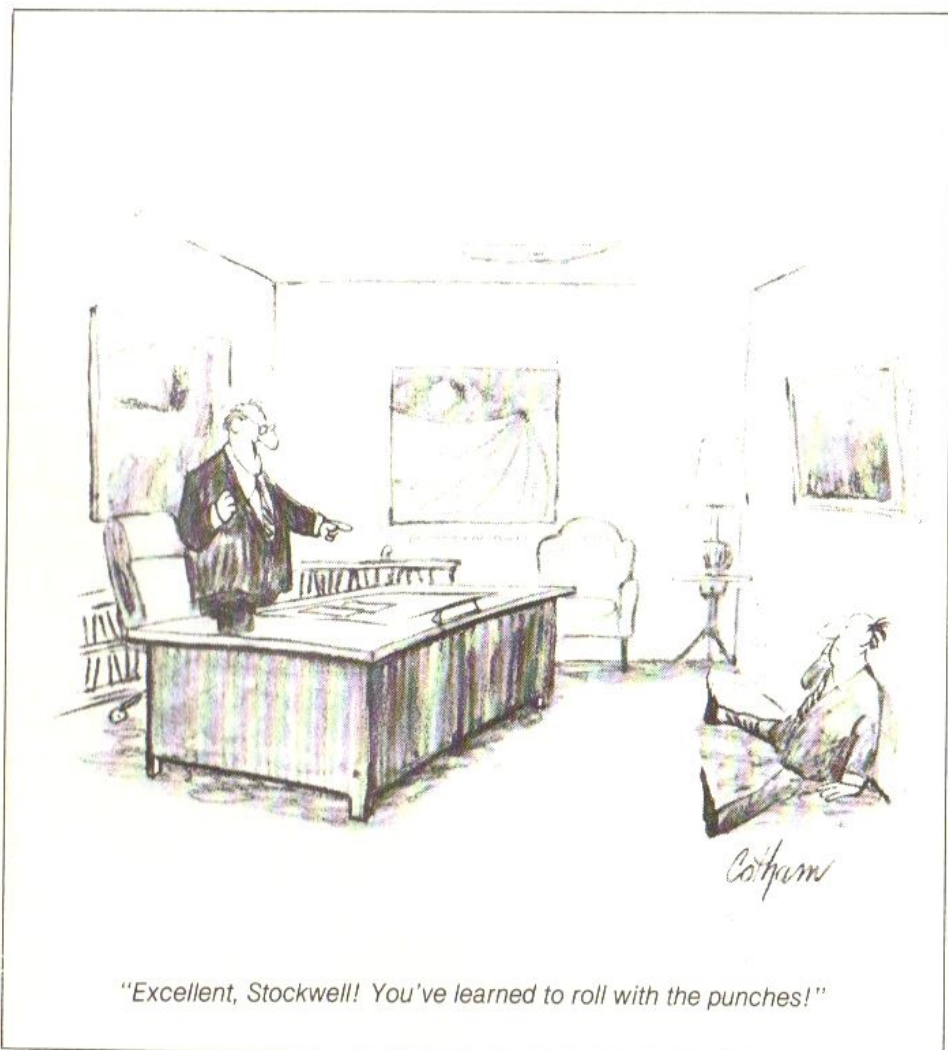
The committee reported on August 22, 1849 —

- ... The general habits of Mr Keck and his subordinates appear to have been those of open and undisguised licentiousness ...
- ... the greatest profligacy appears to have been carried out within [the jail's] precincts ...
- ... The jail has entirely failed in maintaining its penal character. Prisoners have been allowed to obtain luxuries ...
- ... debauchery, drunkenness, and irregularities of every kind ...

And so on and on.

The committee recommended the dismissal of Mr and Mrs Keck, Elias Hibbs and seven others, and the abolition of Innes' job.

Henry Keck appears to have lived quietly in Sydney for some years after this, no doubt comfortably enough on his proceeds as colonial Australia's most successful screw. In his day he was seen as an irresponsible scoundrel and Darlinghurst Jail as a travesty of the penal system. Perhaps today he might be thought of as a reformer. 



Those who listen
may survive as they hitch their wagons
to Milton's star

POLITICAL ASTROLOGY

BY ROBBIE SWAN

On Monday October 6, 1980, Canberra's charismatic astrologer, Milton Black, appeared on the local community radio for his regular half hour of horoscopes and prediction. The big difference this week was that a Federal election was imminent. So without so much as a "good morning listeners", he launched off into the first of a string of predictions. "Malcolm Fraser will be back in with a majority of 21."

The local battle was on between Labor's Ros Kelly and the Libs' John Haslem. Milton plumped for Ros Kelly. "But", he said, "John Haslem will do very well for himself in private enterprise."

Local Liberal senator John Knight looked fairly safe under the stars and it seemed that he could be ministerial property in the years to come. But one thing did not look good — a bad star pattern in early March, 1981. "Be careful of your heart that week," was Milton's advice . . .

Well, the Liberals won with a majority of 23. Out by two. Ros Kelly won and John Haslem is now doing well in a local law firm. And senator John Knight died of a heart attack — on March 4, 1981.

Not all Milton's political predictions are so accurate. But the 80 percent success rate that he claims seems to be enough for almost two dozen Australian politicians to be counted among his 9000 clients.

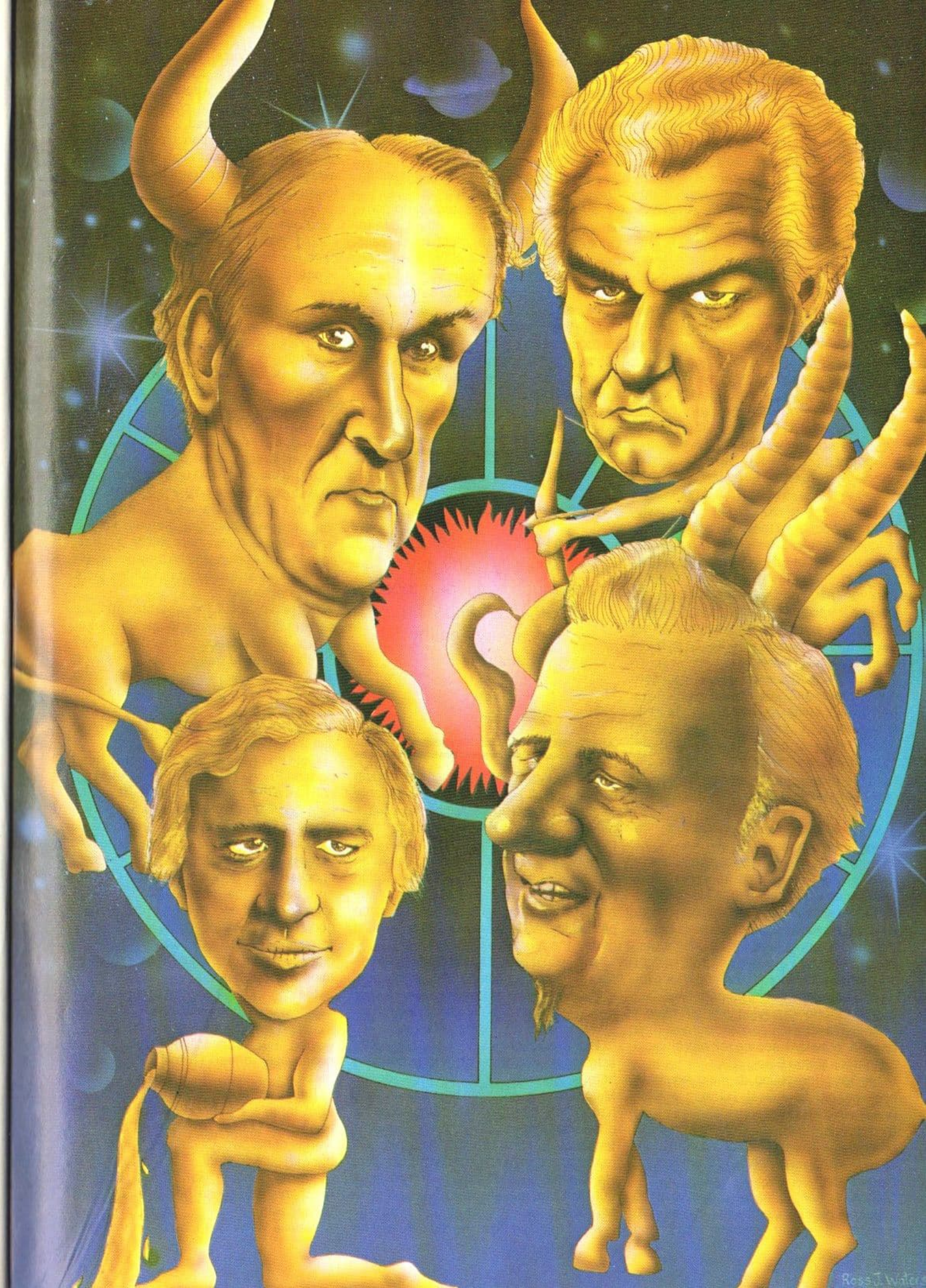
Notable among his other premonitions are: Australian participation in the Moscow Olympics; Ronald Reagan's presidential win and the attempt on his life; Malcolm Fraser's illness on August 24 this year; and more recently, a prediction on the ABC's 2JJJ that Robert Muldoon's National Party would retain power in the New Zealand elections with a slim majority of two or three seats.

Political astrology has been with us for centuries. Merlin's advice to King Arthur was certainly not confined to pills and potions. And if Julius Caesar had taken more notice of a serious prediction concerning the Ides of March, he may have lived to see a few more.

The Roman emperor Tiberius was fond of consulting astrologers and then having them thrown into the sea, for fear that they would leak his secrets. In 1472, French astrologer Pierre Le Lorrain predicted the death of Pope Paul II. His rationale was based on the recent appearance of a comet in the skies. The wrath of the church descended on him, and he was imprisoned under threat of execution if his prediction did not come to pass. Things looked grim for poor Pierre as the sun set and the Holy Father was still in good health. But sure enough, a few hours later, the Pope suddenly took ill and died.

The celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, also was an accomplished astrologer and official seer to Emperor Rudolph II of

Illustration by Ross Waters



ASTROLOGY

Austria. In 1563, at the age of 17, he predicted that two years later, a plague would sweep Europe. And, indeed, the Great Plague is now part of history, 1665-1666.

On November 2, 1939, the Swiss astrologer Karl Krafft sent a message to Hitler's aides, warning that the Führer's life was in danger between November 7 and 10. The possibility of "explosive materials" was mentioned. On the early evening of November 8, 1939, Hitler was celebrating at the Bürgerbrau Keller in Munich. A few minutes after his early departure, a bomb exploded, killing several people and wounding 63.

And in more recent times, Jean Dixon, a noted American psychic and astrologer, sent a hastily-worded telegram to the White House, hours before John Kennedy's death, warning of the tragedy.

According to Milton Black, political astrology involves the forecasting of world or national events to within a day or two.

It looks at the economy and forecasts budgets, it can view the workforce and pinpoint probable strike periods. Peak periods for natural disasters are easily seen too. It's all a matter of interpreting the ever-changing daily planetary patterns against the fixed star patterns that occurred at the moment of birth. And that can be the birth of a person, a country, a business, or simply an idea.

But this particular ability is not harnessed overnight. For several years in the mid-Sixties, Milton studied under the well-known English astrologer David Sayer. Returning to his native New Zealand, he found great empathy and encouragement from his 79-year-old uncle, Ron Benton — one of the world's best color therapists, and a psychic healer to boot.

Milton's first leanings toward the celestial arts came as a lad in the Navy, and although the lure has waned now and then, he has more than 20 years' prognostication under his belt. Five years of this accrued while in the Commonwealth Police Force. The area of crime is hardly the first place to look for an astrologer. Milton reflects: "It gave me great insight into human behavior. It didn't take long for me to see people's involvement in certain crimes just from knowing their birthdate."

The Fraser vs Peacock contest has been a constant source of astrological delight for Milton Black.

He says the young dashing Aquarian and the old tyrannical Taurean are as unlike in their horoscopes as they are in their political manner. Only one thing in common — Taurus and Aquarius are both "fixed" signs, so they'll be at it until one of them drops.

Says Milton: "Peacock has a good Jupiter in his chart, and within the next 18 months, it nicely aspects Mars and

Uranus. But the real fruits of that come up in 1983, an election year.

Now Fraser, on the other hand, has had Uranus, the "disrupter", dramatically opposed to his Sun and Mercury for the past six months. No wonder he's had health and communication problems." And that's not the end of it for the star-smitten Fraser. There's worse to come.

"He has a negative Saturn-Pluto combination coming into effect from December 1981 to July 1982. It will really bring down his health and I'm predicting that there will be a death in the Fraser family or something similarly catastrophic in his personal life."

On the political level, Milton sees Peacock taking over the Liberal reins, although not before September 1982. But nowhere does he see Andrew Peacock as Prime Minister.

Casting the astrological eye to the other side of the house, one sees a similar

Malcolm Fraser is basically a shy guy and much misunderstood. But, adds Milton, he has a very healthy sex drive.

drama being enacted with the plodding Capricorn Bill Hayden and the insatiable Sagittarian Bob Hawke. Milton has always maintained that Hayden would never make PM — and sticks to it.

However, the Capricorn-Sagittarian combination has more compromise within it, and looking over the horoscope of the Australian Labor Party, Milton sees the probability of another DLP-like division before the next election.

This would cast Hayden and Hawke as two separate leaders within a coalition. And with Hawke starting a new 12-year cycle — Milton sees a Labor Sagittarian as Australia's next Prime Minister.

But prediction is the stuff that good astrologers are made of. And two weeks before Senator John Knight's death, Milton Black spent some time forewarning him. "I told him that, politically, he had a great year ahead, but would also have this tendency to think he was physically 100 percent, and expand his activity too much. He told me he didn't have heart problems but I felt that was his weak link and gave him some dates to watch his activity levels. I told him that if he did overdo it he

was in for some hospitalisation. He thanked me for the advice but obviously didn't take it. Two weeks later, he was water skiing and had chest pains. Two days later, he was dead.

Darcy Dugan is Milton's most notorious client. And underneath the tough veneer we see in the newspapers lies a very different man.

"A very emotional man," says Milton, "and one who adores kids. Darcy Dugan should have been a school teacher because he has so much time and patience for children. Although, he hasn't got much for adults. Darcy became Public Enemy Number One, not because of his gun, but because of his mouth. He is very outspoken and very erratic in his behavior patterns."

Milton sees a bad time ahead for Darcy early this year, with court proceedings going very much against him. "But," adds Milton, "Darcy has always been made a scapegoat. He's got a very bad Neptune in his chart which causes people to deceive him. And the latest hold-up attempt of his is no exception. I see police involvement in this and a third party — a male person, with criminal tendencies, actually setting Darcy up. I also feel there will be a cover-up in the court case and he may get seven years jail as a result. But not all the facts will be presented."

But what about the neurotic and the perverse? Can astrology locate the darker areas in our leaders we never see? "Without a doubt," says Milton. "I've seen alcoholic traits, sexual fantasy and homosexuality crop up from time to time. Some politicians are born so honest that it's painful, yet some will bend the truth to suit themselves all the time."

Only one Australian politician has been born on Friday 13 — Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Joh has a most eccentric chart. Basically, he's original in his views and unconventional in his actions. A true Capricorn — stubborn, dogmatic and deeply interested in religion. He is a wilful man who is deeply shocked when people try to get in his way, and always the one to point out the swindler and the rogue. Next year will be a good one for Joh, although Milton warns, "November 1983 is a bad month for his digestive tract. He could develop something which is hard to cure."

Malcolm Fraser, on the other hand, is basically a shy guy and much misunderstood. (Tamie's been telling us that for years.) "But," adds Milton, "he has a very healthy sex drive." (Tamie didn't tell us that.)

Being a Taurus, he's very stubborn. "But there's a strong Pisces element in him which causes him to go off into little worlds of his own. Of course, he has trouble with his Ministers — he keeps them all at arms length. But it's a defence mechanism because he's so vulnerable underneath."

Neville Wran is a Libran — an organ-

ised one at that. The earlier years up until his 35th birthday were particularly heavy and oppressed times, Milton says. "But this has given him a measure of independence that he otherwise would not have had." It also appears that the Premier has a love of old books, music and curios. But a critical period lies ahead. Between now and April, there will be a lot of emotional turmoil for Mr Wran. And in all probability he will be involved in a political or personal scandal. "It will be hard for 'Nifty' to keep his private life under wraps in 1982," says Milton.

Bob Hawke is going through a major personality crisis. His early days must have been so full of wine, women and song that anyone of a lesser constitution would have perished from a social disease or a coronary 10 years ago. Unlike the negative vibes that Uranus spreads in Fraser's horoscope, the great "disrupter" is actually causing Hawke to leave his old personality behind. "He will never drink again," says Milton, "and will become very philosophical in the years to come." The new Socrates of the Labor party will probably make his move in November 1982, and will be brought to the peak of perfection by severe industrial unrest in Australia.

If all this makes you feel that Australia is some sort of modern day Titanic with a group of schizophrenic playboys at the helm — take comfort at the sight of John Howard on the bridge.

Our treasurer has a natal horoscope as straight as an arrow. He may take our dollars in one hand, but Milton assures us that the other is full of comforting "star balm". "He's the most honest and genuine politician in the business. A good mouthpiece and a good organiser. Very dedicated, a sincere family man — he'll have a long and rewarding time in politics."

Although he cannot see a double dissolution, 1982 promises to be "one of the most chaotic and disruptive years in Australian politics." And according to Milton, this will set the stage for a Labor win in the 1983 Federal elections.

But if Australia looks bad in 1982, the rest of the world might not fare any better. This year we are to witness an astronomical event without parallel in modern history. The planets will all line up on one side of the sun — astrologers are divided on the exact effect of this planetary line-up because it simply hasn't happened for thousands of years. Many Indian astrologers predict a Third World War and almost total destruction. Milton Black is more cautious. "I feel this could cause a slight tilting of the Earth's magnetic field and earthquakes could result. Although Iraq and Iran will be affected, the west coast of the US and the Circum-Pacific belt will be hardest hit.

"World politics will be very difficult next year and leaders will find it harder than

ever to reach agreement. There will be an assassination attempt against the Ayatollah Khomeini and Iran could fall to the supporters of the exiled Bani-Sadr. President Reagan will suffer another assassination attempt. The periods January to March and September to November next year are critical ones for the American President. November 8 is potentially the worst day he will have in office — with a Saturn-Pluto combination that few can withstand.

"Egypt and Libya will be scrapping a lot but I don't see a real war developing. A CIA attempt to assassinate Colonel Gaddafi will occur and I feel he will go into hiding for a while. The Sinai "peace-keeping" force will end up with involvements that the contributing countries could not have seen in their wildest dreams."

From February, oil prices will burn a hole in the average pocket. And if you dabble in gold, your fingers are likely to smoke a bit as well. Usually, when the

1982 promises to be one of the most chaotic and disruptive years in Australian politics.

money market drops, your gold seems to glow a bit more. But unfortunately, Jupiter, (the great expander, again), makes a bad aspect to the sector of Leo (which represents gold), and so the reverse is bound to happen. Inflation will be high and most of us will find it difficult to live. "The Australian dollar will decline," says Milton, "but not anything like the US dollar or the Japanese yen. Its not total disaster but we are looking at a situation similar to the Twenties and Thirties."

The high technology of the past decade and its focus on communications has been largely paralleled by Uranus' seven year stint in the favorable sign of Scorpio. But with the passing of Uranus into Sagittarius (November 1981), Milton saw the beginning of a disruptive phase for the transport and communications industries. Air fares will skyrocket. The space program will run into huge problems. And spy satellites will pop up everywhere.

Whether George Orwell was secretly involved in astrological prediction when he wrote 1984 is open to doubt. But it is no small coincidence that Pluto (the planet of the masses) moves into the sign of Scorpio

in that year. And that, says Milton, is the most critical heavenly event we have seen. Why? Because Pluto stays in Scorpio right up until the turn of the century and makes the change-over from the Age of Pisces to the celebrated age of Aquarius. "It's the death knell for the age of Pisces, which started around the time of Christ and has brought most of our Western culture to us.

"The message of Pluto in Scorpio is regenerate or die. I don't think many people are prepared to reorganise their lives to fit this new scheme of things, so they'll suffer the consequences.

"No one has ever seen such a potent planetary combination before and because of the astronomical "fact" that Pluto moves through Scorpio faster than any other sign, we have to be quick. Pluto breaks down and offers new perspectives — Scorpio rules desolation and barrenness. So towards the end of this century, before the age of Aquarius can really come in, the decks have to be cleared. Now this can happen through nuclear war or huge famines and you can be sure that any survivors will adopt new perspectives on life! Or it can happen through a peaceful change of priorities. But whatever, life after 2000AD will be marked by radically different politics, spirituality and laws."

Among his clients he counts judges, lawyers, housewives, diplomats and criminals. Most of the politicians he's met are a little unsure about having some celestial seasoning added to their lives, because "they're a little afraid of what they might be told. It's a bit like your first dose of medicine," Milton says. "You're not quite sure how it's going to go down." But he never argues about astrology. "If people are sceptical, I don't try and convince them... it's a waste of time."

His average consultation fee is \$30 and that includes a free "ring-in" service for important dates and advice after your initial meeting. He has mixed attitudes towards other astrologers and the Australian Federation of Astrologers, of which he is not a member. "I feel that a lot of professional astrologers rip people off by charging far too much for instant computer-type read outs. You've got to be honest and sincere. I work an average 14-hour day, but a lot of that is homework and preparation.

Astrologers and clairvoyants should be licenced and should be made to go through rigorous testing. How do you test a clairvoyant? "Easy", he reckons. "Send them off to a research university and do some tests. If they've got psychic abilities and ESP, it will show." There are too many backyard astrologers, he feels, who show a lack of common-sense in predictions. "There are many astrologers who have waved banners proclaiming the end of the world and who are still trying to eat their words 10 years later. I'm here to help people, not to scare them." ☉✶



First catch your script idea, then check the contents of your fridge — it's a long journey from the inspiration to the box office.

MEMOIRS OF A MOVIE

BY STEPHEN MACLEAN

TS. Eliot once wrote of the dreadful shadow which falls between an idea and its ultimate realisation. T.S. Eliot knew a lot about patience because he worked in a bank, but he would have known even more about the waiting game had he entered the film industry; the shadow which fell between the idea and the realisation of my first film script seemed to me more like a long and very dark tunnel.

Films take a long, long time.

First the writer gets the germ of the idea for the film. Then he finds the germ bone connected to the concept bone and the concept bone connected to the finance bone. You work your way through the bones, and if you're very lucky, a film might eventually come out. The one I wrote and worked on as associate producer — *Starstruck* — comes out next month.

So I guess I'm lucky. But for me (a worker weaned on the instant gratification of journalism and TV) the whole process seemed interminable.

Here's how the bones were connected.

I got the germ bone in Sydney during 1975 — the germ of the idea. I was sitting on a train at the time, and aptly enough it was travelling into a tunnel. In the flash of dark I got a mental picture, a tableau of the staff who operated a Melbourne pub my mother worked in when I was very young. In my mind, the staff were in the residential hallway, tramping up and down the stairs saying colorful things. I knew then that I would write this thing drawn on memories of them — didn't know what it would be, but absolutely knew it would be realised, it would happen.

I got the more fleshed-out idea bone in New York during 1977. I was living there for a year, doing weekly TV reports for ABC Australia. One day an airmail envelope fell into my mailbox. Inside it was a letter cassette from a long-gone childhood pal called Andrew Kennedy. His mother Rene had run the pub which gave the germ-of-the-idea bone. The tape had the news that Rene had died of a heart attack in Bendigo, where she'd retired after losing the pub. "Rene liked life," Andrew said. "She'll miss life, but I don't think she'll miss Bendigo. Let's face it: in Bendigo the transition between life and death is negligible."

So I got to thinking about those pub people, and jotting down the kind of quips they came up with.

Next came the concept bone. I got that in London early in '78. I'd repaired to London after New York, but my mind was on Australia. I was desperately following the emergence of its film industry. I'd read any article, see any film — even *Abba—The Movie* — simply because it had been shot on the old home turf. If London's National Film Theatre had've run a season of Vegemite commercials, I would have been right there in the front row.

I'd had my career designing sets for Crawford TV shows; I'd made my short films for the ABC; I wanted to make my connection to genuine movie celluloid. The writing of an original screenplay seemed the best avenue for entry. And the first person a would-be screenwriter needed to know was a producer. Luckily I knew a smart one — David Elfick, who had just finished his first feature, *Newsfront*. So I worked out my concept (pop musical set in pub) and sent my storyline by post to David Elfick.

He replied that he would soon be in London with co-producer Richard Brennan to launch *Newsfront* at the London Film Festival.

I was high with expectation. I've always viewed show business as a "dinner and a show" life — ie, the producer provides dinner and the writer provides the show. So when David arrived in London and rang to say he'd take me to lunch I felt it was getting off on the proper foot. "Collect you at one o'clock at your place," he said.

Again I was high with expectation. But two o'clock fell, and still no producer. Three o'clock came and my bell remained silent.

I was languid with hunger and thwarted ambition when David finally burred in way after three. I'd been out of Australia a while and had forgotten what rude health looked like. It looked like David Elfick. His raw enthusiasm and barely controlled vitality filled the tiny, borrowed duplex I was living in.

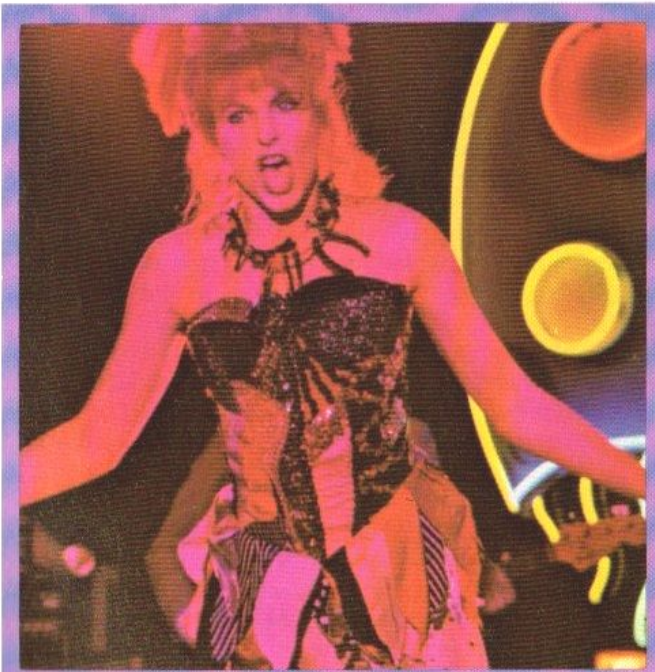
David handed me the three assessments my storyline had received from his ground-level backers, the Australian Film Commission. Two were positive, one was negative. It seemed like a pass. I was just about to mention a cute restaurant nearby which stayed open late when my producer slipped through my net.

There's nothing faster than an Australian producer on the hoof. David was out the door, yelling something about *Newsfront*.

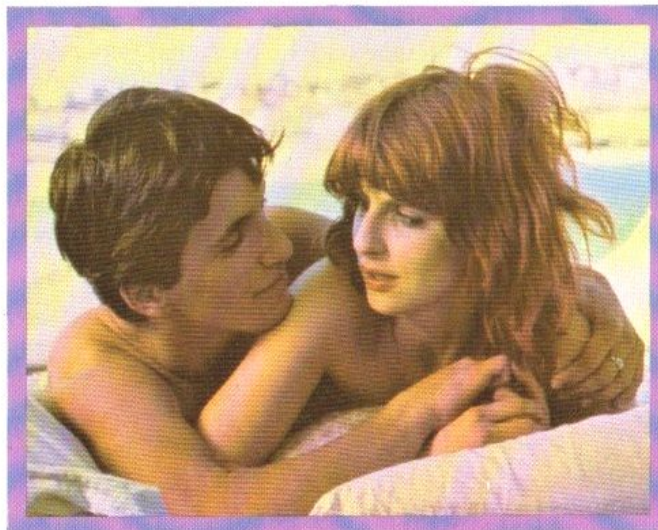
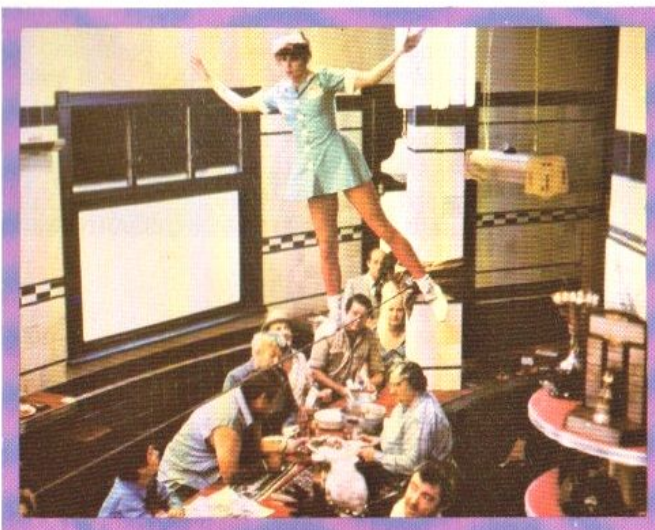
MEMOIRS

business he had to run to. I could have wept. But David Elfick eventually returned to show the color of his American Express card. We got together and he agreed that, even though it was a long shot, it might be good casting for us to attempt Australia's first major pop musical together. "We're sticking to an audience we know," he said.

We'd gotten to know that audience working on *Go-Set*, a pop weekly I joined in Melbourne, 1969, when I was 19. The paper was booming. That boom had a lot to do with Elfick, who had built up its Sydney office and circulation. But its golden days were almost over. A university mentality began taking over Melbourne editorial. It began to lose touch with its mainstream audience. Also, the Melbourne office had persisted in slanting *Go-Set* to a singles market. In Sydney, Elfick had noticed that a new phenomenon had taken over. It had been around since 1948 and it had finally come into its own: it



Photographs by Will Young



was called the album. So Elfick tired of arguing, started his own ground-breaking surf monthly *Tracks*, then left *Go-Set* altogether. In 1972 he produced his first surfing feature film *Morning of the Earth*, which also became Australia's first soundtrack album to go gold.

David Elfick was surviving nicely on what he called his "wet money". This was the cash he obtained from the pockets of surfies who lined up to see his film. David's money was always damp from the ocean. Surfies were the audience David knew best of all.

Each summer he would leave the ramshackle dance hall he still occupies on Palm Beach. He would head up the coast in a rusty Holden with his very funny girlfriend, Lissa Coote, who often strikes me as the Australian counterpart of the American southern belle.

David and Lissa would paste film posters all over the towns they passed through; then they would retrace their path and hold screenings of *Morning of the Earth* for the alerted surfing populace. "Laugh at the Bungwall School of Arts you may," David would say, "but a screening there's always good for 500 bucks worth of wet money."

But even wet money doesn't come that easy. Elfick's resourcefulness often came to the test. "Like once in Ballina. We'd booked a screening at the local hall, but come eight o'clock, there's me on the steps with my projector surrounded by 500 angry surfies. The cops wouldn't let me in to show the film! Some charge had been trumped up against us by the operator of the local drive-in. He was furious we'd entered his territory, and the scene was getting quite ugly.

"Guess who came to our rescue? The Catholic Church! Yeah, one of the kids ran round the corner to see the local priest, and the priest came back to say we could show the film in his church hall."

Looking for a more reliable venue, Elfick leased the long-shuttered Hoyts at Manly to run his next surf film, *Crystal Voyager*.

He called it the "Silver Screen" and managed to give it a renaissance lasting three years by instituting a policy of double-bills for film buffs. "We were really Sydney's first revival house," he remembers.

It gave Elfick a chance to study all the old films he wanted to see, which was helpful, because he wanted to become a legitimate film producer. He wanted the trauma of writers, directors, actors and wig fittings. And spectacle. But how to obtain "cheap spectacle", as David put it, on an unspectacular Australian budget? He achieved this by buying up years worth of Cinesound newsreel footage. This was integrated into Bob Ellis' fictional *Newsfront* narrative about crusading cinematographers and... *voilà*.

By the time he'd launched *Newsfront* at the 1978 London Film Festival, David Elfick was ready to begin the whole process again. And, if I came up with the goods, the script could be mine. All I had to do was write it.

There are too few climaxes in life, but life does (rarely) provide pivotal moments one never forgets. One of them occurred when David Elfick dropped by my flat on the way to the airport and Australia. He said he had decided to take a punt on me for a first draft script, and he'd stake me for 500 pounds to do it. "But I don't know if I've got enough English cash on me," the travelling producer sighed as we stood hovering over his wallet. I quickly checked the hues of green and red — French and Australian bills — and expressed an interest in foreign currency. Then he departed, leaving me with that vital little rainbow of money which would begin to turn the abstract idea into the concrete movie.

But writing a script is a long haul; many drafts of it ensue, and one has to supplement oneself between those drafts.

Luckily, I had my Aussie mafia to fall back on — Lyndall Hobbs, Norma Mariceau, Gael McKay and Nell Campbell. Four beautiful and talented dynamos.

MEMOIRS

Lyndall Hobbs gave me a job as associate producer for a half-hour cinema short she was making for 20th Century Fox. We put it together from her dining room, which suited me, because it was close to her fridge. Each day a fried chicken magically appeared in that fridge. If I have any advice for aspiring writers, it's this: check out the fridge. You'll be making many trips to it throughout the duration.

By day Lyndall and I discovered the likes of Steve Strange of Visage; by night, Lyndall dined with Prince Charles and Lord knows who. Lyndall has the kind of life and looks people resent, which is why so many fail to see how genuinely clever she is.

Lyndall had lit into London some years previously with a beauty called Gael McKay; Gael had won a trip to Paris after Lyndall had entered Gael's picture in a modelling contest held by *The Age* in Melbourne. In the ensuing period, Gael acquired a flat in London she'd never quite gotten around to moving into. So she lent it to me. It was a tiny duplex entirely painted pink. That flat was so feminine a chap might grow tits if he simply sat in the living room long enough. But it was delightfully airy in summer.

Alas, as winter fell and I undertook my script, the flat became a few degrees colder than the street outside. So I moved my typewriter into the kitchen, where I sat by the open oven door with the gas lit for heat. When my fingers became too frozen to type, I washed the dishes to warm them. I had the cleanest cups in London.

Around this time I began hanging out with Norma Mariceau, just back from costuming *Newsfront* in Sydney. Norma's grand crumpled elegance had made her one of London's most stylish residents without her even trying. In those days (before moving fully into film) Norma spent her life ducking the kind of opportunities others would kill for. When London's *Evening Standard* persisted in offering its prime job as fashion editor, Norma groaned and accepted, pleading poverty.

Norma fed me, plied me with drink, and told me only I could help her. She said I had to ghost-write her spread every Wednesday evening. We did the Paris Collections, the Comeback of the Twinset, and then I put my foot down. Norma needed me about as much as Lang Hancock needs more money. I know writers — they're always looking for company, especially on deadline night.

Like me, Norma had borrowed a home from a friend who'd never gotten around to taking it back. Hers had the magnetically cinematic address of 1 Camera Place SW10. Furthermore, it also had heating — at least, one of the three floors had heating.

I couldn't stand the gas in my kitchen,

so Norma gave me her heated floor to work in. Norma was highly adept at watering nervy would-be screenwriters. She even had Michael Austin — a genuine produced writer — lodging in her attic.

Number One Camera Place became known as the Writer's Academy. The clatter of old Olivettis there was deafening.

Norma was in the basement kitchen with a collaborator working on a scenario about a gorgeous older woman (not unlike Joan Collins) who vents her lust on a gorgeous young fighter (not unlike John Conti).

I sat on the floor above writing a pop musical about a girl (not unlike Australia's Little Nell) who's hellbent on stardom.

Michael Austin was in the attic writing a script about a fellow (not unlike Johnny Rotten) who wants to kill his father. This patricidic script eventually left the attic and delivered itself to Johnny Rotten's nearby residence, but not a squeak was

When my fingers became too cold to type, I washed up to warm them. I had the cleanest cups in London

heard in reply. His house was obviously a Bermuda Triangle for scripts. For a while, controversy raged in our kitchen as to whether Johnny Rotten could even act, then whether he could even read. Then Michael Austin simply put his casting ideas into his file, under O for Oblivion.

As for Norma's script, her collaborator eventually tired of the kitchen gas (as I had) and departed. However, the idea later emerged as a paperback novel called *The Lady and the Champ* by Pat Booth. And when last heard from, Joan Collins and her plastic surgeon were still dicker-ing for the film rights.

Starstruck, with me in tow, wended its way back to Australia.

Fade out on a grey but beloved London sky. Fade into a burning and glorious Sydney sky.

Picture me, living in a large house on a hill in Palm Beach, the rent ridiculously low. Two verandahs looking out over 360 degree views; film colony neighbors who never bother one. It's just what I dreamt of as a teenager: I'm a writer living in Palm Beach.

So why do I hate it so much?

I'm reminded of Andy Warhol's maxim: you never get anything until you stop wanting it. A few weeks earlier, I'd been hanging in London clubs watching the cabaret act Little Nell had got me to stage for her. Now I'm stuck with nature's floor show night after night, and possums make lousy company.

David Elfick is excellent company, but he's off making *Chain Reaction*, a nuclear knockabout which jumped the gun on me. So I didn't care how wonderful the environment was — I felt like a spare dick at a wedding.

The draughts in my London flat oppressed me far less than the drafts of *Starstruck* whistling through my typewriter.

Drafts three, four, five . . .

Five drafts and still no director. God.

I started going to coffee with Gil Armstrong. My hopes were hot, but Gil's other offers were even hotter. After she hit with *My Brilliant Career*, Paramount rang her up, the Bionic Woman rang her up, Diane Keaton — they all called. Besides, Gil was working with another writer, developing her own script about untamed youth Australia-style.

But Gil Armstrong and I always seemed to turn up at our intermittent coffee session wearing cotton overalls. This seemed to me a good omen. We'd natter over coffee about this and that when all the time I just wanted to scream "We're 30, we're from Melbourne, we wear overalls, so make my movie for Christ's sake! It's unavoidable!"

But Gil had her own mind, and it's a strong one. She's a gifted, shrewd talent; it's my guess her future brilliant career will traverse many styles in many films. She didn't want to make a Richard Brennan, David Elfick or Stephen MacLean film. She wanted to make a Gil Armstrong film and she kept sniffing the project until she felt sure it would be.

But there came a time when Elfick and Brennan decided to ignore all barriers, and everyone seemed pleased with my latest dreaded script draft. They dug up most of the \$2 million-plus budget after the Australian Film Commission invested \$500,000, their biggest and most confident investment ever. The other private investors were doubtless drawn by the no-flop record of Elfick's Palm Beach Pictures company.

Then, after very careful deliberation, Gil Armstrong bundled on.

One morning I read in the Sunday paper that Palm Beach had more alcoholics than any other area in NSW. This struck me as odd: the people there seemed to have everything. But I remembered another maxim, this time from D.H. Lawrence: "The man who can do what he wants no longer wants to do anything."

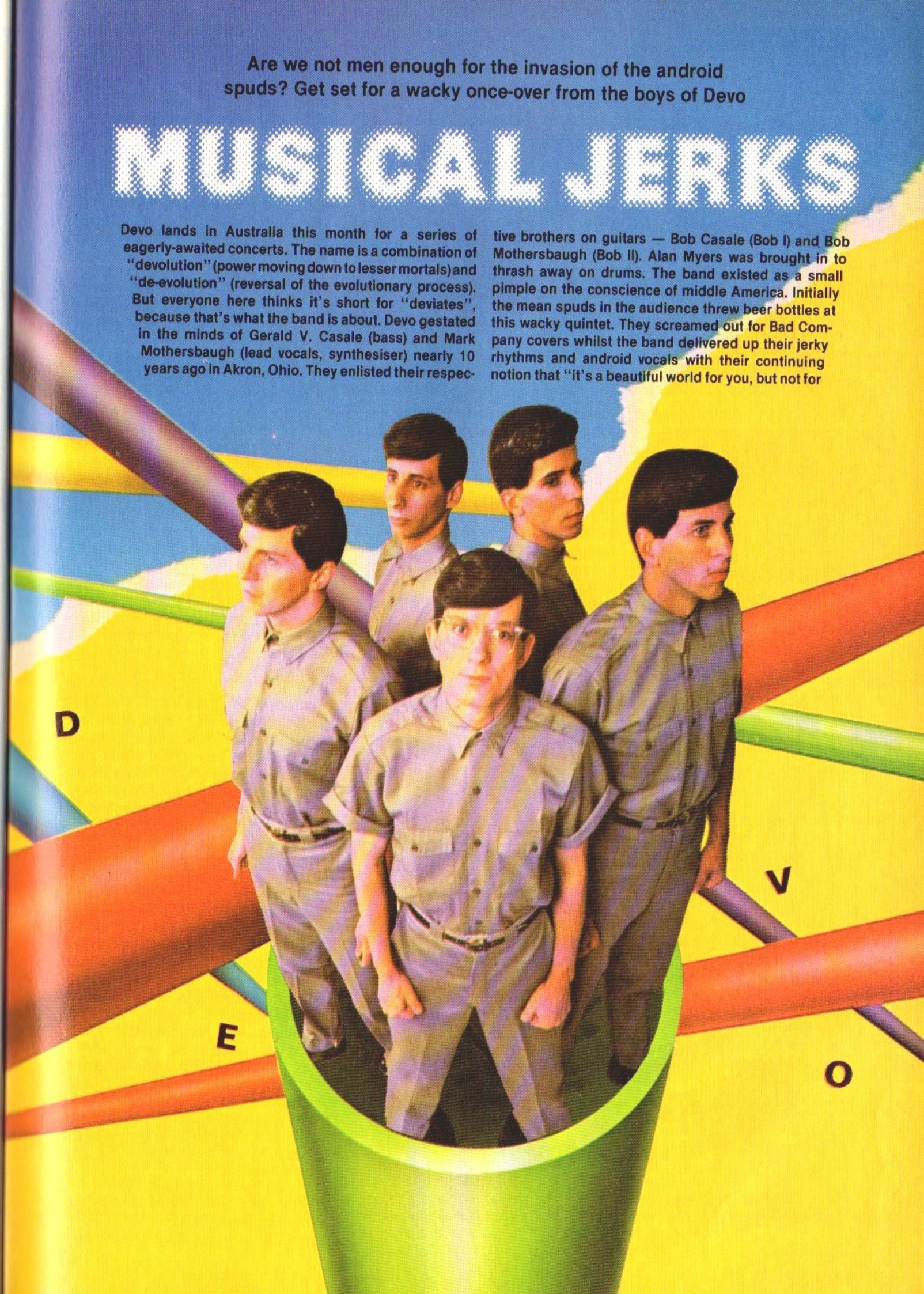
I immediately moved to Bondi. Then *Starstruck* got made. I've been feeling better ever since. 

Are we not men enough for the invasion of the android spuds? Get set for a wacky once-over from the boys of Devo

MUSICAL JERKS

Devo lands in Australia this month for a series of eagerly-awaited concerts. The name is a combination of "devolution" (power moving down to lesser mortals) and "de-evolution" (reversal of the evolutionary process). But everyone here thinks it's short for "deviates", because that's what the band is about. Devo gestated in the minds of Gerald V. Casale (bass) and Mark Mothersbaugh (lead vocals, synthesiser) nearly 10 years ago in Akron, Ohio. They enlisted their respec-

tive brothers on guitars — Bob Casale (Bob I) and Bob Mothersbaugh (Bob II). Alan Myers was brought in to thrash away on drums. The band existed as a small pimple on the conscience of middle America. Initially the mean spuds in the audience threw beer bottles at this wacky quintet. They screamed out for Bad Company covers whilst the band delivered up their jerky rhythms and android vocals with their continuing notion that "it's a beautiful world for you, but not for



JERKS

me" (*Beautiful World*). In 1976 they released their introductory anthem *Joko Homo* on their own Booji Boy Records. This became an underground hit in America and Europe and by 1978 they had a major record contract.

Their career got a huge boost with the release of the song *Whip It* in 1980. Last year the live EP containing that song went to number one in Australia.

Jeremy Cook from spud-station Sydney caught up with lead Devo-ant Casale in Los Angeles at the end of an 11-week tour of the States.

Penthouse: Devo seems to be more about a method and an attitude as much as music. Could we clarify your definition of Devo?

Devo: Devo is like putting on a pair of glasses that changes everything — a holistic attitude for re-evaluating reality. It's a necessary response to a society that is basically insane and where humans have become ridiculous parodies of themselves. We just found ourselves constantly disturbed by human behavior. Every day you're going "why is that guy saying, doing that? Doesn't he see? Are they really that stupid?"

Penthouse: How is it being involved in the rock and roll industry?

Devo: We really don't fit into that either, but if you're in the entertainment field there's a vehicle set up and a structure already realised and there's no way around it.

Penthouse: Is Devo your first attempt at using music?

Devo: Yes.

Penthouse: You and Mark Mothersbaugh started Devo in 1972. You had previously been at University together.

Devo: Right. We met in 1970 at Kent State — questioning illegitimate authority.

Penthouse: Standard angry young students?

Devo: Actually, it was all I could do to survive and avoid arseholes.

Penthouse: In 1978 you signed to Warner Brothers and moved to LA.

Devo: It seemed really necessary then to submerge ourselves in the centre of it all. From the beginning we were interested in video and film and the centre of that is LA. It was also the centre for Warners and our new management.

"I'm tired of the soup de jour . . . nobody around here understands my potato . . . I'm only a spud boy looking for a real tomato . . ." (*Smart Patrol/Mr DNA*)

Penthouse: Has moving away from Akron robbed you of your main inspiration, or is LA just a bigger potato patch?

Devo: That's exactly it!

Penthouse: So there's no real tomatoes to be found in LA?

Devo: Well there's a lot of that, but you find underneath that beautiful skin is a little russet, spuds with lots of jewellery on.

Penthouse: Has the move to LA changed your music?

Devo: No artist remains totally stagnant, or if he does people cease to be interested in him. If anything we have become a little funkier (laughs), we get down more, it was inevitable. But seriously what's happening to us at this point is that we would like to write a kind of music that is less provincial, less nationalistic, more totally planetary. I've become aware that we're reacting to a particular situation rather than the big situation.

Penthouse: As a socially political animal is Devo tolerated, understood by the record company?

Devo: I think the record company has a very simple attitude based on the main tenet of American business — profit. I don't think they would care what we are doing. If we sold five million records they would throw parties for us every day. Like gamblers in Vegas, they put their money down on 10 recordings and if one hits big they've got it. If Devo fits into that scheme then Devo is tolerated.

Penthouse: Have they any interest in the fact that Devo might be condemning them outright in its lyrics?

Devo: Certainly not, they would probably find that ridiculous and corny. If they did take a song personally why would they care if we sold three million records?

Penthouse: Does Devo sell that many records?

Devo: No.

Penthouse: Do they care?

Devo: Our last record, because of *Whip It*, did quite well in America. It went nearly platinum and so they're relatively happy. Record companies are kind of like benevolent parents because they make themselves both necessary and available. In that sense they are neutral. Let's just say they could do their job a lot better but then, in any given human activity, dissonance between potential and performance is always real bad.

Penthouse: Any ideologically restless nights being signed to Warner Brothers?

Devo: No, that would be really simplistic and self-indulgent. That's where artists get ridiculous. There is a vehicle there and it's really up to the artist to put up or shut up on that level.

Penthouse: Any thoughts about resurrecting your own Booji Boy record label?

Devo: For that to mean anything rather than just be a veneer or a shell we have to dive into the pooh-pooh pool of business and emerge again triumphant. Then when you've done that you can buy back your birthright. It would be fantastic and I hope we could get that far.

Penthouse: Who is your audience?

Devo: Probably about 70 percent of it is fairly young people, maybe 12-25.

Penthouse: How popular are you in the

States, what size venues do you play?

Devo: Large auditoriums in the cities where we're more popular — like in LA we play the Forum to 14,000 people. We are very dynamic, very visual live and worth seeing even in an arena because we can project that kind of energy across to that many people. However we normally play in, and prefer three to four-thousand halls where there are enough people so that a lot of excitement can be generated, yet everyone can see and hear.

Penthouse: In a recent phone-in poll on a Sydney radio station Devo came second to the Stones with the Police third. How do you feel about such bedfellows?

Devo: I feel really encouraged. It's like a surprise compliment. Proportionate to the population, we're more popular in Australia than we are in America. We're really excited by the prospect of coming to Australia and are all quite in the dark about what to expect.

Penthouse: It's fairly hard to get a sense of activism here.

Devo: In a place that's kind of OK there's nothing to bitch about.

Penthouse: But there is.

Devo: Yes, but not the way the Polish people have. The big difference is someone dragging you out of your house at four in the morning and putting you up against the wall at machine-gun point . . . or just kind of screwing around with your taxes (laughs).

Penthouse: Do you feel threatened living in the States?

Devo: Not on the level of goon squad police coming in the middle of the night. The States are interesting because it's the people that are messing things up. It is not like a lot of good people are being put down by a handful of blind leaders. The people in America are getting what they want, and choosing to lose.

Penthouse: Does Devo have a solution?

Devo: All we can do is go appeal to our half or one percent of the population who matter to us.

Penthouse: Do you sometimes feel like an evangelist?

Devo: I suppose we are. We're out there gathering up the good spuds.

Penthouse: "The guys in the back with their heads on the floor surrounded by their buddies, they're all hollerin' for more" (*Mister B's Ballroom*). Does it concern you that many of your audience might be like this?

Devo: Personally it concerns me. However, I'm not so foolish as to think that anything can be done. You are going to get a percentage of goons in any crowd of three or four thousand.

Penthouse: Many would be attracted by the titillating clip of *Whip It*.

Devo: Sure, they are attracted by anything that presents itself and stands out for the moment, they don't differentiate. Devo is very good at confounding the predictions of our audience. We are trying to deal with

people's idea of a following.

"The next thing I say to you will be true, The last thing I said was false." (*Enough Said*)

Penthouse: So you don't particularly want to be popular?

Devo: No, we care about why we are popular.

Penthouse: How much is Devo a private joke?

Devo: If there is any private joke it's at our expense. We certainly have worked hard with absurdly long hours and absurd, ridiculous experiences. Our appeal is based on self-demeaning humor, and we've always included ourselves in the spuds we talk about. Our type of humor is like a weapon against insanity.

Penthouse: Devo has just gone through a major image change with the flower-pot/lampshade energy domes being relegated to the Club Devo mailing list. You now sport latex JFK hair "doos" and

Our appeal is based on self-demeaning humor, and we've always included ourselves in the spuds we talk about

garage attendant uniforms.

Devo: We try to present unique paraphernalia that no-one else would want to, or could offer. We just look very surreal and kind of frightened.

Penthouse: Devo has moved away from a guitar base to a more synthesized sound. **Devo:** Synthesizers are a hassle live but they present more possibilities in the studio. They have a larger vocabulary.

Penthouse: Is your *New Traditionalists* part of a new conservatism, for example the Tubes?

Devo: Not really. I liked them at one time but any similarities between us and them are very superficial. They just took a leaf from us and copied our presentation.

Penthouse: Any affinity with arch-satirist Uncle Frank Zappa?

Devo: Another case of a person that had it half right, but he did it with such a sense of silliness and guilt, loading up every song with asides like "Hey kids, there is this joke in here." He didn't need to trash it up or be redundant in that fashion. Get beyond being cute or indulging yourself.

Penthouse: You have said "use information instead of emotions to make deci-

sions". How much emotional commitment is there in Devo?

Devo: If your orientation is towards information it doesn't mean that you don't have emotional commitment; it's just that your emotions are based on knowing the situation rather than on fear and superstition.

"Why fall in love when there's better things to do?" (*Love Without Anger*)

Penthouse: You parody male aggression and sexual dominance but nevertheless you revel in it in your clips and use it as a marketing ploy. Does Devo have a message for women?

Devo: We see more similarities than differences between men and women. If 95 percent of people were arseholes half of them would be women. We're not singling them out or attacking them. Men and women should get together with each other for what they're good for. They should have fun. People should fill each other with energy rather than suck each other dry.

"I got a rocket in my pocket but I don't know what to do, Like a plug without a socket I'm just waiting round for you." (*Don't You Know*)

"It was a messy situation, It was desire for a girl." (*Triumph Of The Will*)

Sex is always so weird. On the one hand there's the constant soft core suggestions of it in every car, pop, clothing and tooth-paste ad. One gets the idea that sex is everywhere and everyone is screwing all the time. But we really have this Christian repressive society where sex is dirty if it's something we want, and the dirtier it is the more you're supposed to want it. Sex is play, gratification. It doesn't need to be surrounded with devils and hideous seduction scenes where somebody is out of control and somebody else is the victim.

Penthouse: What's next for Devo after the *Traditionalists*?

Devo: What we'd like to do more than anything is to make a feature length film with an album soundtrack. We have it all scripted and we're trying to get a deal.

"On Planet Earth I'll probably stay . . . it's a place to live your life." (*Planet Earth*)

Penthouse: Will you eventually get to the point of saying "Oh well, we warned you" and then escaping to a desert island?

Devo: That could happen, but I can't predict it.

Penthouse: You have described a Devo concert as a "self-referential evening to clean your brain out". What do we get in an evening with Devo?

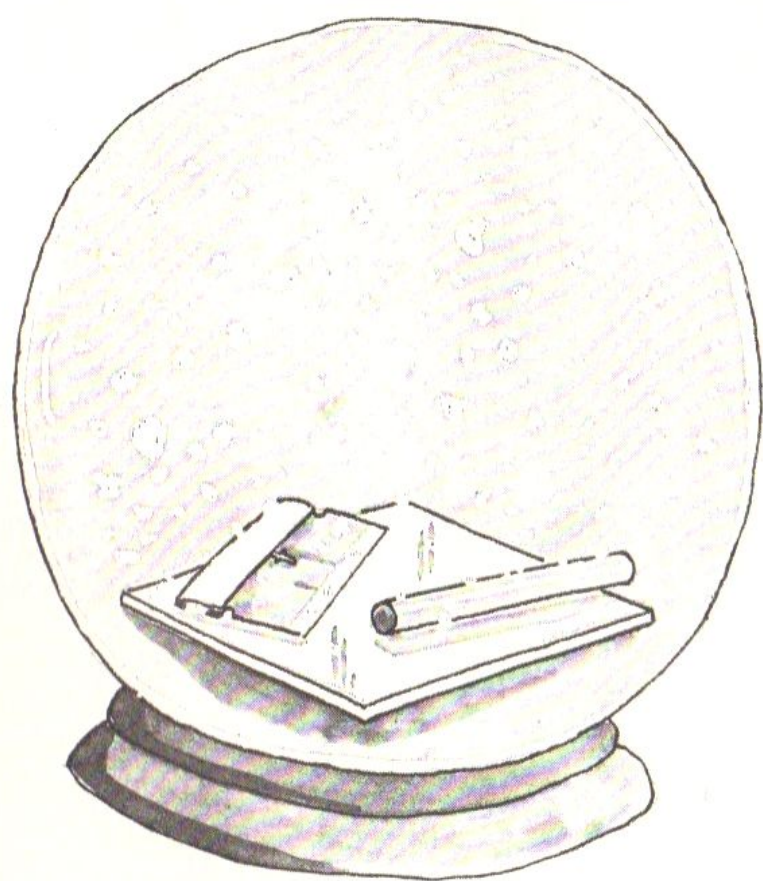
Devo: Just that.

Penthouse: Can we expect a hardware extravaganza on stage like Kraftwerk with their video screens, portable recording studio and banks of synthesizers?

Devo: No, no. It's very kinetic, very physical.

Penthouse: Devo sweats?

Devo: Absolutely. Three or four pounds worth. ☺



Geo Cullen

Robbing the bandits

Lady luck has nothing to do with some poker machine players' jackpots

BY COLIN HINTON



The adage that "if you save your pennies the pounds will look after themselves" would be considered absurd by most people in the business of making money. But the poker machine industry could take that statement as its motto. The loose change slipped into the slots of New South Wales' 49,000 poker machines added up to a massive income of \$500 million for the State's 1500 registered clubs last year.

The maxim also applies to the variety of cheats who rob the machines of an estimated \$120 million annually. There are many methods of plundering the pokies. Fortunes have been made by dishonest secretary-managers, thieving directors, light-fingered cleaners and corrupt mechanics. While internal theft accounts for a large slice of the action, the gangs of cheats who manipulate the machines create another major drain on the clubs' profits.

Ted Vibert, executive director of The Australian Club Development Corporation, a company formed to lobby for the legalisation of one-armed bandits in Queensland, Victoria and other States, agrees that the clubs face a constant battle against cheats. "At the moment they've been outwitted by the new micro-computer machines," says Vibert. "But they'll be putting their minds to beating them over the next few years. The manufacturers have to stay one step ahead."

The microcomputer machines developed over the last two years are electronically operated, with a microprocessor as the brains of the machine rather than the mechanical system, which allowed cheats to control some poker machines' reels by manipulating the handles. The new machines are usually giant, lurid five-reelers like the Aristocrat Sundancer, Prospector, Spun Gold and Aztec Chief. They provide a bewildering array of symbols and payouts as well as "hold" features and sound effects. Music accompanies major jackpots.

But, as Ted Vibert points out, there are only about 12,000 of these microprocessor machines in operation. That means there are still well over 35,000 old-style machines in the marketplace which are susceptible to manipulative cheating methods.

The New South Wales Police Department set up a special unit in September 1980 — Task Force II, nicknamed "the Pokie Squad" — in an attempt to crack down on the cheats. Gambling is a profitable source of revenue for the State government. Poker machines are its biggest money spinner. Licensing and supplementary taxes on poker machines added up to \$138.9 million in the 1980/81 financial year, compared with \$109.8 million from racing and \$49 million from Lotto and the lotteries combined. So the government has a big interest in policing

the machines. Metering devices to check individual machines' revenue are now compulsory. The creation of the pokie squad was another attempt to stop the government's poker machine profits being skimmed by cheats.

Head of the eight-man squad based at Penrith, Detective Sergeant Don Stevens, says his unit has made more than 60 arrests since its inception. "Corruption within the clubs is a big problem," says Stevens, "but we also police organised gangs of poker machine cheats. We recently kept a team under observation in the Newcastle area. Four people were observed setting up jackpots from \$250 to \$1000. They were manipulating the reels with wires. All four were charged with conspiracy to defraud registered clubs."

While it is easy to present a case of conspiracy to defraud when a cheat is caught using a device like wire or a key, authorities have had problems convicting those who manipulate the bandits without damaging them. Some players have developed methods of beating the bandits which they claim are within the law, and they've been using them for years.

Harry, a businessman in his mid-40s who resides on the central coast of New South Wales, has a number of ways of making a profit from poker machines without using illegal keys, wires or other objects. He has been banned from every club on the coast, but he says he's never been prosecuted.

"I've been barred from the Leagues Club, the bowling clubs and the RSLs," says Harry. "That's because they consider the player shouldn't win. I think it's difficult to approach a machine without considering that you are going to win. You are a fool if you don't because the club is out to fleece you; there's no risks about that. They're giving you an approximate 80 percent return, so if you can find a way to help you win that is within the law, you should use it."

"There is nothing according to the law which says you should play a poker machine in a certain way. It has been shown that it is a game of skill, so if you can use your skill to win without damaging or interfering with the machine, you've got every right to do so."

Although gamblers' tales, like fishermen's stories, are prone to exaggeration, with the odds and the size of the wager increasing every time the tale is told, Harry was able to back his statements by producing impressive pays from certain machines on demand. He's been playing the pokies for more than 15 years and says that in that time he's learnt a number of methods of making a profit legally. He began with a book which showed the reader how to manipulate or "walk" the reels on the old mechanical machines. But it was a chance meeting at

a local club which really boosted his profits.

"Before I began learning these skills, I was addicted to the machines," says Harry. "In one 12-month period I did more than \$4000. But I got all my money back and more one day down at the club. I was playing a four-reeler Aristocrat machine called the 'Four Reel Special', which is still in existence. I had lost about \$40 to it."

"There were four fellows sitting at a table nearby and they were playing the two machines on either side of me. After playing for 30 or 40 minutes, one of the chaps asked me if I'd be very long with the machine. I said, 'Well, I've done \$40 pal, I'm going to play it until I get some of my money back.'

"He asked me if I wanted a jackpot and I said that of course I was hoping to get a



jackpot. Then he asked me if four sevens would do. It was a 20 cent machine and four sevens paid \$100.

"He said, 'I see you play the machines regularly. You keep your mouth shut and we'll get you four sevens.'

"I said, 'What, with a key or something? You'll get me arrested.'

"He said, 'No, not with a key. Just stand back for a minute.' I did, and he was able to manipulate the handle and in a matter of a few seconds there were four jacks lined up. He said, 'There's a couple of drinks for you, now I'll line you up four sevens.'

"The other three blokes crowded around the machine and he manipulated it so that a seven came up on the first reel. He was able to hold it there and then he walked the rest in, and that whole operation would not have taken him more than 10 seconds. He said, 'You sign for it; you don't mind if we play the machine now, I suppose?'

"The leader of the group then asked me if I'd like to have a drink with them. I joined the group and he explained that they regularly travelled to different parts of the State, chartering a plane, to play machines in different clubs. They might do two or three clubs in each town and they claimed they were each making \$1000 a week tax-free from the machines. In the time I was there they

Bandits

played only three machines, and they walked out of the club with \$500 in either refills or jackpots, taking it in turn to sign for them.

"It was my conversation with those chaps that made me realise what a mug I had been just standing there feeding the machine and pulling the handle. They opened my eyes to a variety of ways of beating the bandits."

Walking the reels is probably the most common form of poker machine manipulation: The method involves inserting a coin, pulling the handle down and setting the reels in motion. While they're spinning, the experienced player moves the handle through the middle of its range. Not all machines can be walked. Those which are susceptible to this practice allow the player to float the reels and move each one at will. There are still plenty of old-style machines around which can be taken for a walk, according to Harry.

There are a number of other well-known methods of increasing the odds in the player's favor. The rhythm system involves putting a few coins in a variety of machines, while observing the reels to see which symbols they feature and whether they look to be working towards a winning combination. If Harry finds a machine with a promising set-up, he'll stick with it for a while.

He claims there are also many machines which have idiosyncrasies which allow you to take advantage of them. For example, he points out that the newer machines have an electronic eye. There are ways of blocking that eye so the machine continues to pay after it's dropped the proper quota. "There are ways of milking a machine dry through these methods. These days the machines hold \$80 to \$100, and that's good money."

He also claims to have a method of out-witting machines with a "hold" feature, which allows a player to hold one or two reels while inserting another coin and playing just the third reel, hoping it will come up with, say, a third jack when he's holding two. This method involves refusal to hold predictable combinations, so that the machine begins to throw in random pays to compensate for the player's apparently erratic responses.

Harry believes poker machine players should become conscious of faults in machines, and take advantage of them. "If you don't someone else surely will," he says. "One club I frequented until I was barred had a faulty Inca Gold machine which I milked for at least \$2000 over a period of a couple of months. Unfortunately, a player alongside me told the supervisor I was cheating. Now he couldn't prove it, but I was ejected quick smart and told I would not be welcome at that club again. That player's reaction was unusual.

In my experience, when most people see you are beating a machine, they don't give a stuff. You're coming out ahead and their response is: 'I wish I could do it too'."

The new technology may have put the poker machine manufacturers in front of the cheats, but problems continue. Club managers have paid out \$1000 jackpots and subsequently checked the reels on the machine that came up with the winning combination, only to discover minute pin-pricks on the reels where they had been manipulated by wires. There was a story going around a few years ago about a cleaner who discovered that every time she put her vacuum cleaner near a particular machine and turned it on, the pokie started spewing money.

Ted Vibert points out some of the problems involved in creating a cheat-proof poker machine. "Firstly, there are two openings — a coin slot and a pay tray — and it is difficult to stop people from milk-

There are
still plenty of
old-style machines around
which can be taken
for a walk,
says Harry

ing machines through these holes with wires or other devices. The pay-out system on the modern machine has been improved. It now involves an electronic eye — a light strobe — which will detect counterfeit objects. The new machines also make it difficult to hold the reels with wires because they'll black out if they're fiddled with."

Vibert claims Australia is currently producing the most sophisticated machines in the world. His Australian Club Development Corporation is a division of this country's biggest poker machine manufacturer, Ainsworth Distributors. Ainsworth is now exporting to a variety of countries, including China. There are now more than 100 Ainsworth Aristocrat machines at the Tung Fang Hotel in Canton.

Ainsworth may have infiltrated the Orient, but they are still having a few problems on their home turf. Poker machines, legalised in New South Wales in 1956 and the ACT in 1976, and currently operating in Northern Territory casinos, are still illegal in other States. But Mr Vibert says it is only a matter of time before the bandits are

established in Queensland and Victoria. Despite his optimism it is unlikely they will become as common as they are in some of the six American States where they are legal. In Nevada they are everywhere. Machines of all types can be found in hotel lobbies, clubs, restaurants, airline terminals and even toilets.

In New South Wales legalisation occurred by accident. Before they were licensed in 1956, there were between three and four thousand machines in operation, usually placed in clubs on a percentage basis, with the owner and the operator splitting the profits. It was a lucrative business, without government controls. Machines were often rigged, or set to retain nearly half of what went into them. The type of people who controlled them usually carried guns and had bodyguards.

Now, the State has almost 50,000 licensed machines, including 19,170 20-cent, 27,380 10-cent, more than 2000 five-cent, 57 two-cent machines and one lonely one-cent machine. One-cent bandits were once common, but inflation has made them anachronistic.

There are now moves afoot to introduce 50-cent machines. Some poker machine promoters say the maximum coin value of the machines (20 cents) is failing to keep up with inflation, and so many clubs are having difficulty maintaining their high profits.

Using New South Wales as an example, Ted Vibert offers a strong argument for the legalisation of poker machines in other States. He points out that the NSW situation is unique because the machines are owned and operated by the clubs rather than by private entrepreneurs. This results in a constant recycling of profits providing many benefits for members.

"They are fundraisers par excellence," says Vibert. "There is nothing in the world like the sporting and social facilities in New South Wales clubs. The cost of leisure is low for members and it is because the poker machines have spawned a giant leisure co-operative. Why restrict this to one State?"

Vibert claims a high opinion of the machines is evident in the behavior of Victorians and Queenslanders who reside close to the New South Wales border. Weekends see a huge exodus across the borders. The Tweed Heads region in northern New South Wales has some of the largest licensed clubs in the world. The seven clubs in the Tweed Valley house some 1304 poker machines, with the Twin Towns Services Club holding 352 machines which provide the club with \$7.6 million a year. Annual membership for the club's 14,000 patrons costs an average of only \$6 a year.

The Tweed Heads clubs took a total of \$25,000,000 from the machines last year, and 80 percent of the total was estimated to have come from Queenslanders crossing the border just to play the pokies. The

projection for poker machine revenue over the next decade in the Tweed region is \$487 million. Vibert says the Queensland Government is unlikely to put up with the drain. "Poker machines in Queensland are inevitable," he says. "Right now the battle is not about legislation, but about who will own and operate them. There is no question that they'll be legalised in Queensland casinos, and I believe Queensland will have 10 casinos within the next five years. Those casinos won't have poker machines initially, but they will be introduced in the same way as they were in the Northern Territory. The Darwin casino didn't have machines for its first two years of operation. Then they built a second casino in Alice Springs and decided it would be silly not to have poker machines in a gambling institution. Now both casinos have them. I believe a similar series of events will occur in Queensland. The casinos will get them and the clubs will remain the poor cousins."

The Victorian border situation is similar. Surveys in the Murray, Echuca, Swan Hill and Mildura regions show that the 39 licensed clubs in the area made \$21 million profit from poker machines last year. Car park surveys showed that 75 percent of the vehicles parked at the clubs were Victorian. In the eastern border regions around Eden and Bega, clubs made \$4 million in poker machine profits and carpark surveys showed that 90 percent of vehicles had Victorian plates.

"The legal situation for poker machines in Victoria is dependent on the result of the next State elections," says Vibert. "The Labor Party has promised a full inquiry into our case if they are elected. If the Liberals are returned, we'll have to wait another three years.

"I don't understand why the other States are so blind to the benefits of poker machines. The answer could be that many political parties are funded by hotels and breweries and they certainly don't want ownership of leisure facilities in the hands of the people."

Vibert brushes aside claims that the poker machine industry attracts organised crime, saying proper legislation ensures that profit from the machines is put back into the clubs.

"All gambling has a habit of attracting criminal elements, but only when it is illegal. Take SP betting for example. It's illegal and is often controlled by organised crime. But the government controlled TAB is a different matter."

Vibert also rejects the argument that poker machines create terrible social problems. Those opposed to them say they rob the working class of its wages, create high divorce statistics and devastate retail spending and the restaurant trade. "This sort of argument forms a low level of debate," says Vibert. "The people presenting that view forget the huge amount of business generated by

the club industry, which employs 50,000 people and another 26,000 in associated industries."

But the claim that the machines cause social problems is not so easily dismissed. The Club Development Association presents statistics which show that the total amount spent by New South Wales residents each year on poker machines is \$128 or \$2.46 per adult per week. That average looks inoffensive on paper, but in reality it can be turned into an ugly statistic, because there is a minority of hard-core players who spend much more than the yearly average every week.

While there are poker machine players like Harry who claim to have the better of the machines, there are thousands of others who habitually squander millions of dollars in hard-earned cash. The medical profession now recognises compulsive gambling as a disease, and according to some members of Gamblers Anonymous,

When most people
see you beating
a machine they don't
give a stuff. They
wish they could
do it too

poker machines help to make that disease contagious. "A national inquiry into compulsive gambling in the United States three years ago showed that illegal gambling did not encourage compulsive types," says one of the GA leaders. "It is the accessible forms of gambling which attract compulsive gamblers.

"Poker machines are the most accessible form of gambling in the State. About 40 percent of our southern suburbs group are poker machine addicts. They are all conservative types, average businessmen or housewives who never had many problems in life until they encountered poker machines. They tend to be introverted types, at least compared to your average horse punter, who is more likely to be an extroverted sort of character."

One of the female members of the group, Mary, typifies the poker machine addict. She's in her early 50s, happily married, and lives in a pleasant, immaculately clean suburban home with a lounge-room featuring color photographs of her children. "There was a void in my life when my two daughters married and left home," says Mary. "Before that, the house had

always been full of people. I began looking for company, and I started to eat out regularly at the local club with friends.

"I neither drink nor smoke, and I found just sitting around was boring. I saw the bright lights of the poker machines and I thought I'd have a flutter on them. And I won a \$500 dollar jackpot the first night. That was the beginning of the end."

Mary says she continued to play socially for years, but gradually found she was going to the club specifically to play the machines. "They became living, breathing things to me. I used to talk to them. I'd get beside a machine and I'd be standing there all night in a lovely long dress with my hands black up to the elbow and I wouldn't want to have anything to do with anyone all evening.

"I ended up spending \$400 to \$500 a week. I used up all my savings and then I started borrowing from my husband. Before that I had always been so careful with my money, but I soon had no trouble at all putting \$100 through a machine in one night. And I was such a stupid gambler, because I'd stay with the same machine all night, and I knew it wasn't going to pay."

Mary finally sought the help of a psychiatrist after she'd been playing the machines compulsively for five years. He subjected her to aversion therapy — letting her play a machine and then giving her electric shocks through wires attached to her hands. "After two months of that he told me I'd never go near a machine again and that if I did, I would be violently sick on the floor, as I had been while I was undergoing his treatment. I came out of that and I didn't go near the club for five months. Then one day, I just went back. I was convinced that I wouldn't be sick if I started playing a machine and of course I wasn't. And it became worse."

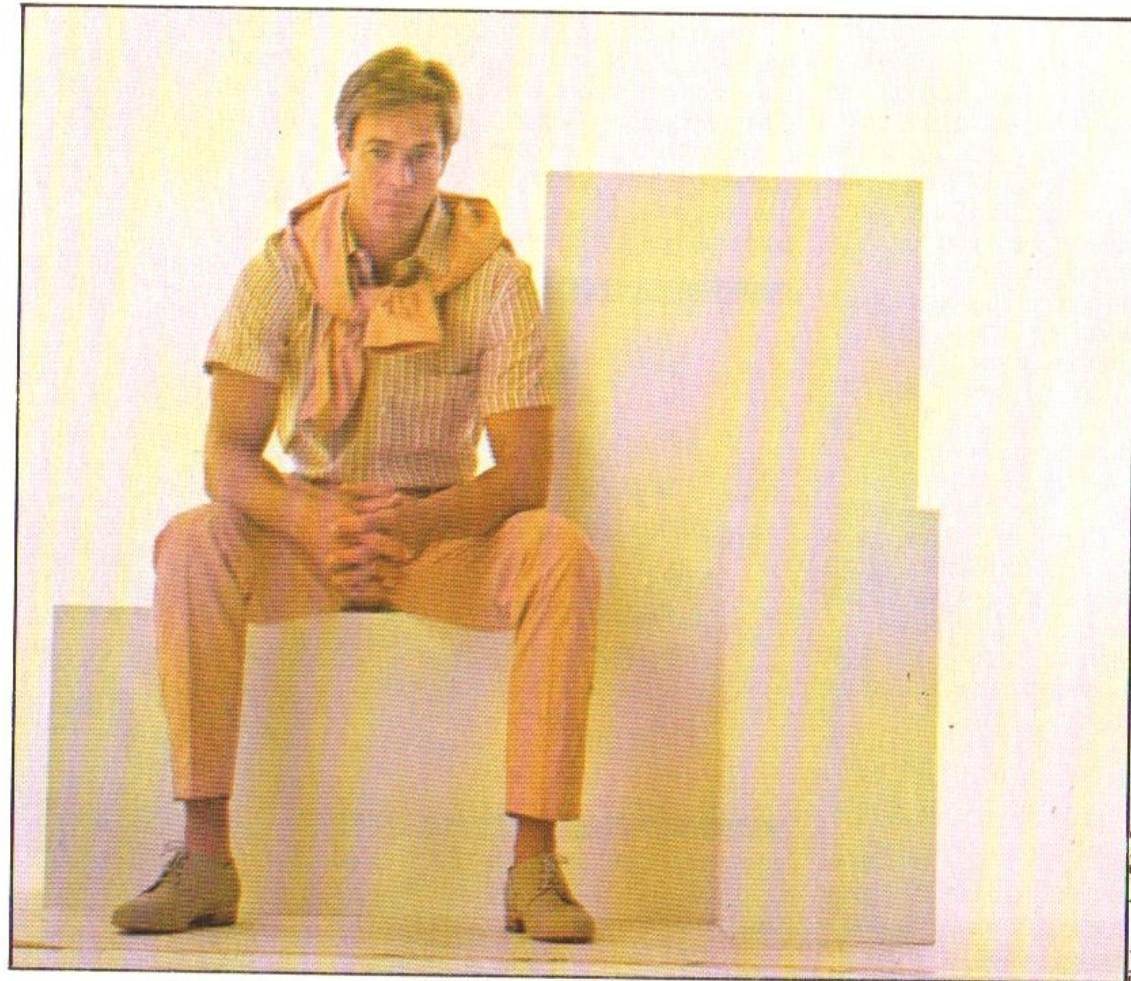
After an attempt at suicide she ended up in Ryde Psychiatric Hospital. From there she was referred to Gamblers Anonymous, where she found the support of others who shared her predicament. She says she hasn't played a poker machine in the 18 months since she joined the group. "But I know that I am still just one coin away from becoming a compulsive gambler again. It frightens me to think how much I needed them, to think that I loved them. I was in love with a machine. My favorite type was one that jackpotted on a series of sevens. Even now, when I'm in a car and I see sevens moving up on the odometer, I get a sudden rush of adrenalin."

Just as Harry is the one-in-a-million who makes a profit from poker machines, Mary is the one-in-a-million who has suffered serious losses. For the majority, the one-armed bandits are nothing more than an occasionally expensive diversion: the ultimate mug's game, with rewards that will remain as elusive as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. 

It's no sweat
getting it together when
the heat's on

MR NATURAL

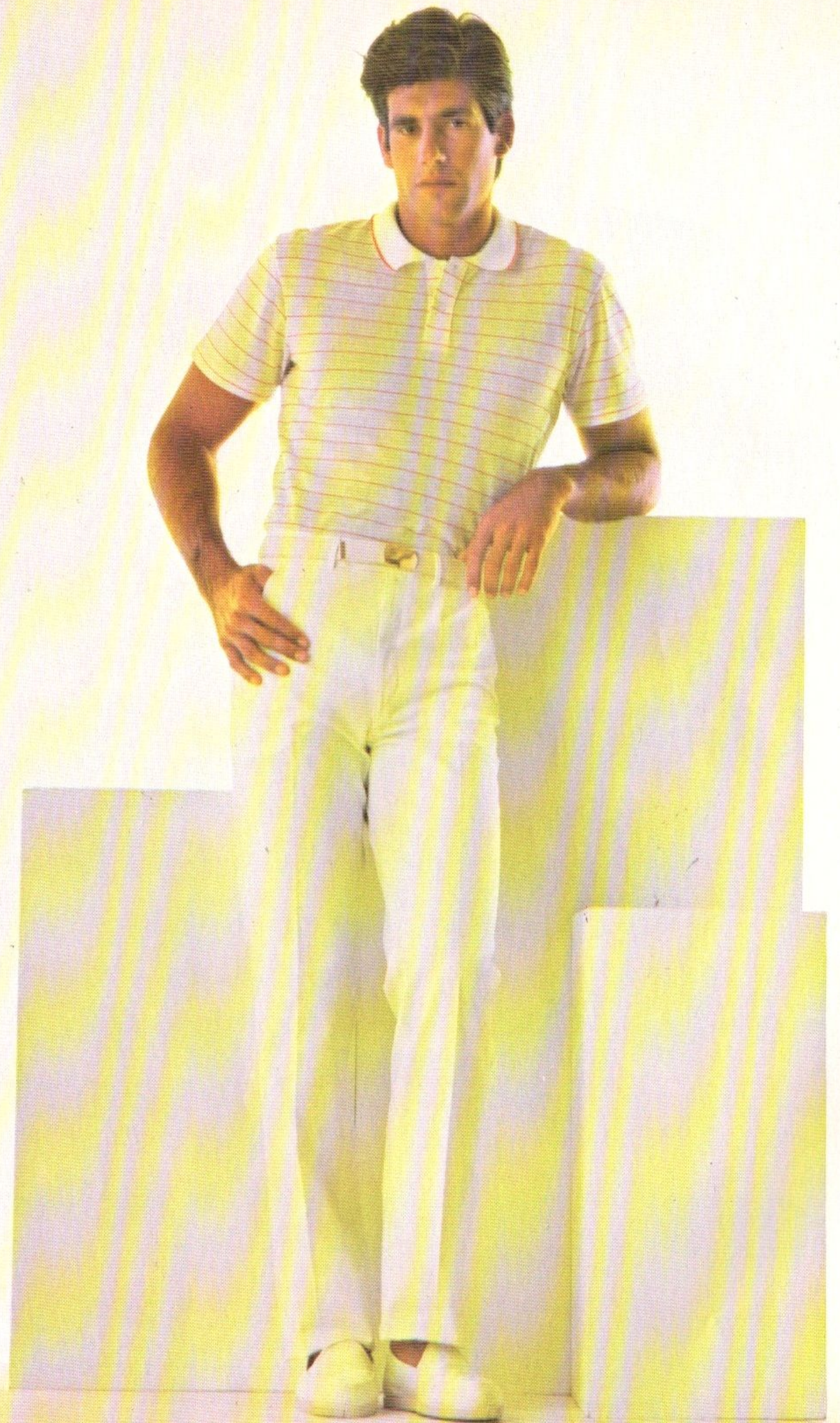
FASHION BY SUE SMITH

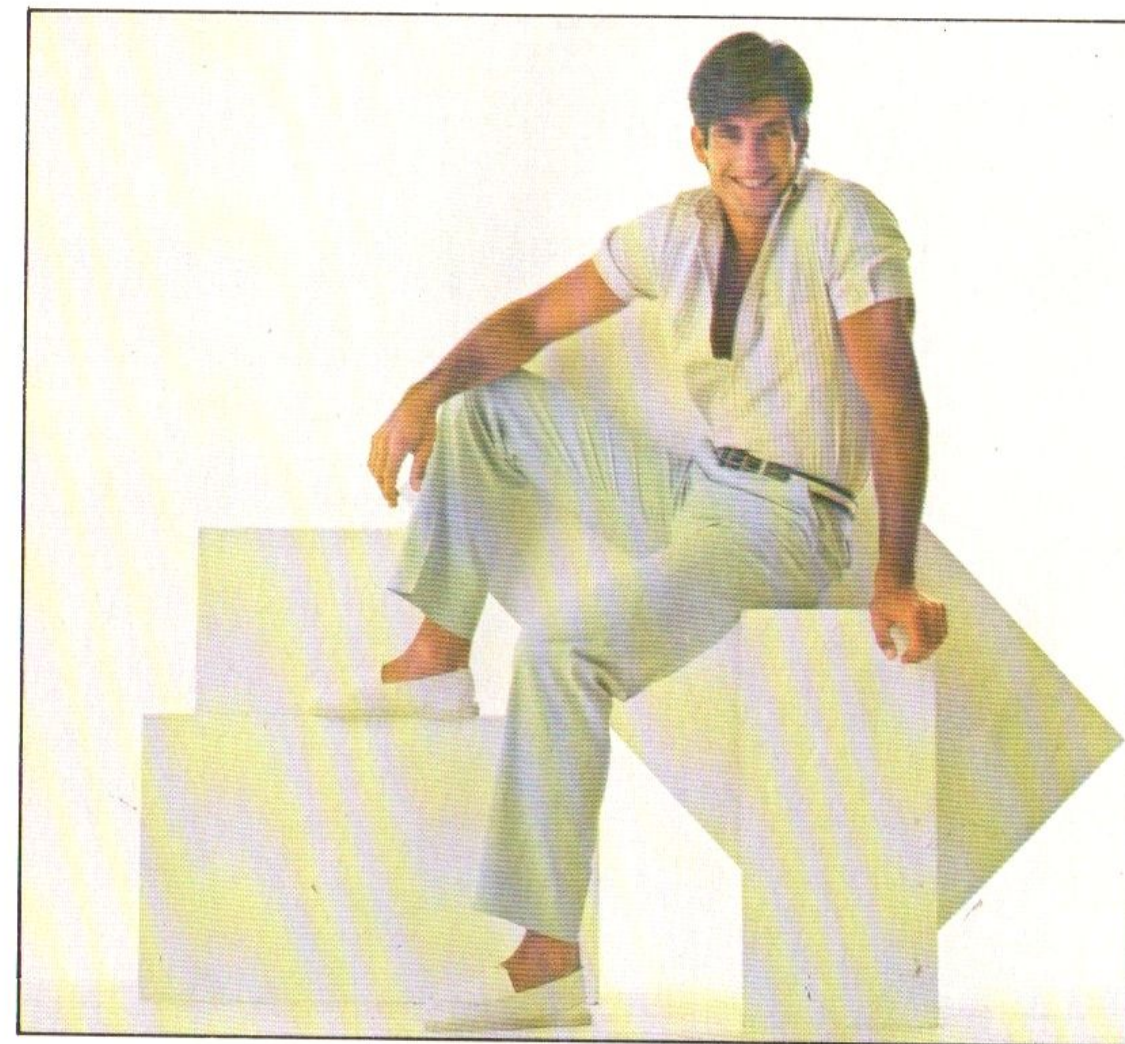
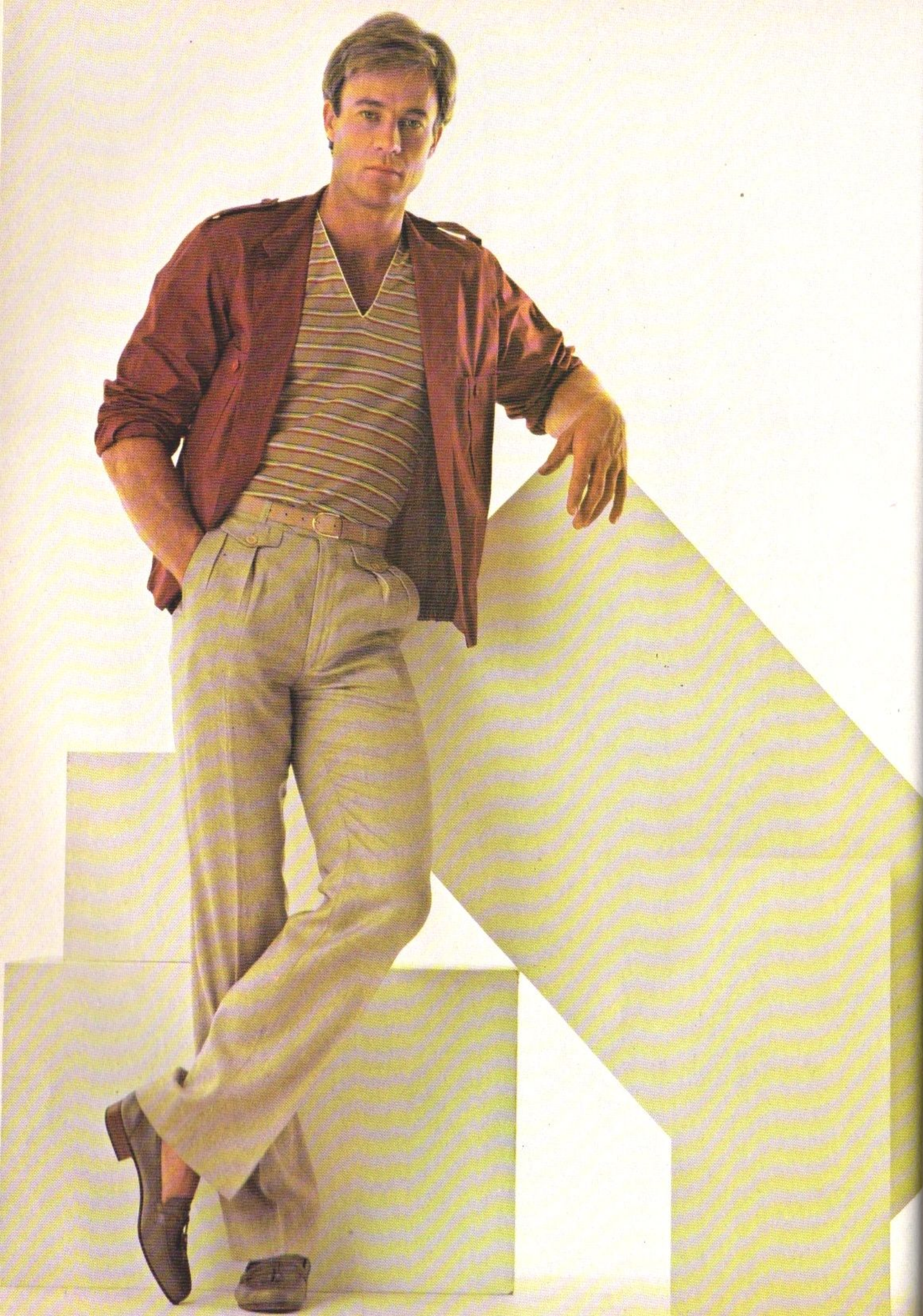


Photography: Eric Deats; Make-up: Stevie Hughes

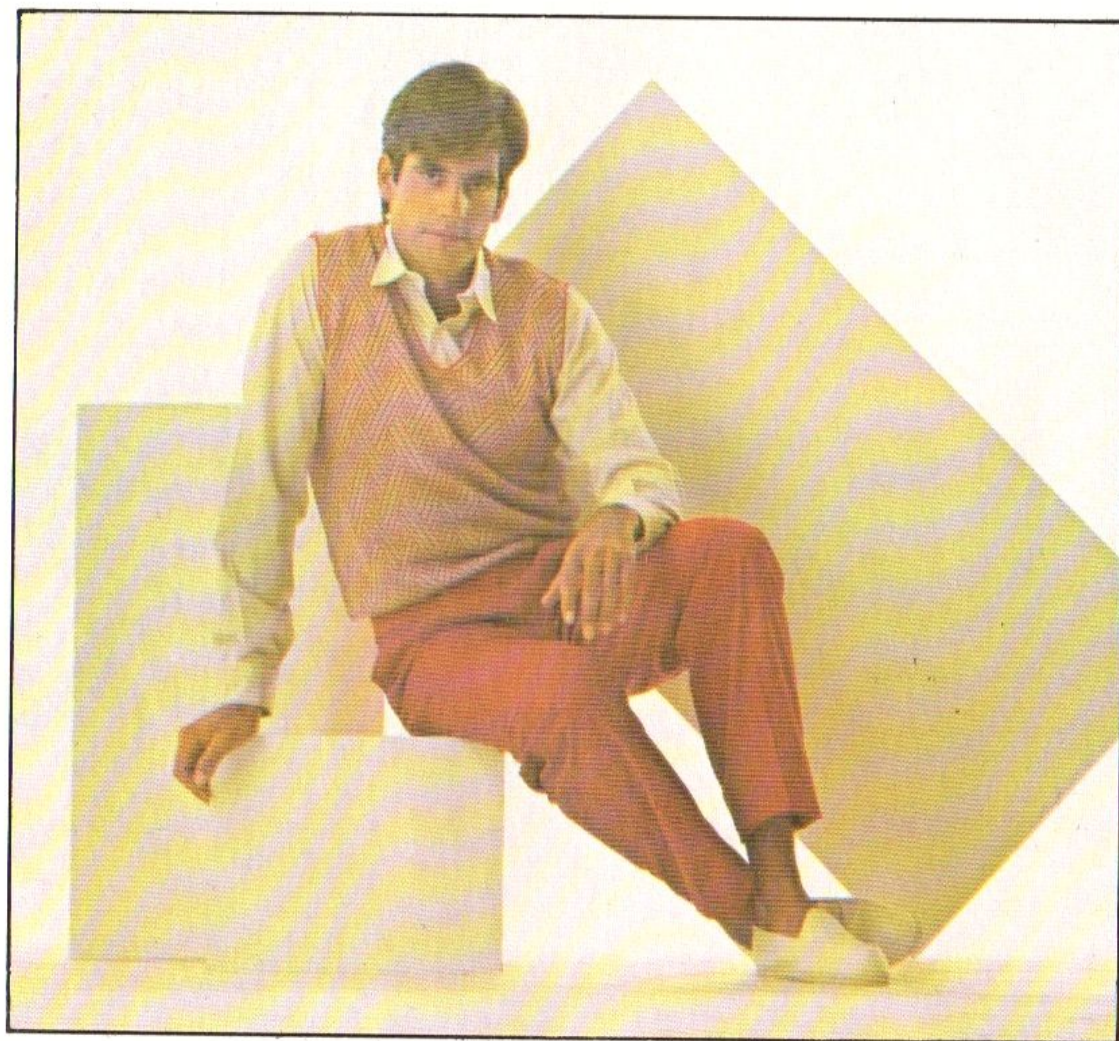
While the days are still long and hot, keeping your cool means choosing simple, understated clothing in breezy natural fibres. Casual cottons are crisp, easy to care for and good looking; raw silk is an elegant natural for sizzling summer months and the sophisticated simplicity of linen weaves are a hot season look guaranteed to leave you a cool winner. It's the no sweat, mix-and-match look that's easy to wear and the effect is dazzling.

Above: Abode parachute style pants and blouson jacket in glazed cotton, \$48 each from Plot Clothiers, available in all states from leading menswear stores. Italian cotton shirt from Manual Ritz Ripo, \$59 at Masons — Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne — and Piero Gesualdi, Melbourne. Right: White Italian Redaelli cotton pants, \$110 from Five Way Fashion, Paddington, NSW, and collared poly-cotton T-shirt, \$30 from Plot Clothiers, available at leading menswear stores.





Left: Striped T-shirt from Peter Batlye at L'Oumo, \$22.50; raw silk pants, \$65, Italian brown leather belt, \$18.50; burgundy loose jacket again in cotton from Blais, \$58.50 at L'Oumo, Double Bay, NSW. Above: Preppy style shirt in Oxford stripe from Plot Clothiers, \$29 at leading menswear stores in all states. Blue and white striped washable Sax Altman casual trousers, \$39 at Richards, NSW and Myer all states. The belt is Italian navy leather with contrast cream canvas, \$28 from Richards, NSW.



Above: Tomato cotton Manual Ritz Ripo pants, \$69; Cotton long-sleeved Franz Puccini shirt, \$59; Knitted cotton-mix vest from Frisco Town, \$75 at Masons — Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne — and Piero Gesualdi, Melbourne. Right: Pants and jacket in glazed cotton with zipper detail, \$48 each from Plot Clothiers. T-shirt collared in poly-cotton, \$30 from Plot Clothiers, at leading menswear stores in all states. Italian leather belt, \$18.50, from L'Oumo, Double Bay, NSW.



SUTHERLAND

Henry had the cards
stacked in his favor, but still got
the rawest deal of all

SUCCUBUS

BY DAL STIVENS

Henry Burnwhistle, a lean, handsome 35, masked in a black suit and tie, shuffled out of the lift and over the hall carpet to his apartment door. Under the liftman's approving gaze, he contemplated the black wreath drooping from the brass knocker for a generous half minute before he removed it. Chin grafted on his chest, Henry Burnwhistle drifted inside and shut the door decorously behind him. Unnoticed by Henry, a black cat trickled at his heels.

Offstage, Henry Burnwhistle skipped, fawn-like, then drop-kicked the wreath into a corner. His eyes sparkled; he pursed his lips and imparted a satyr's twist to his small chin-beard. He swooped on the small table, gathered up the pile of black-edged letters and hurled them to join the wreath. He capered into his bedroom and erupted in sports clothes — in blue slacks, a canary-coloured waist-coat and a smart houndstooth jacket. Henry Burnwhistle skipped into the sitting-room. The cat, still unobserved, undulated after him.

Henry's eyes reprimanded the tastelessly furnished room. "Fake period! All of it!" he exclaimed. "Emily never had any taste!"

He crossed to an "Empire" table, snatched up the silver-framed portrait of a thin-lipped woman. His eyes scorching, he dropped it heavily into a drawer.

"Emily was — Emily was a demon," Henry informed the room.

"Emily is still a demon," said a voice behind him. Emily's voice.

Henry wheeled. "I... I..."

"Don't look such a fool, Henry," said the cat.

"It's me, Emily."

"It's very simple," continued the cat in the voice that Henry knew as Emily's. "You said it

Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

SUCCUBUS

yourself, 'Emily was a demon'. 'Succubus', or 'succaba', though, is the correct technical term.

When Emily's body got worn out I had to move in here. I suppose you thought that succubi and incubi no longer exist? Well, you're wrong, like a lot of husbands and wives."

The cat stretched her neck and meditated silky black flanks. Then she arched her back and snapped: "Henry! Pull yourself together, man! Pour yourself a whisky!"

Henry poured himself five fingers, gulped down the spirit. "Granted that you are Emily, I still don't follow," he said, shakily.

"That's only too obvious," said the succubus. "I never was Emily. I just moved into her body in the way I moved into this cat's carcass. I can't say I care for it but I had no choice." The cat curled a red lip. "It happened to be the nearest available at that moment."

"Available?"

"All bodies, human and otherwise, are available to succubi at certain times. I thought everyone knew that."

Henry shook his head. He stared down morosely at the cat. He had now recovered his nerve. He said, "I am pleased for your sake, Emily, that life goes on for

you, though I still find it somewhat surprising. Perhaps you'd like some milk before moving on, Emily?"

"I'll have some milk but I'm not moving on," said the succubus. She licked an ebony paw. "I fear you have a very limited knowledge of succubi, Henry. I'm going to stick around and continue to make your life miserable."

"Oh, no!" Henry groaned. "Seven years of it! No frolics, no fun. Seven years of frigid suburbia!"

"Only the beginning," said the succubus. "I was just learning to make your life thoroughly miserable when Emily's body let me down. A suburban wife, Henry, was the thing to make you really miserable!"

"But why me?" asked Henry, despairingly. "Why must you torment me? The world's full of people."

"It's a wise succubus that knows when it's on a good thing," said the cat.

"Look here, Emily," Henry said, wildly. "What do you want to go away?" Is it money? Name the amount! If not money, name it! Anything!"

The cat yawned and shook her head. "Nothing would induce me to go, Henry. Mind you, I don't intend to stay in this bundle of fur any longer than is necessary, but I'll be around."

"Not if I know it!" cried Henry. He advanced threateningly towards the cat. She spat at him, shot under the settee.

"It wouldn't be any use, Henry," she said. "Kill this carcass and I'll find another."

Henry threw out his hands, sighed. The succubus came out from under the settee. She asked: "I suppose you were contemplating going to bed with that plump little partridge in the flat opposite? I've seen you eyeing her."

Henry swallowed. "That was the idea," he said, bravely. "In fact, it still is!"

"Fat chance!" said the succubus. "Nice little partridge, though. Nice little downy breasts for a man like you, Henry, to rest his head on. Nice little pneumatic thighs."

"Stop it, you hell cat!" Henry shouted. He jabbed a finger at the cat. "You can't stop me, Emily! Not now!"

"That's what you think," said the succubus. "Go to your little partridge tonight by all means. Snuggle down in her balmy nest. But be careful, and better still, be good."

"What do you mean?" Henry asked, moving to the door.

"You obviously have no idea of how succubi of my type gain possession," said the cat, sweetly.

Henry stopped, waiting.

"Succubi of my type take possession at the time the French are pleased to call 'the little death'," said the succubus.

"You mean that you'll move in on —"

"The little partridge," said the succubus. "Obviously."

Henry was drinking his third cup of coffee the next morning when the succubus minced on to the kitchen alcove. Henry grabbed up the coffee pot.

"Temper, Henry!" said the succubus. "Did I ruin your night for you?"

"Yes," said Henry. "Thoroughly."

"So I saw," said the succubus. "I was out on the fire escape. I nearly rolled off — I was laughing so much I nearly split my fur when the little partridge excused herself and came back in that transparent thing. Laugh . . . I nearly died. Don't you like what you see? asked the little partridge. You, Henry, were gasping like a fish out of water!"

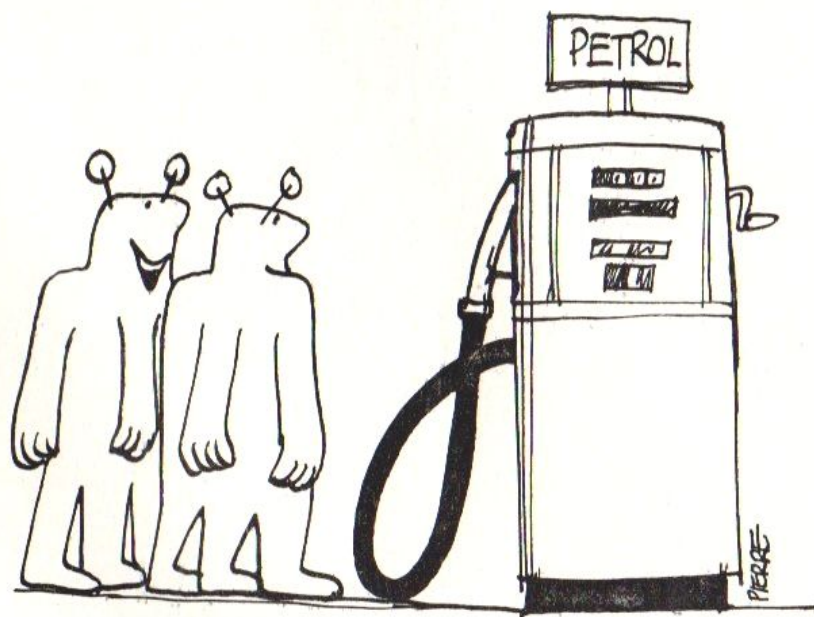
"Don't! Don't!" Henry groaned.

"But you were!" said the succubus. "It was more amusing when Jenny bent over you. That gown was very wide around the neck, wasn't it? I think you were even funnier, Henry, when she started taking it off and you climbed the back of the settee!"

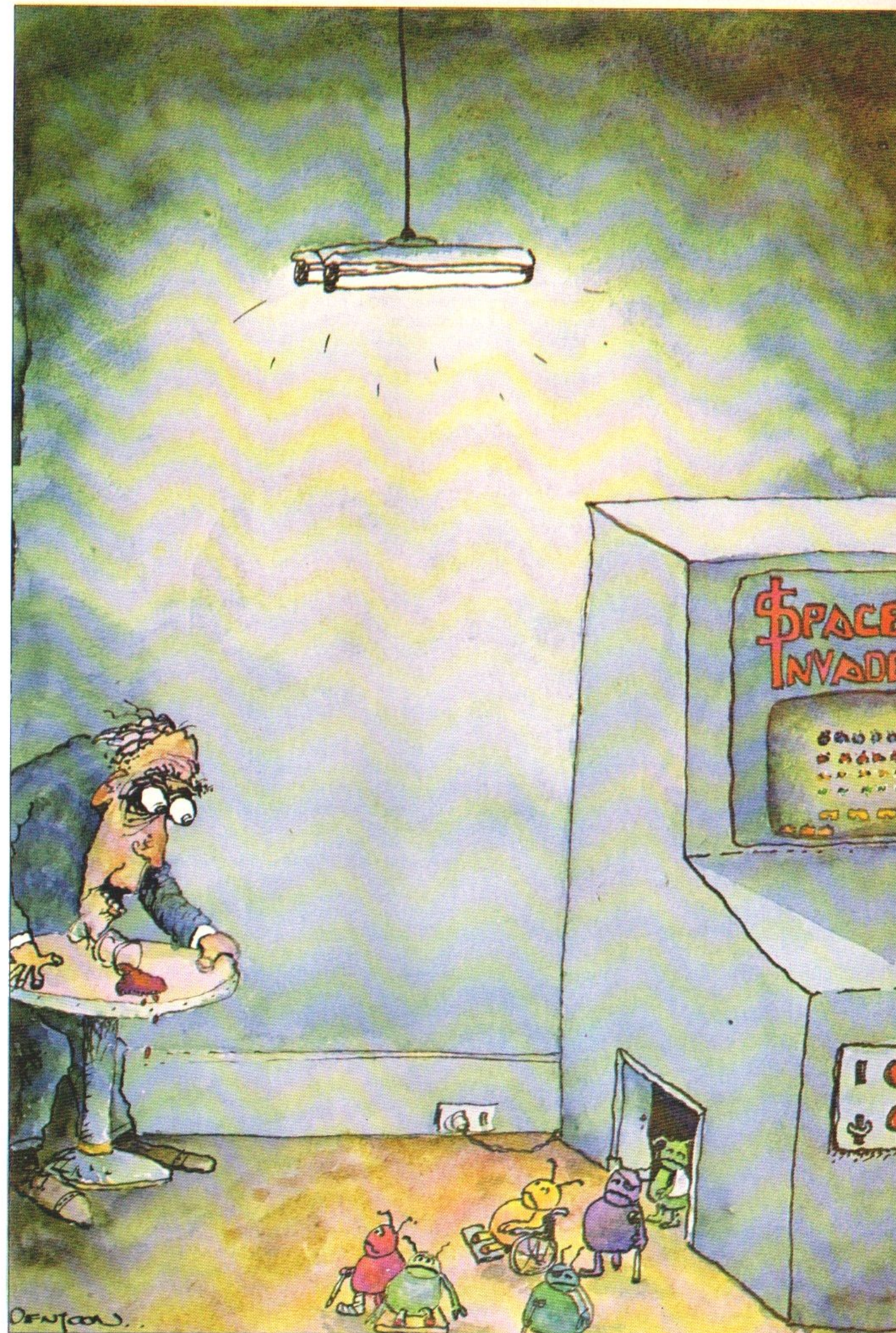
Henry threw the coffee pot. The succubus dodged nimbly. "Temper!" she said. "When she touched you — I nearly died then!"

The succubus ripped out of the door. Henry's throw with the toaster was four feet behind her.

His nerve recovered, Henry shaved with elan, pomaded black locks to rakish flights. On the fire escape landing, level with the bathroom window, the succubus capered in the sun. Brain-giddy with



"Of course he can't hear you . . . he's got his dick in his ear."



ADULT BOOKS
VIDEO TAPES
MOVIES
AIDS, MAGS.
LARGEST RANGE
LOWEST PRICES!

KINGS CROSS MAIL ORDER
 PO BOX 238 WAVERLEY
 NSW 2024 AUSTRALIA

Please send
☐ FREE CATALOGUE
☐ 3 FULL COLOUR MAGAZINES (hard core) ENCL. \$12.-

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 PC _____

I am over 18. signed

THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE
 You have trusted since 1965
 Proudly presents
 A NEW COMPREHENSIVE
 ADULT CATALOGUE
 Send \$2 today for samples and your
 personal free copy to:
 C.C. OF A. DEPT. Z.
 P.O. BOX M335,
 SYDNEY MAIL EXCHANGE,
 N.S.W., 2012.
 Please certify over 18 years of age.
 779 George St., Sydney.

ADULT MOVIES
 SUPER 8MM
 SUPERB QUALITY COLOUR
 LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED
 C.O.D. DELIVERY
 7 DAY MONEY BACK
 GUARANTEE

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION COMPLETE COUPON TODAY

RODOX TRADING
 54 ALFRED STREET MILSONS POINT 2061
 SEND COUPON TO:
 P.O. BOX 117 CAMMERAY NSW 2062

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 P/CODE _____

PHMC

SUCCUBUS

remembered piquancies of lacy frothings framing warm partridge legs, Henry told the incubus: "I'll fix you, Emily! I'll have the partridge yet!"

"Temper!" said Emily.

Henry sped out of the apartment and was back in an hour bearing a large basket. "Emily! Emily!" he called. "Emily, come here!"

"No need to shout, Henry," said the succubus. She uncoiled herself from the settee. "What is it?"

"A trifle obvious, I fear," said Henry. He opened the lid of the basket. "I have here the most amorous tom cat in the whole city, calculated to keep you busy —"

"I'll pay you back for this, Henry!" cried the succubus over her shoulder as she surged out of the room. Henry preened his beard, listening to fleeing and pursuing claws. Swaggering, he knocked resolutely.

Inside, he engulfed the little partridge in mastering arms, swept her up off the ground. Falcon-like, his lips hovered, then thrust at hers, velvety red, parted.

"Henry!" she cried, wonderingly.

"No explanations about last night," Henry disclaimed. He bore her swiftly to the bedroom and set her down gently on the covers. He bent down over her, her delicious rotundities and warm nostril-dilating odors.

"Now, Henry, be careful!" a voice called. From the window. Emily's voice. On the sill pranced a large tabby tom cat.

"He could run too fast," Emily explained. "As soon as I saw that, I let him catch me and materialised into him."

Henry was sitting in a dressing-gown at midnight when the tom prinked into the room. "You shouldn't keep such late nights, Henry," said the succubus.

Henry stared at the tom, methodically made the sign of the cross. The tom laughed. "That old-fashioned stuff doesn't work these days."

Henry jumped to his feet. He took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and swiftly drew a circle on the carpet around the cat.

The succubus strolled casually to the outside of the circle. "No comment!" Emily said. The cat scratched behind its head. "Oh, now I see it! I've been racking my brains about that young man who was in the partridge's flat all this afternoon and evening. I thought his face looked familiar and now I know he's —"

"A magician," Henry said. "Jenny and I have employed him and you may be sure, Emily, we'll immobilise you yet!"

"Nice hope," sniffed the cat. "Sign of the cross, etc, is out of date."

"We have other spells," Henry said.

The succubus shook her head sadly. "Goodnight, Henry," she murmured.

"You're certainly a glutton for punishment, Henry," observed the succubus at

midnight, one week later. In the guise of the tom cat, she walked disdainfully around the sitting-room. "A week of spells, necromantic signs and what have you. Always at midnight!"

"The magician says major spells only work at midnight," Henry defended.

"If that is so, why is it necessary for you to sit here alone from 11 o'clock onwards while the magician remains in the other flat with the partridge?" asked the succubus. She capered around the room.

"I cast preparatory spells," said Henry.

"I'm surprised you could be so superstitious, Henry," said the succubus, sniffing.

"Unorthodox remedies for a distinctly unusual problem, Emily," Henry said. "You must admit you're that."

"Umph," said the succubus. She stretched indolently. "What are you waiting for? Get on with tonight's spell. I'm tired and want to go to sleep."

"In good time, Emily," Henry said, evenly. "I think we've got you tonight, Emily. While we've been talking the magician has been putting the finishing touches to a devastating spell he has been casting in Jenny's flat every night this week."

"There's no doubt of that spell, Henry," said the succubus, sarcastically. "I've seen the partridge's face when he talks."

"Really effective," Henry said. With victory-sensing fingers he groomed his satyr beard. "You're finished, Emily! I married Jenny this afternoon." He swept his right arm through 180 degrees. "The spell reaches its climax. The magician prevails —"

Henry paused. The succubus smirked. "See, I cast before you this enchanted food." Henry's hand, hovered over his pocket, flashed in, soared up with a small object. He dropped it near the succubus.

"You will not be able to resist it, Emily!" Henry cried. "See, you move towards it irresistibly."

"Looks like an ordinary kipper to me," Emily said. "Still, I like kippers. And I'd watch that magician, if I were you."

"That kipper and the magic will undo you," Henry said. "Smack your red lips, Emily! Bare your pointed white teeth! Writhe your pink tongue! Crunch! Gorge! Be exorcised back to the lowest hell from which you came. I go to my honeymoon!"

"Au revoir, Henry," mumbled the succubus sleepily from the depths of the kipper.

Satisfied the spell was working, Henry swept to the bathroom to refurbish ruffled locks and beard. Enhanced, Henry scouted the sitting-room.

"Exorcised yet, Emily?"

"Miaouw! Miaouw!" said the cat.

Triumphantly Henry soared over the landing to Jenny's flat. He pounced, caught her up and stretched her on the covers.

"Hullo, Henry," she murmured. With Emily's voice. 



JAMALIA



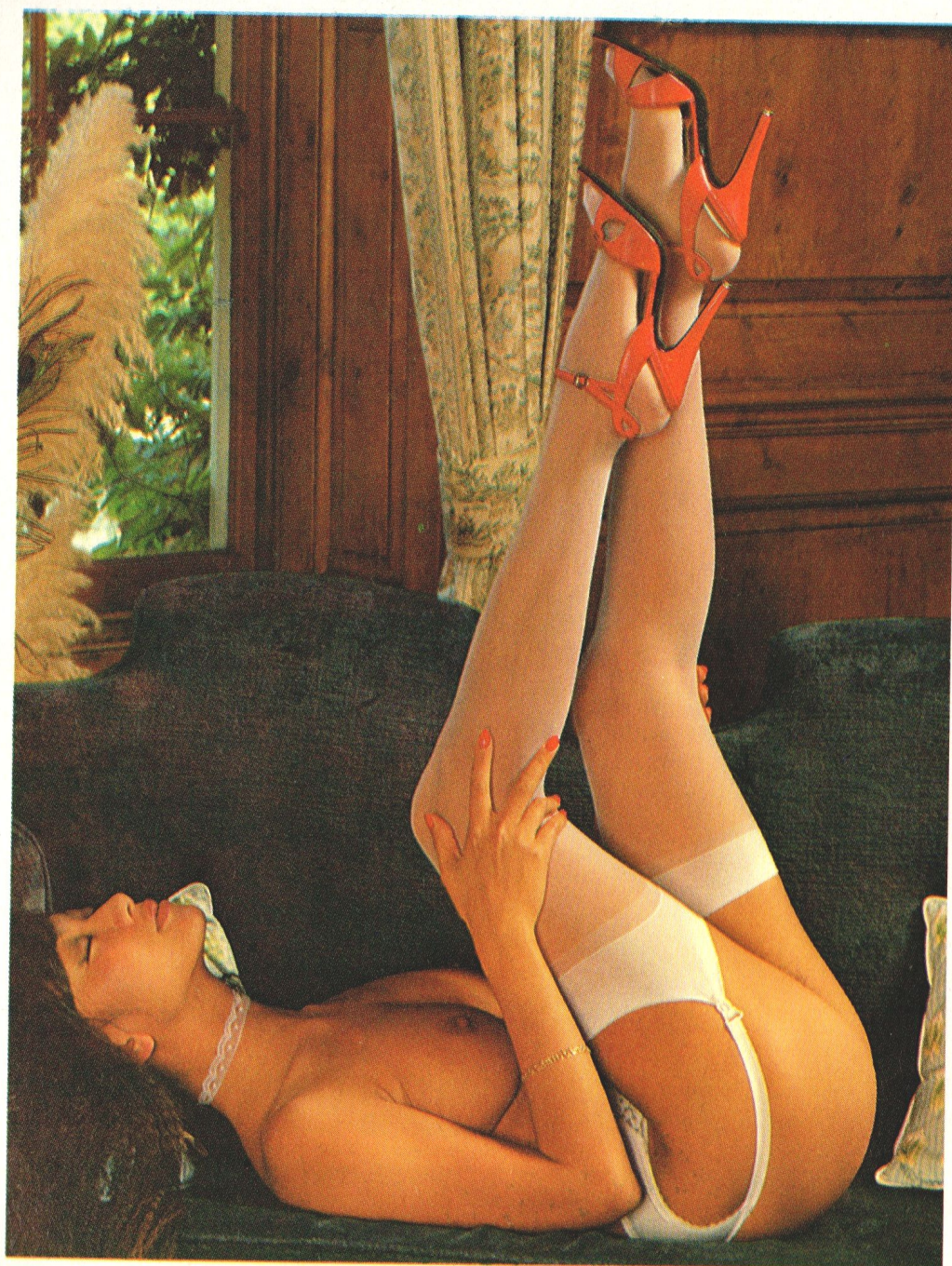
The Pearl

Like the sun, our honey-skinned Pet Jamalia rose from the East — and who could find a finer example of the heady treasures the Orient has yielded to us? There's more than a hint of spicy Eastern mystery playing about the almond eyes of our Malaysian-born beauty which masks a fiery ambition to become a successful model. And at 21, with a string of high fashion assignments chalked up, her gentle but constant drive has made the world her oyster.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD H. MILNE



Our glistening pearl was born of Malaysian and Australian parents. Her father was posted to Singapore from Sydney and set up a prosperous import-export business. Enchanted by the beauty and gentility of Asian women, he took a Malaysian bride and Jamalia is the exotic fruit of that marriage.



Jamalia admits to a weakness of letting her heart rule her head. When she was barely 19 she tumbled into a sizzling affair with a blond, blue-eyed traveller and ran away with him. "But the affair languished," says Jamalia wistfully. "My blond god mistreated me, I loved him but I am too fragile to be hurt often. One night I simply left his bed, kissed him gently and moved on . . .





"But there will be others to love and cherish me — and there is my career, my true, exciting passion of the moment. During intimacy I tend to be submissive, overawed by the hard bulk of a man. But in the modelling world I will push and push until I succeed. I will radiate towards the light. Slowly and most surely I will achieve my goals."



WELL STACKED

BY WAYNE ELMER

The days of mix and match are over. Used to be that the average hi-fi buyer would spend days, possibly weeks, trudging all over town comparing one amplifier to another; checking tonearm/cartridge compatibility; trying to hear the difference between bass reflex and infinite baffle.

Chances were he'd end up with a system that sounded okay and looked about as co-ordinated as a junk yard. A few years back, hi-fi reached one of its moments of truth: people began to ask themselves whether all the trouble associated with buying component systems was really worth it.

Once the manufacturers started to supply fully matched, quality systems the game was over. Today, the vast majority of new systems being sold are manufacturer-matched systems and it's easy to see why they have become so popular with the typical hi-fi buyer.

Matched systems not only sound good, they look good. When you buy a manufacturer's system there is virtually no chance of component incompatibility — each unit in the system should be an optimum match for all of the other units. And that means value for money — you're not wasting money on, say, an expensive amplifier which cannot be done justice by relatively inferior speakers.

Not only do you get compatibility, but matched systems can also provide a level of flexibility that cannot be found in a multi-brand system. Full remote operation, for example, is possible only in a manufacturer-matched system.

The most visible advantage of matched systems is the uniformity of appearance. The system looks like a system; and it is often housed in an attractive cabinet with woodgrains which complement the speaker enclosures.

Good looks, good sound and a good price sounds like a combination that's hard to beat. With that in mind *Penthouse* asked five of the major hi-fi manufacturers to nominate what they considered to be their most successful matched system. Not only will this give you some idea of what type of systems are available; it will also be an indication of what systems are popular with buyers.

As you can see, the range of systems nominated varies from the micro-sized, fully automated system by Sharp, to the regal splendor of the Marantz system. Each system does basically the same things: plays records and tapes and features a tuner. Yet the prices range from under \$1000 to almost \$2500. Obviously the small Sharp system cannot compete for pure sonic force with the larger Sanyo and Marantz systems, though its compact size may prove to be worth the inevitable compromise in sound quality for many buyers.

Each of the systems highlighted does its job — and does it well, judging by their popularity. Given the wide price range covering the five systems, there should be a product here to suit most pockets and ears.



The thing that you notice *immediately* with the new Sharp VZ-3000Z/H system is that the turntable operates vertically. After decades of seeing turntables playing records in a horizontal fashion, this comes as something of a shock to the system.

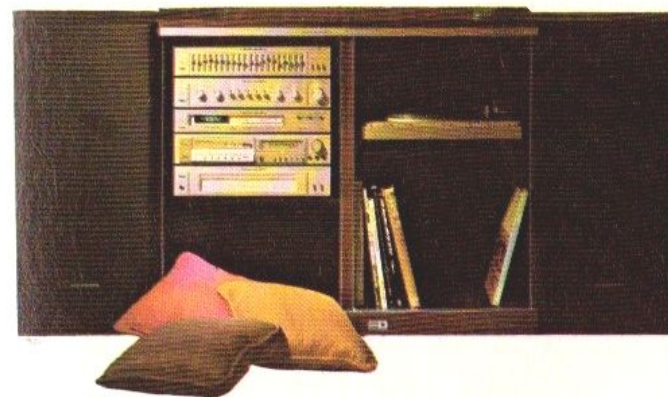
Yet not only does the Sharp turntable stand on its side, as it were, it also plays both sides of a record automatically. No more running to the turntable at the end of every side; at the touch of a button the VZ-3000Z/H will automatically play both sides of the record in succession. Touch the "repeat" button and you'll hear the same side repeated; touch the "repeat" and "both sides play" buttons in sequence and both sides will be repeated. Simple.

While the turntable is the most eye-catching, and indeed revolutionary, component in the system, the remaining components exhibit their fair share of technological advances also.

At the heart of the system is the 25 watts per channel amplifier which enhances the slimline styling of the system by housing the controls for bass, treble, mic mixing etc within a hidden compartment. The cassette deck, located directly above the amplifier controls, features Dolby, metal tape capability, soft-touch operation and APSS. APSS (Automatic Program Search System) is further evidence of Sharp's desire for maximum automation and listener convenience. The APSS function will literally search the cassette tape for your desired song — no more guesswork in trying to locate a particular track on any tape.

A four band (RM, SW2, SW1, MW) stereo tuner featuring Phase Locked Loop FM stereo demodulator and full muting circuitry completes the electronics for the system. The final components are the compact speakers. They are of bass reflex design, incorporating a 16cm woofer and a 5cm tweeter in each cabinet.

Overall, the VZ-3000Z/H is dedicated to the state of the art in operator convenience. It is a highly flexible and intelligent music system, and it doesn't look half bad either! It can be bought for around \$900 — and at that price it's bound to have many admirers.



The Renaissance 1000 system from Marantz is an up-market design that couples impressive technical standards with handsome visual packaging.

The system is comprised of preamplifier, power amplifier, tuner, cassette deck, equalizer, turntable, speakers and cabinet.

The combination of the SC500 pre-amplifier and the SM500DC power amplifier offers a wide range of functions along with punchy performance. The power amp pumps out 60 watts per channel, while the pre-amplifier and the SM500DC power amplifier offers a wide range of functions along with punchy performance. The power amp pumps out 60 watts per channel, while the pre-amp features tape copy facilities, selectable loudness control settings and varying cartridge load inputs, permitting precise matching to any type of magnetic cartridge.

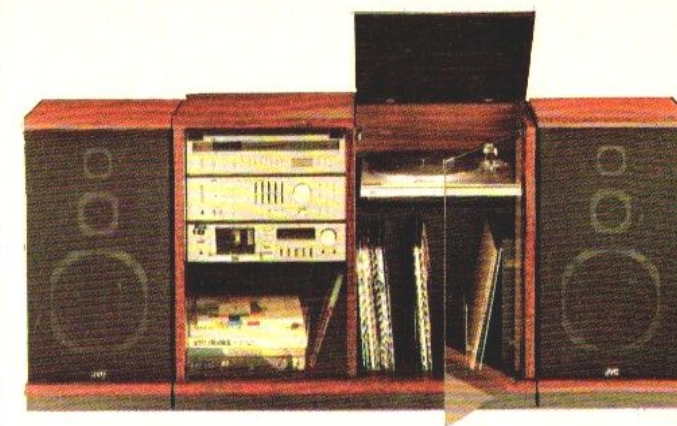
Tuning is a simple matter with the ST520 quartz synthesized AM/FM stereo tuner; 14 stations can be preset and recalled instantly. Alternatively, the tunings can control locates the next station up or down the frequency scale. Impressively, the system features built-in power storage which will keep the memory circuits activated for up to seven days if the unit is unplugged.

The attractive appearance of the system is greatly enhanced by the slimness of the five electronic components. To help reduce the height of the cassette deck, Marantz have struck on a rather ingenious solution: the cassette is placed horizontally in a drawer which slides in and out of the front console. The deck can be operated with the drawer in either the "in" or "out" positions. All tape transport functions of the deck are engaged with soft-touch controls which are precise and instantaneous. Fine bias control, tape selectors (for all tapes, including metal) and LED peak level meters complete the cassette deck package.

The EQ20 graphic equalizer is that touch of luxury which you expect in a truly sophisticated music system. The equalizer provides highly flexible tone control with its 10 detented slide controls per channel. A bypass switch enables instant comparison between the equalized sound and flat response.

A fully automatic, quartz lock turntable and a pair of three-way bass reflex speakers complete the music components. All components are housed in the rosewood finished cabinet, which features full-length twin glass doors. Thoughtfully, headphone sockets are provided at the base of the cabinets.

There is no denying that these is a touch of class in the Renaissance 1000 system. And, of course, that is how it should be with a system that's worth \$2500.



The Pulstar 77 is one of the hi-fi series currently being marketed by JVC. All systems in the series are made up of JVC components that have been specially matched so that all units complement one another.

The Pulstar 77 is comprised of the A-X2 amplifier, the T-X2 tuner, the L-A31 turntable, the KD-D3 cassette deck, the SK303 speaker system and the LK-H33R cabinet.

The system is capable of 42 watts per channel power output, and integrated with the amplifier functions is JVC's SEA graphic stereo equalizer. Five slider controls on the front panel of the amplifier allow for far greater flexibility in tone control than the standard bass and treble controls seen on most amplifiers.

The L-A31 turntable is a direct drive model pushed by a cordless DC servo motor. The statistically balanced tone arm features an auto return mechanism at the end of each record. The T-X2 tuner incorporates digital synthesizer circuitry for optimum AM/FM stereo reproduction. Tuning is made easy by the 12 station (six FM and six AM) pre-set facility.

The Pulstar 77 cassette deck, like all new-generation decks of merit has the capacity to handle the new metal tapes. However, unlike most other decks, the JVC KD-D3 features a unique noise reduction system. In addition to the standard Dolby Noise Reduction circuitry, the KD-D3 incorporates JVC's exclusive ANRs (Automatic Noise Reduction System). Its supporters claim that it is at least the equal of Dolby; and with both systems incorporated in the deck, it allows the user to make up his own mind as to which noise reduction system he prefers.

Full logic, soft touch controls make operating the KD-D3 quick and simple.

The speaker system of the Pulstar 77 is comprised of a pair of three-way bass reflex units. Each enclosure houses a 24.5cm bass driver, a 6cm midrange unit and a 4.5cm tweeter.

The LK-H33R cabinet with glass doors come in knock-down form for easy home assembly.

The Pulstar 77 is the sort of matched system that offers everything you should expect from a domestic music system. Extra touches such as ANRS and SEA equalisation are thoughtful refinements on what is basically a very sound system. It's yours for \$1744.

IT NOT ONLY SOUNDS FAMILIAR, IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC.

If you were interested in hi-fi a few years ago, you'll remember the name Fisher.

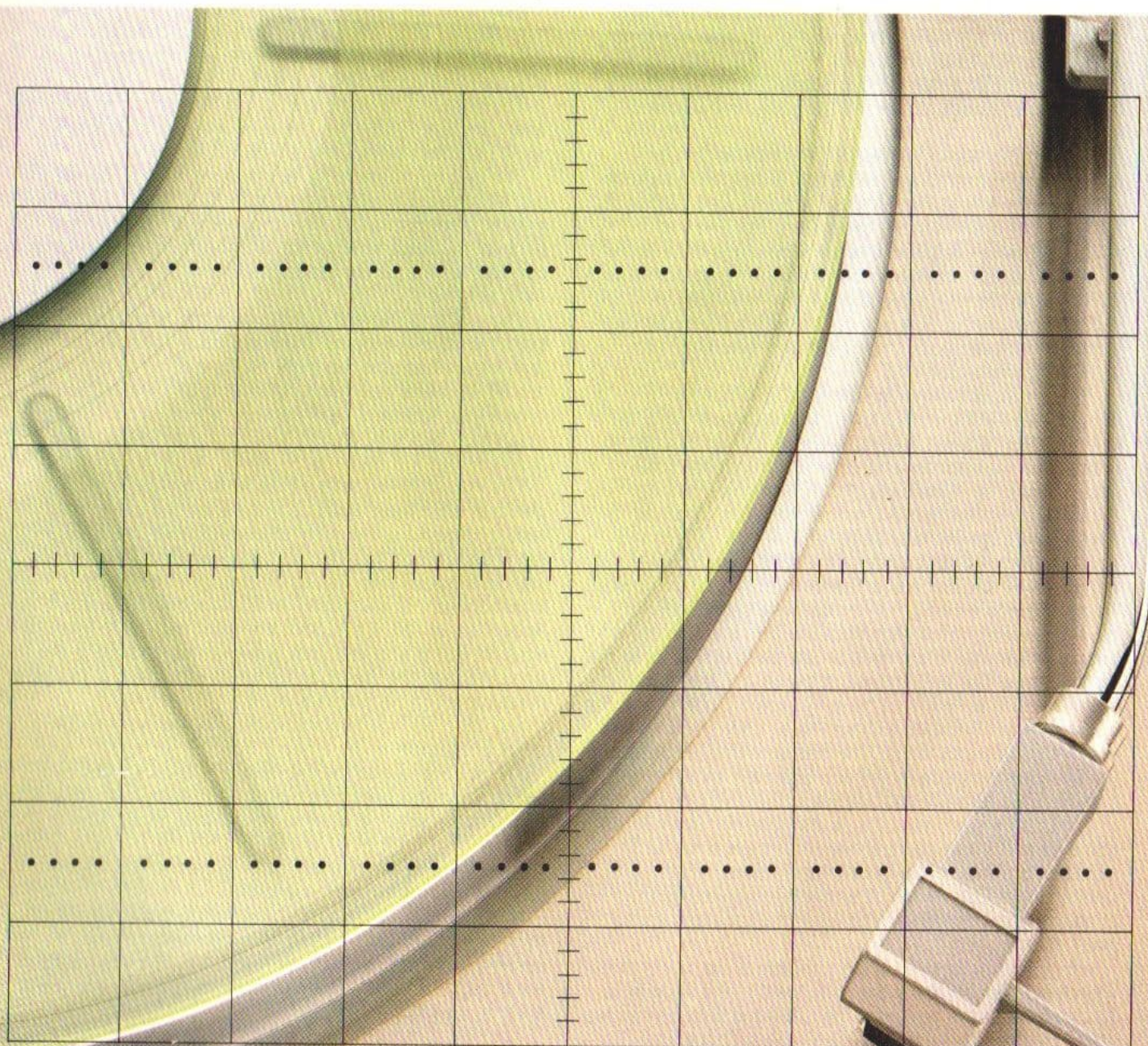
Fisher made the first dynamic range expander back in 1939.

The first transistorised preamplifier/equalizer in 1956. Fisher also introduced the

first stereophonic AM/FM receiver in 1959.

But if you have not heard what we've been up to lately, we suggest you get along to a Fisher retailer. At your retailer you'll find some products that not only sound familiar.

They sound fantastic. **The first name in hi-fidelity.**



FISHER

4608



The new Sigma series of matched systems from Technics features a dozen or so highly sophisticated sound systems.

Technics has always prided itself on being at the forefront of hi-fi technology, and with its new generation of systems it has put such advances as Class A circuitry, quartz synthesizer tuning, dbx and honeycomb disc speaker design within reach of the music enthusiast.

Several of the new Technics amplifiers feature Class A design, which means that the output transistors are maintained in a ready state, preventing switching and cross-over distortion. In effect, it means very low distortion from the amplifier. Another step forward in circuit design is quartz synthesizer tuning. Not to be confused with quartz lock or digital display, the quartz synthesizer is claimed to be the most accurate tuning system available. At the heart of the system is computerised circuitry that delivers precisely the signals needed to tune in any station on the dial. Furthermore, it's referenced to an unwavering quartz crystal oscillator to prevent drift absolutely.

Although Dolby noise reduction is a common sight on Technics cassette decks, dbx noise reduction is a comparatively new addition to some decks. It is a type of compander, and works by compressing the dynamic range during the recording, then expanding dynamic range during playback. Claimed results include at least 30dB noise reduction and a dynamic range of 110dB (which, by the way, is more than any digital recording system claims). All Technics decks with built-in dbx feature the familiar Dolby B noise reduction system as well.

The Technics Sigma system we are highlighting is the E-V3115, which is located toward the upper end of the range.

Featuring one of Technics' new "Class A" DC amplifiers, the system is capable of 40 watts per channel output. This output is driven through a pair of linear phase speakers. Each speaker enclosure houses separate bass, midrange and high frequency drivers.

The system's turntable is of direct drive design with semi-automatic tonearm mechanism. A front-loading cassette deck, with LED level display and soft-touch logic controls and an AM/FM stereo tuner, are the system's remaining signal generators. The final component, a graphic equaliser, changes the tone of the signal. The equaliser, with five bands per channel and two boost/attenuation ranges, will give hours of serious fun to any sound enthusiast.

An audio rack with castors and glass doors completes the package and the all-up price is \$1659.

WELL STACKED



The Otto 500 from Sanyo is a complete package of turntable, amplifier, tape deck, remote control centre, speaker system and matching cabinet.

It is a total music centre that would look impressive in any surroundings.

Its technical specifications are also impressive: the amplifier, for example, incorporates "synchronous A" a power circuitry which is claimed to eliminate distortion caused by discontinuity during the switch-over between transistors for the positive and negative half-cycles.

The power of the amplifier is 60 watts per channel and output monitoring is provided by two 9-LED power level meters. The system's tuner is of the PLL (Phase Locked Loop) design and features a tuning system that can be operated either by manual scan or automatically; a 12 station pre-set facility enables fast, one touch tuning. An LED signal strength meter indicates the station's optimum reception strength.

The Otto 500 tape deck features direct drive with full logic control and a DC servo capstan motor. Heads are compatible with metal tape and other features include VU meters with LED peak level indicators, left/right mic inputs and timer standby.

The fully automatic, programmable direct-drive turntable has an inbuilt microcomputer for selection of track playing order. And a digital readout indicates the track playing and the mode selected. It's probably the nearest thing to a juke-box that you'll ever own.

For the slothful amongst us, the wireless remote control facility is a joy. This unit is capable of controlling the amplifier tuner, cassette deck and turntable with 23 separate functions. All from the comfort of the loungechair.

The Otto 500 speaker system is comprised of a pair of large enclosures fitted with a 30cm bass driver, a 12cm midrange unit and two horn-type piezo ceramic tweeters. Attenuation controls for the midrange and high frequency drivers allow for the tailoring of sound in accordance with room acoustics.

The system is housed in an attractive teak vinyl woodgrain cabinet with glass doors. The cabinet stands on concealed castors for easy movement. It is a commanding and impressive music system and can be purchased for a recommended retail price of \$2320. 



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PHIL NOYCE

I would far prefer
to fail miserably while I was
trying something adventurous than
fail doing something feeble

At one time the excruciating task of following one hit with another (before public fickleness edged you aside for the next talent seeking that once-in-a-lifetime break) was the exclusive concern of pop stars. Now a new breed of artist is learning how to survive breakthrough popularity — the film director, product of the Seventies resurgence in feature film activity, has become the latest object of media fawning. Through the director's eyes the international audience is experiencing an insight into Australia, this strange down under place often conceived as "that country somewhere in Europe".

In 1978, international media attention honed in on an original piece of Australian cinema, *Newsfront*, and it's 28-year-old director, Philip Noyce. Combining black and white newsreel footage with snippet from the lives of the cameramen who recorded the character of Australia in the days of innocence, Noyce's work touched a nerve. That nerve was felt at the box office around this country and caused international film critics and festivals to pass over traditional European filmmakers in a rush to highlight the new discovery.

The verdict from one New York critic acclaimed the film as the highlight of that city's festival: Noyce's approach to narrative "is freshly, elliptically modern, proving that it is possible to bridge the gap, to make a Seventies film without rejecting the mythical and storytelling properties that hooked us on movies in the first place."

In a year that saw *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* ballyhooed into the Cannes Film Festival as Australia's in-competition entry (and subsequently shunned by Australian audiences), it was *Newsfront* that drew the raves and set adrenalin flowing. Here it was, further proof (if it was needed) of Australia as the new force in cinema. And Noyce one of it's shining stars.

For the Griffith-born director this critical acclaim was the realisation of an ambition that emerged during his schooldays. Way back then he attended a screening of underground films arranged by the Sydney-based UBU co-operative of independent filmmakers, and remembers being aroused by "all these funny little films produced on

shoestring budgets employing friends as actors and technical crew". The thing that inspired Noyce, who grew up with Saturday matinee movies produced on unreachable budgets, was the *ordinariness* of the films. They presented a reality of screen light and shadow that made it possible, if one was able to fire the enthusiasm of schoolmates, to become a director. With moral support from the UBU troika, Albie Toms, Aggy Read and David Perry, he set up "Zonk-Out Films" (after all, this was the Sixties, cradle of psychedelia) on \$10 share capital from his circle of acquaintances. Noyce made *Better Terrain in Hell*, concerning the sexual fantasies of a repressed teenager. He was hooked, but never for one moment believed filmmaking could be anything more than a hobby.

Following his father's wishes, he took on the study of law and found himself locked into a subject and future that interested him little. His high came from running the law school film society, splitting his time between making short films and managing the Sydney Filmmaker's co-operative. Eventually, he transferred to an Arts course — and *still* found himself involved more in film than studying art.

Upon graduation in 1973, Noyce was immediately accepted into the infant Australian Film and Television School, and over the next four years produced an impressive output of short films. His 50-minute documentary *Castor and Pollux* was awarded Best Australian Short Film, 1974 Sydney Film Festival. That rounded into maturity with a one-hour black and white documentary drama, *Backroads*, featuring a *Homicide* regular heavy, Bill Hunter, as a roughneck loser on the road with his aborigine counterpart, played by Gary Foley. Incidentally, *Backroads* is now triple-billed with Gillian Armstrong's *The Singer and the Dancer* and Peter Weir's *Homesdale* as an American release highlighting the roots of Australian cinema's "new wave". The three directors, along with Bruce Beresford and Fred Schepisi, have dazzled American studios with original films which demonstrate a tremendous standard of production quality on budgets considered shoestring in comparison with those of their

INTERVIEW

Hollywood counterparts. Each has been enticed, by the promise of artistic freedom and open chequebooks, to contribute toward the glorification of Hollywood.

Washed in praise, Noyce was able to take his time before committing himself to a second feature. Offers came from the States and from his own industry, and no-one expected three years to pass before another film would carry his directoral credit. In an industry that is a gregarious consumer of heresay and halftruths, the whisper gained momentum — *Newsfront* was a one-off, a fluke. Noyce was unable to do it again. When he chose a telefeature, *Z Force*, as his next project, the rumor gained credence. Before, the cameras rolled he had come to verbal blows with the producers and Tim Burstall had stepped in to take over the film. For a man who has hailed as “able to sustain a spirited narrative while making deft and revealing reference to political and social issues”, Noyce appeared to be on the skids.

In early 1981, having kept his hand in with documentaries and television commercials, he finally got back behind the camera to direct Judy Davis and Richard Moir in a contemporary thriller, *Heatwave*, from a screenplay motivated by events surrounding the disappearance in the early Seventies of anti-development activist, Juanita Neilson. The resulting film presents a maturity of style as it sidesteps the conservative formula that has restrained much of recent Australian cinema. A self-confessed risk-taker, Noyce refuses to be stamped a “safe” talent. With *Heatwave*, he has managed to draw a perspective on the offspring of the Menzies era that he so precisely captures in *Newsfront*. The heirs of those Fifties newsreel cameramen have blossomed into the *nouveau riche* opportunists of the Eighties, in which compromise, in the Noyce vision, outstrips idealism as they shape a society distinguished only by a flourishing suburban market place.

Contributing Editor Denis Whitburn was part of the audience the night *Newsfront* opened the London Film Festival in November 1978, and has observed Noyce in close-up and at a distance over the intervening years. Their various conversations have drawn heavily from the “why” and “where” of the Australian film industry. Whitburn begins at the point where they first met.

Penthouse: At 28 you were facing a packed audience on the opening night of the London Film Festival, as director

of the first Australian film so honored. What were your feelings that night?

Noyce: I was in the wrong place. It shouldn't be happening to me. When I was growing up, London was always considered the cultural and political centre of the world, the place that anyone who ever went overseas headed for no matter what their aspirations — particularly people in the arts. It was considered an essential part of growing up, “The Great Overseas Trip”. So there I was, only the second time I'd been overseas, at the opening of the London Film Festival where they were going to show a film I'd made, one I didn't think anyone would understand outside Australia. Certainly one I didn't think they would respond to. In many ways I wasn't prepared; there was no tradition of the arts in my family — although my father did have some inkling to be a writer. During the period I

Newsfront was
a hard act to
follow. I felt an
obligation to live
up to that
reputation

grew up in there was little preoccupation with the arts in Australia as a whole. Artistically the Fifties and Sixties in Australia were relatively barren years.

Penthouse: The period between *Newsfront* and your latest film, *Heatwave*, has been somewhat extended in terms of productivity. A three-year hiatus, it seems.

Noyce: The period that followed after we finished *Newsfront*, taking in the international critical response to the film, contributed greatly to the length of time it took me to make another film. *Newsfront* was more successful at film festivals and cultural events than it was commercially overseas. Everyone wanted to screen it. Paris, Prague, London, New York, Tokyo, Wellington; that amounts to a lot of free trips and interviews in a dozen different languages for hundreds of newspapers, meeting all the critics I'd read since I first wanted to make movies. Coming face to face with them and finding they were taking me seriously. *Newsfront* was a hard act to follow. I felt an obligation to live up to

that reputation. It was difficult to choose another project, to be certain that a particular film, from the number I was working on, was the right one. At the back of my mind there was probably a concern that people would be disappointed after *Newsfront*, rather than the question: “Do I want to do this?”

Penthouse: Did this “obligation” manifest itself as a fear after a while?

Noyce: Yes, it would have to be a fear. The second film is always difficult. Initially it is a fear of *them*, but finally it's a fear of yourself. Particularly when you have no appreciation of whether or not you have talent whether your good, bad or indifferent. You start to think that maybe it was a freak and you were lucky it happened — a combination of being offered the right script at the right time and somehow managing to pull it off. So, you convince yourself you can't do it again.

Penthouse: Yet you finally managed to overcome that “fear” to take on *Z Force*. Then something went wrong.

Noyce: *Z Force* was basically a telefeature, a co-production between producer Lee Robinson, executive producer John McCallum, and the Central Motion Picture Company of Taiwan. It was an interesting script and although Robinson was largely in agreement with my views, I found McCallum, the man ultimately carrying the can in terms of the Australian end of the budget, didn't agree with my approach. My involvement in the project floundered on the eve of production and by mutual agreement, I was replaced by Tim Burstall. An unfortunate incident, and probably if I had been less pigheaded or more willing to compromise, I could have completed the project successfully. I think, however, it was better for the film *they* wanted to make that Tim did take over. At least his film was much closer to their original conception of the project.

Penthouse: What attracted you to this project over the others you were working on at the time?

Noyce: Initially the story — a plane crashes on a small South Pacific Island during WWII with a high ranking American officer on board, and a *Z Force* command group is sent in after him. Then there was the political content, which was partly the reason we finally came to a falling out. My father had been a *Z* man, serving in the Middle East and New Guinea and then becoming a *Z Force* trainer on Fraser Island off the coast of Queensland. I had grown up with the legend of the *Z Force* stories told to me as a kid and immediately a script came along about them, of course I was attracted to it. The screenplay revolved around an interesting colonial conflict between the Dutch (who had controlled the island

for 300 years), the Japanese (occupying it in the name of liberation but in turn establishing their own empire), the Chinese (traditionally in control of the island's commerce), the indigenous population (who were the subjects of them all) and the Allies, who believed they were fighting to liberate the island, and were probably oblivious to any wider conflicts of empire and economic control.

Penthouse: It has a ring of familiarity about it. In more recent times we have seen the Asian “theatre” of liberation similarly focussed on Vietnam.

Noyce: By the time that conflict came along, particularly in the latter stages of the war, the soldiers themselves did become aware of the larger international concerns and their own position as pawn in a much wider economical struggle — came to realise Vietnam was of far greater strategic importance than the ideological struggle they were supposedly engaged in. *Z Force* was interesting to me on that level. The politics were inherent in the drama but they were not going to be emphasised. I was attracted by the chance to make an A-grade come B-grade film, one that could play drive-ins and Carnegie Hall.

Penthouse: What attracted you to *Heatwave*?

Noyce: In some ways it was an updated version of *Newsfront*. A portrait of a society at a particular time. The film had the potential to define the labyrinthine power struggles of contemporary Sydney. Plus the central character, an architect, interested me. In some ways his dilemma in the screenplay mirrored the experiences I had gone through on *Z Force* as a director. The same kind of pressures are on the architect. He has a vision which he can only realise through the benevolence of patrons — builders and developers. The building an architect is working on may cost tens of millions of dollars, so he's under all kinds of pressures to compromise. I see architecture as a very romantic profession, one that influences us all, and it seemed to me to be an obvious choice for a commercial film. Our whole psychological day is influenced by architecture. We work in offices that are badly ventilated, badly lit and badly designed, yet we seldom consider that design factors may influence our work attitude. We come home to dingy terrace houses and blame the *weather* for our listlessness. I think in some ways world events are influenced by architecture. Also, here was a film set against the extremities of Sydney — and contemporary Australian — society, the working class and the *nouveau riche*. The confrontation between these opposing lifestyles was central to the narrative.

Penthouse: You perceived *Heatwave* as

a film concerned with the pressures on the artist and between the classes, rather than one which dealt with business corruption?

Noyce: Yes. I think that is reflected in the emphasis the story takes, as opposed to the emphasis placed on a similar story, *The Killing of Angel Street*. *Heatwave* makes a political statement but the politics are implied, placed between the lines. They aren't the lines themselves. To me, the best way to portray politics on the screen is through human conflict rather than straight political rhetoric. Audiences too often recoil from that.

It's impossible to make a film like *Heatwave* and totally dilute the political content — but human beings have to be seen as cogs in a larger political machine, and that is the way to filter political content to a wide audience. Like *Newsfront*, *Heatwave* is an

I would
only give myself
six out of 10. You
strive all your life
to achieve the
perfect movie

“Irish stew” of many issues and themes colliding with each other during the 95 minutes of film.

Penthouse: There are other similarities between the two films, such as that between the central characters.

Noyce: Both do revolve around a man of integrity who attempts to maintain it as he finds others around him who are willing to compromise theirs. A man whose work draws him into conflict with his fellow workers and within his marital relationship. He struggles with a particular ideal.

Penthouse: With *Heatwave*, how much of your original vision has made it to the finished product?

Noyce: It really can't be called *my* original vision. The final screenplay involves the work of Tim Gooding, Mark Stiles, Mark Rosenberg and myself. And the film reflects the contribution of over 100 people. If we're talking about how much of the original vision contained in the final screenplay actually made it to the screen, it'd probably be true to say more than 100 percent because much was added during post

production. On the other hand, not every scene turns out the way you would imagine it, through a variety of reasons. You don't always have time to shoot all the shots you'd like or you find you can't draw from a particular scene because of performance reasons or your own lack of imagination on a particular day — you find you can't realise the ambience of the scene you may have carried around in your mind for nine months beforehand. In some ways, more than my original vision appears on the screen — in others, being a harsh critic, I would only give myself six out of 10. I think you strive all your life to achieve the perfect movie, and nothing is perfect in art anyway because it's almost impossible, art being such a subjective thing, to measure perfection. Probably my aim is to make the perfect film.

But as soon as you've finished a film, recorded a series of events, you see the shortcomings of your own perception. You realise, for example, that a relationship you portrayed on the screen wasn't as complex as real life.

Penthouse: Given this expansion of experience and perception, would you make *Newsfront* differently today?

Noyce: We were all inexperienced when we were making that film. The producer, director and writer too. And would I do it differently? Yes — and it would mainly be in the area of screenplay. Bob Ellis will probably maintain to his death-bed that it was all there in his writing, and I maintain it wasn't. Bob produced a very long screenplay, very well written but too long for the budget of the film, which is not necessarily his or the producer's fault. It was a fairly adventuresome film in the way it attempted to tell its story, therefore it was a long shot commercially. The producer, David Elfick, was in the position of trying to raise money for a film unlike any other and it was quite extraordinary he was able to come up with the half million dollars at the time. He couldn't have raised the million necessary in 1977 to shoot the full Ellis script, so cuts were essential and that's where the conflict arose. Ellis has stated that he made himself available at all times to the producer and director to make changes, but of course he is a very difficult fellow to work with at the best of times — quite opinionated, which is good when all too often you deal with people in the film industry who have no opinion whatsoever, or someone else's opinion, or the consensus is *their* opinion. At least Ellis has his own opinion. Most of the changes made in the screenplay, with the help of a script editor who did no rewriting, were in fact cuts that in any other screenplay might have destroyed the original intention of the writer. As the director, I was the

INTERVIEW

meat in the sandwich. On one hand, there's the producer saying you've got seven weeks to shoot this film and we hope you'll achieve a certain standard — on the other, the writer is insisting you can't cut a word, so the director has to make a decision. If we had been able to enjoy a more compatible relationship with Ellis in those few months leading up to the start of production, we could have made a better film.

Penthouse: On your own rating scale, how many points do you give *Newsfront*?

Noyce: I'd have to give myself more than half. So I would say five and a half.

Penthouse: Half a point less than you give yourself for *Heatwave*. Were you surprised by the international reaction to *Newsfront*?

Noyce: Totally. David Elfick always encouraged me to believe we were on a winner but I thought he was mad when he suggested the film might do well internationally. My experience was very limited and in terms of the audience I was pitching the film to, I don't think I saw further than suburban Australia. My whole emphasis, the elements I responded to in the screenplay, were based on a very parochial perception. It would probably be true to say the reason critics and audiences responded internationally to the film, because of its Australianness. They saw it as a product of national art. It had a naivety, a realistic portrayal of life in a particular country at a certain time.

Penthouse: Which brings us to the question: what kind of films should the industry be making today?

Noyce: There can be no dogmatic answer to that. We should be making all types of movies. It hasn't been proved yet whether a wholly indigenous work such as *Newsfront* or *Gallipoli* — which is not quite the same as *Newsfront* in that it possibly makes more concessions to an international audience — can succeed commercially right around the world. The film industry looked for *Gallipoli* to prove that point but it's American success has not been as great as first anticipated. It's true to say that *Mad Max*, which could have been set anywhere in the world, is our most commercially successful film on the international market. That does not prove anything either, just as a relative success of *My Brilliant Career* or *Breaker Morant* proves nothing just yet. I don't think we have got enough numbers up yet to make a survey — except to say that good films do well.

Penthouse: Somewhere in there, though, must be a clue to the type of films we should be producing to touch that international nerve?

Noyce: My belief in regard to the films I would like to make is this: the *human experience* is universal; theatre from the time of the Greeks has always been based on the same eight or 10 stories concerning love, hate, greed, ambition, egotism, competition, etc. All these larger human emotions. It does not matter if it's competition in Woolloomooloo or Wagga Wagga or New York, or greed in Los Angeles, egotism in London, love in Paris. If a story taps these universal human traits it will communicate. Our uniqueness of lifestyle, our aspirations, our history is what we should be exploiting. It is no use making a film in Australia and pretending it's set in another country, some mythical mid-Atlantic or mid-Pacific location. We have to admit that our stories are about Australian relationships. Our real problem is with our screenplays and how they are realised

It is no use
making a film in
Australia and pretending
it's set in another
country, some
mythical location

and that is not particularly a problem of screenwriting. It is also of conception, which may start with the producer. It is also very short-sighted to continue to import actors because we're going to end up in the year 2000 still having to hire Kirk Douglas to play the great Australian hero. There is no reason why we can't develop our own international stars and we have a responsibility to strive for this. We have seen Judy Davis almost emerge as an international screen star, Bryan Brown likewise, and there are many others whom I believe have the potential to enthrall audiences, in the right stories, all around the world.

Penthouse: Isn't there a parallel between the international attention Brown, Davis, Helen Morse, Jack Thompson and Mel Gibson are receiving, and what happened out of England in the early Sixties with Albert Finney, Richard Harris, Julie Christie and Alan Bates?

Noyce: Yes, and it would be healthy to see Judy Davis, for example, right now shooting an English production, ap-

pearing in overseas films. She turned down the lead role opposite Burt Reynolds in *Paternity*. Consider the possibilities if Judy had been offered the Sally Field role opposite Reynolds in *Smoky and the Bandit* — and I'm not suggesting it would have been right for her except that we saw how that movie catapulted Sally Field's career. The same may have happened to Judy Davis with *Paternity*. The Australian cinema might have been able to use such exposure to its own advantage. Judy and others may not achieve international bankability through Australian features, but it could come through American or British films, and hopefully they would return to Australia and be able to use them as the linchpin for one of our own projects. The star system is alive and well whether we like it or not. We have seen, in the case of *Winter of our Dreams*, our national star system working to the advantage of a good film that otherwise may have died a quick death, it being a slow, contemplative story of relationships, one based on character rather than action. It managed to attract a considerable audience, initially because of the performers, but finally because of its excellence.

Penthouse: Among those "many others" do you include Bill Hunter? You have used him in your three dramatic features, *Backroads*, *Newsfront* and *Heatwave*.

Noyce: I had never heard of Hunter at the time I started *Backroads*. We were searching for a certain type and I eventually met him, after he had been suggested to me, outside a pub in Darlinghurst, and I asked him to screen test for me. He flatly refused, so I told him the story and asked him to improvise and he did — right there on the street. This was the first time I'd witnessed his excellence as an actor. You can feel his heart beating on the screen. For example, his performance in *Heatwave* finally, for me, didn't work until I saw the film with an audience of 400 people and I saw that he was actually engaging an audience, projecting emotions to those people that hadn't come across on the set or in the editing room. On the screen you know what he's thinking, feeling without him saying a word. That's the mark of a great actor.

Penthouse: Hunter is very Australian as a type, blessed with a quiet strength.

Noyce: In that sense, he's like Bryan Brown, an archetypal Australian — a man who has bottled up his emotions. All Australians have, in the past, found it difficult to bring their feelings to the surface, in a way most Europeans find it so easy. This is probably contributed to the simplicity of a lot of our films. We haven't mastered the art of complex screenwriting and our stories and

characters are so simple because they're genuine reflection of our lifestyle — or at least that lifestyle that has provided the source material for so many of our period films.

Penthouse: Are Australians, in your view, uncomplex characters and personalities? Maybe lacking in any depth?

Noyce: Only in as much as while complexity is usually burning down inside, it's very seldom brought to the surface. Our intellectual tradition is, shall we say, meagre. Australians experience interpersonal relationships which operate more on disguised feelings than articulated responses — we're traditionally an undemonstrative race. But Australia, 1982 is completely different to Australia, 1952, so that shouldn't be taken as a generalisation of the contemporary Australian experience. It is no longer primarily an Anglo-Saxon-Irish racial mixture for a start. You can look at an Ocker-Italian who speaks broad Australian argot and then suddenly breaks out into an incredible emotional of sentiment in Italian, and say *that's* an Australian. There is a new complexity to the Australian character.

Penthouse: How difficult then, as a director, is it to protect that "traditional" Australian character when creating a film?

Noyce: It wasn't so difficult with *Newsfront* because that portrays an almost undiluted Anglo-Saxon-Irish culture. An uncomplicated period when the issues were black and white — not like today, where everything is blurred. It was certainly more difficult with *Heatwave*. With hindsight and consensus you can portray a character in the past relatively easily. For *Newsfront* I enjoyed access to newsreel material set against a period; access to the work of historians who could interpret those events and the aspirations of the population during the period. The present is a confusion, a jigsaw to be unravelled in the future, and this is probably one reason we've shied away from producing contemporary films. Audiences tend to be more decided about contemporary issues. You see this in critical and audience response to a film like *Winter of our Dreams*. Many friends of mine have questioned the authenticity of Bryan Brown's relationship with Cathy Downes; relationships in Sydney, they say, just aren't like that. That is much easier to accept than a claim that aspects of *Newsfront* weren't real. Most of today's audience weren't alive then and if they were, opinion is only based on distant memory. The present is much more difficult to interpret.

Penthouse: Is that the reason so much time was sent in the Seventies making films about our past?

Noyce: There were many factors. It's easier to make films that look expensive by setting them in the past. It's possible to create a fantasy, almost, out of the past through art direction alone. A distant reality people can lose themselves in. It's not much cheaper to make a contemporary film, but a lot harder to transport the audience, sell them a ticket to indulge their dreams. Also there is so much of our past that Australian writers, directors, producers and audiences had to catch up on to reinterpret. In the early Seventies we were probably guilty of throwing a veil over the past, wallowing in nostalgia. But those films that worked, *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *Caddie*, hit a nerve with Australian audiences and the industry responded to this commercial success by trying to repeat the formula. Those films that did attempt a contemporary view were financially less

Now filmmakers
and audiences are
mature enough to
support films like
Puberty Blues
and *Heatwave*

successful. Now filmmakers and audiences are mature enough to support films like *Puberty Blues* and *Heatwave*. **Penthouse:** Wasn't there also a "new awareness" linked to the rising nationalism of the early Seventies? Perhaps Australians were not embarrassed by the mirrored image?

Noyce: Yes, there was also that. I saw Tim Burstall's *2000 Weeks* at the Sydney Film Festival in 1968. That film was an attempt to really come to terms with the public and private contemporary concerns of Australia and the audience *laughed*. They howled with derision. They could not handle it — and I *know* if it had been subtitled from Swedish and set in Stockholm they would have applauded. They could not face up to an image of their own experience being portrayed on the silver screen, a place that had been the exclusive domain of American personal stories, American aspirations, American history. Perhaps if the film had been set in the 1920s they would have found it easier to handle because again the confrontation would have been

partly veiled by nostalgia. It wouldn't have been *them*. Because Tim Burstall had been audacious enough to make a film about Australia, 1968, Australians were embarrassed. They looked in the mirror and didn't like the reflection. Historically, that was a pity for Burstall's career. After that he turned around, having gone through such a cathartic experience for basically a very honest film, and said "Okay, you want shit, I'll give you shit," and he gave them *Alvin Purple* and they loved it. A very cynical exercise on his part and I think he's only now really getting back to making the type of films he wants to make. We have suffered from cultural imperialism; it gave us the cultural cringe.

Penthouse: Do you believe the Australian film industry is in good shape now?

Noyce: It's never going to be in good shape. The industry is always going to have to rely on some form of subsidy unless we only want to make two or three films a year. If you look at the figures on production in America and Australia, yes it could be said we are making too many films. America with 229 million people produces around 250 films a year, Australia with 15 million came close to 40 films last year. They have a box office gross of close to three billion dollars; here we gross around 100 million. Per head of population, Australia is outproducing America, with a meagre box office potential. The best we can hope for is that we'll be in the American market, and (I don't say this in a nationally self-deprecating way) be accepted by that audience as another state of America. Just as they are willing to watch films set in Alaska, Hawaii or Georgia with all their local eccentricities of behavior and language, they'll accept Australia as another outpost of American civilisation. Different — but very similar in lifestyle and history. It is going to be a very long struggle to overcome the prejudices of the American audience and under the normal levels of financing, we just do not have the funds here to achieve it without some form of tax incentive... and substantial government support. The struggle is likely to take up to 15 years — then we may achieve some independence. Hopefully, we will attract American finance to our films that won't involve compromises such as we have been asked to make up to this time. As soon as you have an American "star" in your film, you have to dilute your story, explain their presence. No longer can it be a straight-forward story about two Sydney lovers, it has to be an American stationed here during the war or through his company. Those films seldom work with local audiences, who are quick to spot the fake item, and

INTERVIEW

they're immediately compromised with Americans who start off by saying, "What's he doing *there*? And why isn't it set in America anyway?"

Penthouse: This 40 feature films last year, is that a healthy figure to be building on?

Noyce: Given that between 1939 and 1968 there was little indigenous production, it's probably healthy that for a number of years we do make a large number of films. Film, like all arts, has a lot to do with luck in terms of whether you get your break; if, for a while, we over produce, at least we're going to unearth an incredible reservoir of talent — writers, directors, actors, producers. It will be these people who go on to establish an economically viable film industry that does not rely on subsidies. We have squandered some of the opportunities that a high level of subsidy gave us bit trying to ape Hollywood in the type of films we have made. We were, and still are to some extent because of subsidy, relatively free of the commercial restrictions that have hindered the development of movies as an art form. There has been very little experimentation in our film industry, in which producers, writers and directors haven't necessarily had to succeed to

make another film. I would far prefer to fail miserably while I was trying something adventurous than to fail miserably doing something feeble, as we've seen so many Australian films do. Timid in the extreme, trying to make last year's movie *next* year, aping styles, stories. Even our most perfectly crafted films, in terms of storytelling, American and foreign audiences still see as eccentric, probably because of their setting, not so much because of the way the story is told.

Penthouse: The comment has been made that one reason so many Australian films fail is the lead, or central, character is never a hero as such. They are more likely to be losers.

Noyce: That is probably the Irish strain in the Australian temperament. It's the Irish who have provided the heart to our literature, and basically they're a nation of losers. Catholicism has always assured the Irish that reward for suffering on earth will come after death. So we celebrate losers. *Gallipoli*, for example, with the glorification of a great loss out of which came some sort of nationhood. Some of our great winners have been losers, such as Whitlam.

Penthouse: With Fred Schepisi based in Hollywood and having completed his first American feature *Barbarosa*, starring Willie Nelson, Bruce Beresford directing Robert Duval in *Tender Mer-*

cies in Texas, and Peter Weir shooting *The Year of Living Dangerously*, fully financed by MGM, are we seeing the pendulum swing away from Australia for our directors?

Noyce: There is nothing in common between the three. The Weir experience is the healthiest. He's taken an Australian novel set in Indonesia and he's managed, because of the international success of *Gallipoli*, to attract American finance. With that comes distribution, access to those 17,000 plus screens across America. The major cinema-going audience in *the world*. The one which, if we are to become viable, we have to penetrate. Schepisi, after the critical backlash of *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* — and possibly because of the way the film was promoted around his own success or failure — retreated to America with an attitude: "If you don't appreciate me, these people will." Beresford is a man who loves making films, but he's not as discriminating as some other directors, for better or worse, have been in selecting the films he likes. Bruce, I think, would make as many films in a year as was physically possible. I'm not suggesting he sacrifices standards. He is less discriminating... less precious is a better way of putting it. He had the opportunity to establish himself with those American financiers and distributors. And that is the way to go.

Penthouse: With American finance and distribution the pressure to compromise, as you stated, raises it's ugly head. How do we overcome that hurdle and still attract them?

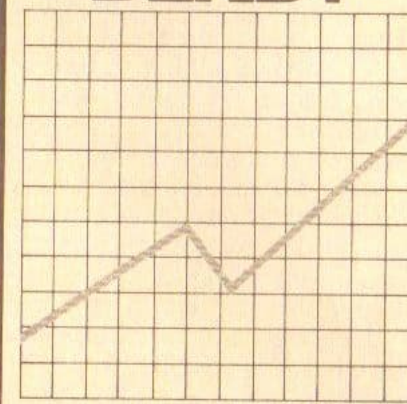
Noyce: Most people working in the Australian film industry do so more for love than money. We have seen recently, people want to be *paid*, after 10 years of slaving without overtime pay, for meagre wages, no holiday pay, no superannuation. Not many people are getting rich in the industry. Even though there is a tremendous rivalry — it's like a large, squabbling family at times — everyone feels a great camaraderie, almost like going to war, fighting a battle on the same side. We're all now aware of our cultural history and with the subsidies we enjoy a privilege in being able to portray our lifestyle, past and present, on the screen. There is this national passion and I think we'll find our writers, producers and directors, by and large, are people of integrity who realise they have been handed an opportunity and a responsibility not to dilute the Australianess from the films they make. There will be pressure, once we attract foreign money, to introduce superfluous non-Australian elements, but I have faith in our filmmakers to resist those pressures. We'll do it our way. Because it is the only way. ☐



"Why, Miss Grimmel... I've never seen you without your glasses."

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HOW FAR CAN YOU BEND?



Rollo May, the great American psychoanalyst, said, "Anxiety is essential to the human condition". But even though a little tension now and then keeps us on our toes, there are times when all the stresses of modern living crowd into your head and dance around your psyche in combat boots. And that's what this psychograph aims to find out: is the age of anxiety getting to you?

It's possible that our modern age is no more stressful than any other period in history. After all, cavemen worried about being run over by herds of stampeding mastodons, while medieval peasants had plagues, feudal lords, and visiting barbarians to keep things exciting. But modern life has brought us the disappearing ozone layer, acid rains, surly bus drivers, and other global disasters and petty irritations.

In any case, science has shown an enormous interest in the effects of stress and anxiety. Back in the 1930s medical researchers became curious about the causes and symptoms of stress. Since then thousands upon thousands of medical and psychological papers have been written on the subject. Scientists have studied groups of human beings who have had to deal with extra ordinary stresses: survivors of mining accidents, concentration camps, and submarine disasters as well as astronauts, paratroopers, and air-traffic controllers.

The build up of stress, it seems, not only causes psychological problems but also affects our physical well-being. Stress has been linked to everything from allergies and head colds to heart attacks, tuberculosis, and cancer. Stress disturbs the finely tuned chemical systems of our bodies; studies have shown that we are more likely to get sick when we are under excess stress. When the body is under stress, there are minute but measurable changes in levels of amino acids, enzymes, hormones, and vitamins. (When we are under stress, for example, our bodies use up unusual amounts of vitamin C.)

Stress and the problems associated with it aren't confined to any particular social class. A high-powered executive can be hamstrung by stress, but so can a factory worker. In fact, there's a syndrome called "assembly-line hysteria" that can break out when production

workers are put under too much stress. Whole groups of workers will suddenly become convinced that they are suffering from some dread disease and will be unable to function. This psychosomatic phenomenon most often occurs among workers who carry out repetitive jobs in noisy factories.

In this questionnaire we outline symptoms and correlates of stress that have been isolated by researchers. Try to examine yourself objectively.

1. Do you find you get angry more than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no
2. Do you have trouble sleeping?
(a) yes
(b) no
3. Do you frequently have disturbing dreams and nightmares?
(a) yes
(b) no
4. Are you tapping or jigging your foot at this moment?
(a) yes
(b) no
5. Do you seem to have less interest in sex than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no

6. Do you find you often compare yourself with others to see whether you're doing better or worse than they are?
(a) yes
(b) no
7. Did your parents argue a lot when you were growing up?
(a) yes
(b) no
8. When things around you get screwed up, is it likely to be your fault?
(a) yes
(b) no
9. Do you find it harder to buckle down to your work now than formerly?
(a) yes
(b) no
10. Do you think you are lazier than other people?
(a) yes
(b) no
11. Do you think of yourself as shy and bashful?
(a) yes
(b) no
12. Are you worse off financially than you thought you'd be at this point in your life?
(a) yes
(b) no
13. Have you always been jealous?
(a) yes
(b) no
14. Are the palms of your hands clammy?
(a) yes
(b) no
15. Would you say that you really don't know where your career will lead you?
(a) yes
(b) no
16. Was either of your parents seriously ill while you were growing up?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Would you say you're not so healthy as most men of your age?
(a) yes
(b) no
18. Do you often have nausea or stomach pains?
(a) yes
(b) no
19. Do you frequently go through periods when you feel incapable of making any decision?
(a) yes
(b) no
20. Do you like your boss? (If you're self-employed, substitute here 'colleagues', 'clients', 'suppliers', or whoever else is most crucial to your current vocation or business.)
(a) yes
(b) no
21. Are you more tired than you used to be, and do you feel like nodding off at times of the day when you never did before?
(a) yes
(b) no
22. Do your mouth and/or throat often feel dry?
(a) yes
(b) no
23. Have you been overeating, or, on the other hand, has your appetite dropped off noticeably?
(a) yes
(b) no
24. Do the muscles in your shoulders, neck, and back often hurt?
(a) yes
(b) no
25. As you've been answering these questions, have you been tapping your fingers or pencil?
(a) yes
(b) no

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

Taken individually, none of the items on this psychograph means anything. After all, you could have a parched throat either because you're tense or because you've just walked across the Sahara Desert. Yet taken together,

these items add up to a profile of the typical stressed man.

To find out how anxiety-ridden you are, give yourself one point for each yes answer you ticked.

If you scored 20-25 points:

You show an extremely high level of stress. Men in this category tend to be hard-driving and highly successful — the obsessive over-achievers. But they often pay a price in the form of wrecked inter-personal relationships and prematurely failing health. They're the men who end up with heart attacks before they're 50. Yet sometimes they have such extraordinarily strong constitutions (they won't *tolerate* sickness) that they manage to fight their way along well into their later years. These men are often impatient and unsympathetic about the failings of others. They can't stand ineptitude. This usually makes them lousy bosses and unfeeling lovers. Women are initially attracted by their powerful drive, but their abrasiveness often sabotages the relationship. At work people like them are hard on their subordinates and have trouble delegating authority. They can't stand watching others do something when they know they can do it better. They are often thought to be arrogant.

12-19 points:

While you may not be operating under the extraordinary levels of stress that men in the preceding category are, you are by no means the most relaxed man in the world. Your life is more stressful than is good for you. You probably share many of the same characteristics with men in the preceding category but not to the same obsessive degree. Men in this group may be torn between two extremes: they are attracted to the high-powered world of achievement and success with all its attendant strains, but at the same time they realise that a life like that can rob them of the benefits that go with a more bucolic, relaxed existence. The inability to resolve this question creates another stress of its own. This is an unenviable dilemma. Rather than forcing yourself to choose one or the other extreme, you should think about dividing your time more carefully than you do now. When you work, work hard;

don't daydream about how nice it would be someplace else (like skiing in Vail or reclining on a beach in the Caribbean). On the other hand, when you relax, relax totally. Don't let business intrude on your leisure time. Compartmentalising your life isn't easy, but it could be the solution to your dilemma.

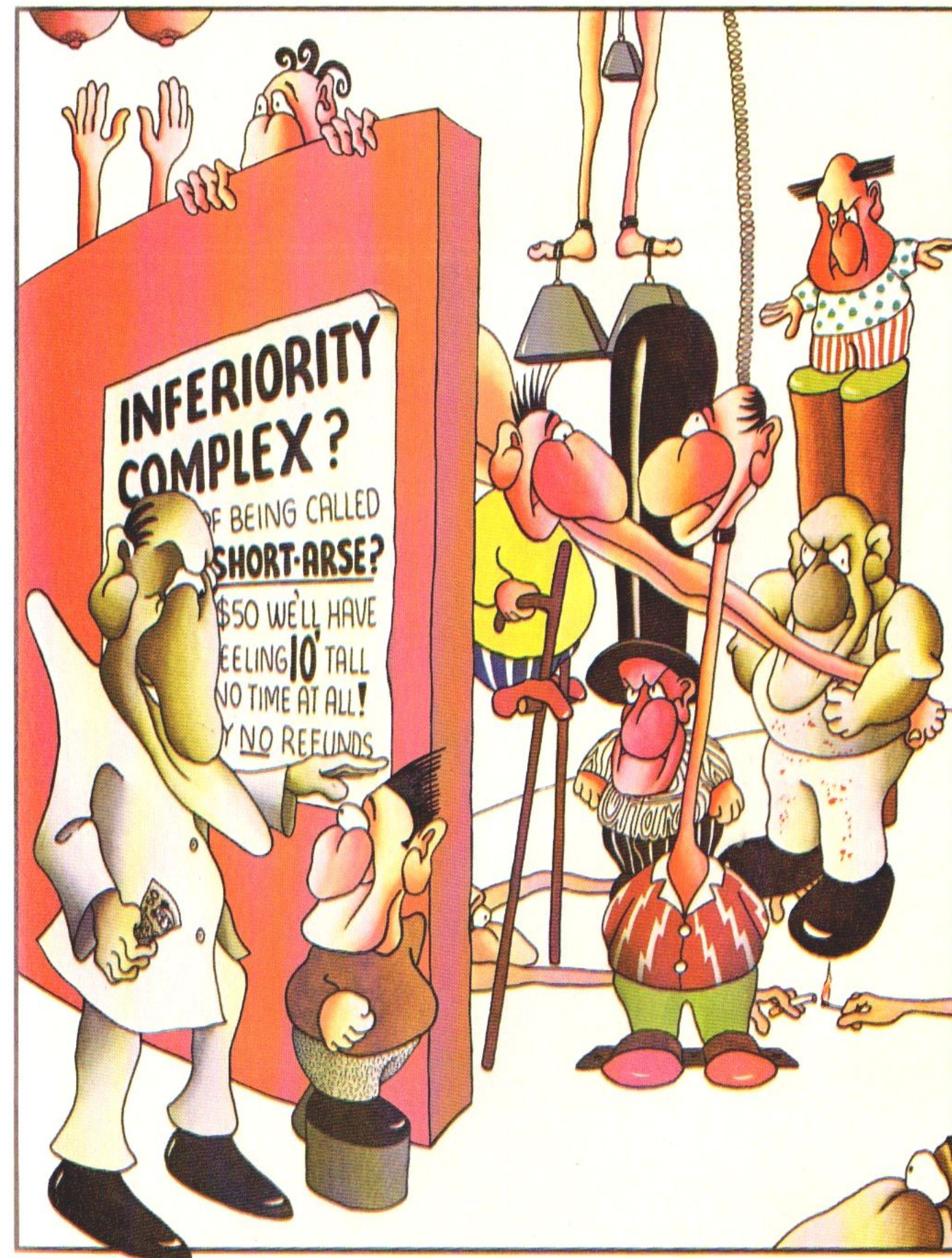
Men in these two top categories should watch their health. If you haven't had a check-up for some time, you may want to make an appointment with your doctor. Stress takes a toll on the body, and if you continue to work under this much tension, regular monitoring of your health is important. Why do you think large corporations order check-ups for their top executives?

6-11 points:

If there were such a thing as an ideal level of stress, it would probably show up in this category. Men in this group operate at levels of stress high enough to keep them sharp, interesting, and alert, but without making them hypertense crazies. They understand what Rollo May meant about anxiety being essential to life. They accept stress as a normal part of life but don't let it take over. They know there are times when stress is appropriate (as in an actor about to go onstage or a salesman making his pitch for a big deal), and they don't try to avoid it in those situations. If you're in this group, it's likely that you've achieved a salutary balance in your life. You're probably progressing well in your career, but you're not letting tensions rule the rest of your life.

0-5 points:

You're so relaxed you fell asleep halfway through this psychograph. You're to be admired. Such inordinate composure, however, can sometimes be a drag on your career. Superiors may interpret your calm as lack of enthusiasm, while others may view it as downright eerie. They may respect your composure, but they may also wonder whether under that calm exterior you're not hatching plots against them. (Highly stressed people have a tendency to be paranoid about things like that.) Of course you may not care about career success in the first place, having decided that achievement isn't worth the tension and anxiety you have to pay for it. ☐



Your bathroom cabinet should hold a great deal more than last year's shaggy toothbrush and a toothless comb. It should contain the basics of your grooming regime, which after all defines your image. The care you take with your routine shows, so pamper yourself. But routine doesn't mean monotony: the choices are endless.

Shaving, for instance, should mean more than just dragging a razor over your skin. Your choice of shaving cream or foam is important, particularly if you have a sensitive skin. In that case you should choose a cream, which is more gentle on the complexion, providing a close shave without risk of harming even the most sensitive skins. Shaving foams, on the other hand, are more practical. Good foams have an emollient action that will stiffen the beard ready for the shave. Foam clings to the face, helping the razor to slide easily without harming the skin.

Gillette and Palmolive have an excellent range of creams and foams, and most leading men's ranges will at least include a complementary foam.

There are numerous types of razors on the market: electric, fixed head, pivoting head and even strap razors. It is a good idea, however, to include in your cabinet a pack of disposable razors; they meet the demands of a busy lifestyle perfectly, especially if travel is your game.

Why not grab hold of the most relaxing part of your day and inject it with a little luxury?

Try Lagerfeld's new gel, great for baths or showers. Have on hand a beautiful sandalwood soap from Roger and Gallet. It's made from natural ingredients and has the highest score on the hypo-allergenic scale. Use a natural wood and bristle nail brush, and a loofah to rid yourself of dry and dead skin.

Never scrimp on your hair care products. Again, many of the men's ranges include a shampoo and conditioner. Always use a conditioner and an appropriate shampoo for your hair type. Pantene, Vidal Sassoon or Blackmore's Herbal are all good. Men's toiletries increasingly incorporate

BY SUE SMITH

CABINET SHUFFLES



matching deodorants and eau de toilettes with their more traditional after-shaves. There has also been popular acceptance of the importance of a moisturiser. This new awareness has meant the introduction of some fabulous men's ranges. More comprehensive than ever before, they cater for today's sophisticated man: one who requires a neat, well-groomed appearance without fuss or bother.

Kouros by Yves Saint Laurent is one of the new and interesting ranges. It is a generous fragrance with undertones of musk and the merest suggestion of sandalwood and incense.

Something headier, perhaps appropriate for evening wear, is Van Cleef and Arpels' unique and elegant fragrance. The perfect balance of spices, woods and florals, it is a virile and powerful scent.

The choice is yours: Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent, Paco Rabanne, Azzaro, Lagerfeld, and Nina Ricci (Signoricci) all have comprehensive ranges of men's toiletries. But heed this warning: do not swamp yourself in whatever scent you have chosen. The hint of a fragrance is far more refreshing — and sensual — than an overpowering cloud of your favorite.

A good idea, and one which has become increasingly acceptable to today's man, is the use of a moisturiser. Australia's climate dictates inclusion in your routine. Eau Sauvage has a moisture concentrate for dry and sensitive skins and a moisture matte for oily skins. The creams are quick to penetrate, leave no oily residue and are totally invisible after application.

Most moisturising products also contain an ultra-violet filter, preventing the skin from succumbing to sun-induced premature aging.

Lagerfeld Protective Moisture cream is very effective protection against dryness caused by environmental hazards, and it also contains a sunscreen. Lagerfeld has as part of its range a great leather travel kit which includes a cologne, natural spray, after-shave, stick deodorant and protective cream — excellent for holidays and business trips. The Lagerfeld collection has a distinctive, urbane richness.

Other basic requirements are a good natural bristle brush, a comb (complete with teeth and pedicure and manicure scissors) and a little patience. It's going to take some time to build your routine, and even then results often come slowly. Eventually, though, good grooming will be instinctive and easily obtainable for the man who realises that it's worth the trouble.

Passion is what the Italians are all about. Passion for life, for love . . . pasta — and cars

BORN TO RUN

BY PETER MCKAY

On the road ahead is one of those tatty remnants of the mid-1960s — a smoky six-cylinder Fiat 2300 sedan doing it tough with a full load of five Latins.

The quintet, all dark hair and flashing teeth, spot the chiselled wedge snout of the Fiat X1/9 approaching in their mirrors. The old sedan deliberately slows. Speed drops below the limit. The Latin smiles grow broader.

It's the old try-on, the unspoken challenge.

The chunky, square-knobbed gear lever in the waist-high slingshot bangs back to third. The throttle slams hard into the carpet. In an instant the X1/9 surges forward alongside its aging relative, and then it's gone.

No contest.

Fifty metres back those big, white smiles are still there. Better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all . . .

Passion is what the Italians are all about. Passion for life, for love, certainly for pasta. Passion for cars.

Consider the design and application of Italian motor vehicles, purpose-built to

set forth and conquer those wriggling, roller-coaster mountain roads that today evoke memories of the Mille Miglia, Targa Florio . . .

Italy has yet to produce an ordinary motor car. Bad ones . . . yes.

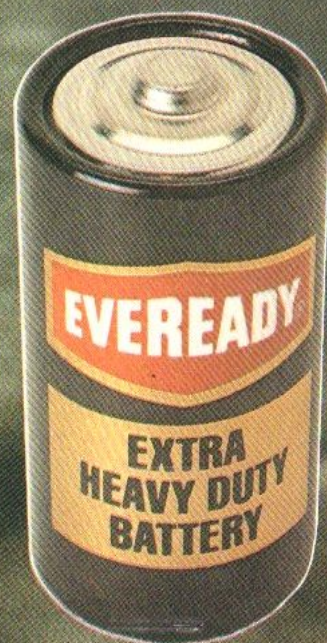
Undistinguished . . . no, no, no.

To think of Italy is to conjure up the exotics . . . Ferrari, Lancia, Maserati, Lamborghini, Alfa Romeo. Hedonism on four wheels.

Humble Fiat, government-owned leaders in the black art of Italian mass production, adheres (though with increasing difficulty) to the philosophy of mixing the motoring good life with the demands of today's fuel thrifty society. Fiats are born with a barking exhaust. Born to run. But with an eye on the wallet.

The X1/9 is a different Fiat. Different because it was lucky to have drawn breath at a time when other makers were happily committing motoring euthanasia with any model that vaguely resembled a traditional sports car. Different because Fiat went outside its own walls to conceive and nurse its



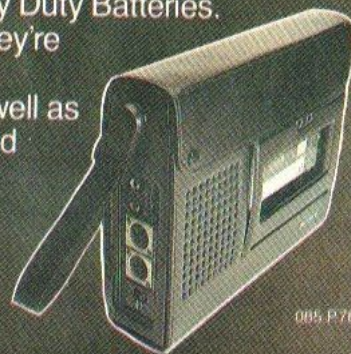


DICK SMITH RELIES ON EXTRA HIGH PERFORMANCE.

"Five hours on the sheer face of Ball's Pyramid and you start feeling the pressure. Your equipment has to be able to take it too. The gear I used in filming and recording the expedition just had to be super reliable. That's why I go with 'Eveready' Black Extra Heavy Duty Batteries. Tailor-made for high drain appliances — means they're perfect for everyday high performance in radio/cassettes, calculators and electronic games. As well as perfect for when you're halfway up a mountain and can't afford to fail."

'EVEREADY' BLACK — THE EXTRA HEAVY DUTY BATTERY.

Eveready is a registered trade mark.



005 P705

BORN TO RUN

new babe. Surrogate father is Nuccio Bertone, master stylist whose credits include Ferrari, Maserati and Lamborghini.

Old Nuccio didn't get the X1/9 absolutely right the first time. Maybe he had the best intentions but Fiat wouldn't play ball with the proper ammunition. Whatever the reason, the original X1/9 fell a little short of sensational at its launch eight years ago.

The old four-speed 1300 was a sports car without balls. It had the paper appeal with that wind-cheating wedge shape, all-independent suspension, four-wheel disc braking, close ratio gearbox and an engine that wanted to do party tricks but couldn't.

Beautifully precise steering and amazing handling qualities were always there. But who really cared? Could that eunuch of an engine ever do justice to the Fiat's sporting intentions?

The genuine sports car driver cared. The Yanks, with their different set of values, didn't.

They snapped up the little Italian cutie pie and joined the Porsches and Datsun Z-cars on the grid for the Beverly Hills grand prix for poseurs, that daily 15km/h kerbside crawl down Rodeo Drive. Shoot, you don't need horsepower for that kinda stuff... just a mindblowing set of wheels that'll stop a pretty girl — or boy — in her/his Guccis at 100 metres.

But, for Chrissake, who's heard of a genuine sports car with a 1290cc tiddler providing the motivation? And what about a four-speed box that ran out of legs at 160km/h while that runt of an engine screamed its tits off in protest?

Now, though, it's all there. An engine and transmission to complement one of the best chassis to come off a production line. What a difference 298cc and a fifth gear makes. The deficiencies of the older car have been rectified. Old Nuccio can smile. An engine with more grunt, and a five-speed gearbox geared for a moon shot.

The new X1/9 is superb. A true sports car.

Sure, it doesn't fit everyone. I've never met Nuccio Bertone, but my guess is he is no giant. He's designed a motor car for the little people. Or, as Jackie Stewart says often, "for a person of average build." Stewart's idea of average is Malcolm Johnston.

No one jumps into an X1/9. Wriggle is more like it, certainly for someone stretching over 187cm. And then only with knees at 10 to 2, cradling the steering wheel. Cornering is achieved using a peculiar hand shuffle along the rim, avoiding those obtrusive knees.

The smooth-grained leather-cloth vinyl seats wrap around at the hips and shoulders. There's a rest for the left foot when it's not required to depress the clutch.

The small-diameter soft-feel wheel — with a rim too smooth to be entirely practical — falls at crooked arm's length for the reclining driver. Like a sports car should.

The gearstick and shift is not right. They rarely are on Italian cars. The lever is too long and too close, the movement too lumpy and lengthy.

It should be better; there is no excuse for a box requiring more than a short, sharp throw on a car of such a modest engine capacity and power.

The stretched 1.5 litre engine now has the performance to go with the strength it has always possessed. It's made for hard work, with sporting design features like overhead camshaft, short stroke, alloy cylinder head and dual-throat Weber carburation.

Power is up from 53.7 kW to 58.8; torque is boosted from 101 to 118 Nm. The power increase is felt at all stages to red-line 7000 rpm, although performance peak is around the 5800 rpm orange line. Better though, the added torque provides the flexibility and response so sorely missed in the 1300 model. Here is a car that will now handle the urban dawdle at 3000-3500 revs without stuttering or yawning.

On an enticing ribbon of open road it'll arc up to 170 and stay there, swallowing the sweepers with just a hint of understeer, all the time giving the comforting

impression that it has no inclination whatever to spear off the strip of bitumen to try some landscape gardening.

The mid-engine layout is the key to the X1/9's tenacious handling. Almost perfect unladen weight distribution of 51 percent front and 49 percent rear has been achieved by locating the engine in Formula One fashion aft of the cockpit straddling the rear driving wheels.

It now has the go-material to allow the adventurous driver to reach deeper into the car's reserves of handling, for its limpet-like cornering feats and precision rack-and-pinion steering draw comparisons with thoroughbred race machinery.

Its amazing dynamic characteristics compensate for its vulnerability in other areas, notably its tiny dimensions. For, though the body shell has been designed to comply with America's demanding safety requirements, the car's ability to react so swiftly is its greatest safety attribute.

Happiness is a smooth, snaking stretch of roadway. Americans, with their arrow-straight freeways, will never experience the unmitigated joys of exploring the outer limits at the controls of a car designed to give motoring pleasure.

A patch of rough road will unsettle it, but never disconcertingly. Wonderful, direct — three turns lock to lock — steering is always there to help put the X1/9 back on course and the unsympathetic 10-metre



BORN TO RUN

turning circle doesn't hurt here. In the Shopping World parking jungle ... yes. This car was not conceived to ferry housewives and groceries.

The last line of defence, four-wheel disc braking, is as effective as one might wish. Heavy at the foot because of the lack of a booster, but not uncomfortably so. They stop, and keep on stopping ... no fade, no deviation and no fuss.

The Fiat defies unnatural treatment by the driver. Heavy-handed work at the throttle and steering wheel produced similar results for our impatient lensman waiting for The Picture on the exit of an interesting corner. Nothing. No body roll to speak of. No squeal of protest from the Pirellis. No squeal of delight from the photographer. Too easy.

The ride is firm on good surfaces, falling away to harsh when the roadway deteriorates. Forget about tackling dirt tracks or risk unearthing a rattle or three. Mr Bertone has untold skills as a designer; however quality control in his assembly shop falls short of ideal.

Conventional ventilation is woeful. A torpid two-speed fan makes all the usual noises of bringing fresh air to the occupants. It need not bother.

Sports cars bring nature's own to driver and passenger in a manner only motorcycle riders could appreciate (before the introduction of compulsory headgear).

Roof-off, wind-in-the-hair motoring.

This contemporary Fiat dispenses with yesteryear's canvas flitop for a more practical removable plastic lid.

Top off? Simple. A one-man operation. Pull a couple of release catches and the one-piece roof comes straight off. Ingeniously, it stores away in the front luggage area under the bonnet. Like a giant jigsaw ... and everything fits.

It's civilised if you want it to be. With the side glass up, wind swirl barely tickles the crowning glory.

With the roof on we learn it is no longer mandatory for occupants of convertible sports cars to suffer the terrible privations of the past. Wind noise is minimal, when it rains you do not finish sitting uncomfortably in a pool of water, and draughts fail to penetrate the door and window seals. Sports car driving is no longer advanced-level masochism.

Luggage room is remarkable for a vehicle of this size and application. The front compartment will accommodate an average suitcase, while a second stowage area in the tail will take smaller items. Packing away luggage for an extended holiday is probably out of the question, but a dirty weekend ... yes. Anyway, try getting more than a briefcase and toilet kit into a Ferrari or Lambo.

And the X1/9 spare wheel doesn't intrude on the valuable cargo space. Its

home is out of sight behind the seats, shielded by a vinyl cover tied down with velcro.

Dashboard is dominated by speedometer and tachometer, the latter reading in true sporting fashion from right to left, in easy-to-read orange on black.

Other instrumentation includes a quartz clock with stopwatch facility, water temperature and oil pressure gauges, and warning lights for brake fluid level, fuel level, handbrake and battery. Uncluttered. All that is needed. On the other hand,

The alternatives were to pull the pin on the whole damn project, or else load each car with a hefty price increase

Fiat is not generous with its standard equipment. You pay extra for in-car entertainment, but this way you can nominate the radio/cassette of your choice.

Bertone's little inspiration is not without its irritations. There's that half-baked conversion from left to right hand drive. Half-baked because the steering mechanism has been moved, but that's about all. The wipers — two speed with an intermittent mode — sweep the left side of the screen but leave our driver's side with a large blind spot. The bonnet release remains on the left side bulkhead, out of reach of the driver. Likewise the levers for the engine compartment and rear storage, concealed cleverly in the doorwell and accessible only when the passenger door is ajar, are designed to suit left-hand drive

countries. Strange too that in a continent criss-crossed with tollways, the Europeans consistently fail to provide bins for loose change. The X1/9 has a console bin; however it is open at the rear and coins spill everywhere under sudden, hard acceleration.

True sports car drivers don't pay heed to fuel economy. Most don't anyway. For those that do, feast your eyes on these statistics: the X1/9 refused to consume petrol at a greater rate than 9.2 litres/100km — that's thrashing it all the way. And what about a best of 7.1 litres/100km? Bertone's slippery metalwork and that tall, tall gearing can take a bow, for the X1/9 is not a featherweight, not at 920 kg. This kind of economy from a machine capable of an 18-second standing 400 metres and a point-to-point performance to scare European legends with telephone numbers for price tags ...

Talk about the agony and the ecstasy. The consumer pays plenty more for that extra sting in the tail and fifth gear. About three grand more.

In normal circumstances a similar update would tack on a few hundred dollars.

But in this case the Oz buyer is wearing what Fiat quaintly describes as "price restructuring". In reality it's a massive loading designed to pacify Bertone following the loss of the US market.

Bertone actually threatened to renege on the deal to screw together X1/9s when the car failed to meet stiff new US emissions regulations introduced in mid-1980.

Overnight the X1/9 lost its biggest market. The alternatives were to pull the pin on the whole damn project, or else load each car with a hefty price increase. Which is why we now pay a sobering \$13,995 retail.

Even so, the X1/9's future cannot be assured beyond the end of 1982.

This year's batch of 500 for Australia could be next year's collectors' items if the X1/9 follows Healey, Triumph, MG and other open-top sporties of yesterday to the big parking lot in the sky.

The end of the Best Small Sports Car on Mother Earth. ☹

FIAT X1-9 1500

Fully imported Italian two-door, two-seater, mid-engined, rear-wheel drive convertible sports car, powered by a 1498cc overhead camshaft four-cylinder engine.

Claimed Power: 59 kW at 5750 rpm; **Claimed Torque:** 118 Nm at 3200 rpm; **Transmission:** Five-speed manual (no automatic); **Suspension:** All independent by MacPherson struts, lower control arms; **Steering:** Rack and pinion — 3.3 turns lock-to-lock; **Brakes:** Four-wheel discs; **Tyres:** 165/70SR Pirelli Cinturato P3; **Wheelbase:** 2202 mm; **Length:** 3969 mm; **Width:** 1570 mm; **Kerb Weight:** 920 kg; **Fuel Tank Capacity:** 49 litres; **Test Car Options:** Alloy wheels (\$400); metallic paintwork (\$250).

HIGHWAY HIGH NOON

Make/Model	Capacity (cc)	Power (kW)	Stg 400m (secs)	Fuel (litres/100km)	Price (\$)
Fiat X1-9	1498	59	18.0	7.8	13,995
Mazda RX-7	2292	84.6	16.8	14.7	16,820
Datsun 280ZX	2753	98	17.1	17.4	20,000

200 enlightening pictures show how you can enjoy a new exciting world of sexual experience.

To SEE is to UNDERSTAND! Explicit Illustrations and Frank Words Can Help Break the Barriers to Sexual Fulfillment!

Are you missing out on the maximum joyous sexual fulfillment you once hoped for? — failing to provide your marriage partner with the peak of sexual satisfaction?

You may well find the rewarding techniques you need in this frank, bold book that points the way to new thrilling delights which help elevate your sex life to the heights of physical ecstasy. 200 revealing, lifelike pictures show the male and female roles in sex relations. Explicit close-up pictures make instructions easier to follow and tear away the veil of secrecy and misunderstanding. Learn here how a man — regardless of past failures — can develop power and control of erection and ejaculation to carry on coitus until the fullest measure of bodily union has been attained ... and how you can make your mate a more eager sex partner. Here is lavishly illustrated information that will give you courage to try unusual techniques and you will discover you are actually highly sexed. Here are chapters that help transform routine sexual acts into thrilling adventures of unbounded sensual pleasure, flood your marriage with exciting new variety. Mail coupon to receive this factual explanation of sexual functions written simply by doctors to satisfy legitimate adult interest.

This Giant-Size Book Contains
200 Authentic, Enlightening Pictures ...
● Big Chapters of ILLUSTRATED
SEX FACTS ... Each A "Book" In Itself!

● Gratifying sex techniques which bring complete fulfillment in the sex act.

● What causes climax in woman, why some fail to attain it — how man can help bring it about.

● Complete picture story of woman's sex organs.

● Blunders made by men in sex act that deprive women of satisfaction and how to avoid them.

● "Lovers' Pains" that can intensify sensation between sexually normal married couples.

● How male and female organs function in intercourse.

● Common bridal night mistakes and how to avoid them.

● Sexual foreplay — how it helps husband and wife attain mutual climax.

● Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations.

● Showing functions of male sex organs.

● Why woman takes longer to respond to sexual stimulation than man — techniques that speed response. The clitoris — key to woman's sexual arousal.

● Picture story of women's sensation curve.

● Emotions during sex act and climax in men and women compared.

● How masturbation affects man and woman's sexual performance and gratification

● Special positions for sexual intercourse and when they are recommended for a more satisfactory orgasm.

● Natural birth control

● How sexual urge in woman differs from man

● New discoveries in birth control. Most reliable contraceptives — which permit maximum enjoyment

● Areas of male and female body most sensitive to erotic stimulation

● Causes and treatments for sterility, male impotence and female frigidity

● Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy

● The first sex act with a virgin bride — how it affects future sex life

● How often can a couple have sexual intercourse

● Erotic dreams and nocturnal emissions

● Correcting male's premature climax to prolong sex act

● Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

● Certain steps a man can take to help him and his wife reach simultaneous orgasm

● Delaying sex life's finish — intercourse during and after change of life

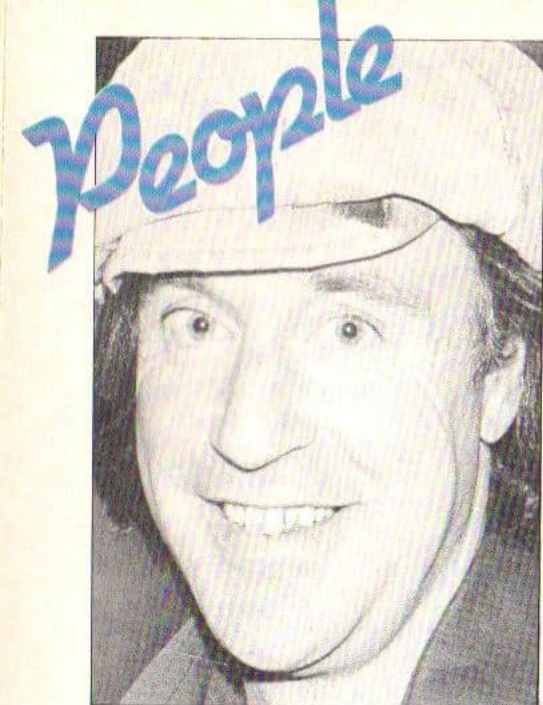
● What causes a husband or wife to commit adultery

● Just a few of the hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

J. TAYLOR
TO: 28 GIBB STREET, KELVIN GROVE
BRISBANE, QLD. 4059
Sirs, Please find enclosed \$9.95 cash, money order or cheque.
Please send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper — I am over 18 years of age.
Add \$2 for postage and packing
NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
POSTCODE: _____

VALUE! OVER 400 PAGES! OVER 200 PICTURES! ONLY \$9.95 MAIL ORDER ONLY—NO PERSONAL SALES.





JOHN CLARKE

Over the years the Land of the Long White Cloud has unleashed a variety of treasures on the real world. We've applauded the All Blacks, eaten enough of their cheap butter to oislick the Tasman, marvelled at Piggy Muldoon... but somewhere along the line they decided to get serious and sent us Dagg. Frederick Dagg, aka John Clarke, first squeaked on to Oz soil early in 1977, his gumboots still turgid from the sheep pastures which had inspired his rise above the Plimsoll line of NZ fame. Clarke claims to have made the hop to warmer climes on the basis of yer actual cultural exchange: we got him and NZ got a couple of hundredweight of pig feed. Daggism: Australis was first encountered in early '77, hidden away on Saturday afternoon radio, but within a year Dagg was on everyone's lips. The Fred phenomenon has since been wiped aside as 33-year-old Clarke, now living in Melbourne has turned his attention to film script writing. He's nose to the grindstone on a comedy about the film industry, which is to be produced by Phillip Adams. It's not Clarke's first film foray; back in NZ he threw together a curiosity entitled *Dagg Day Afternoon*, but its esoteric appeal (in a land where just about everyone is called Trevor) made sure we never got to see it here. He's also written a book, *The Fred Dagg Scripts*, which is about to enter its third reprinting. Clarke's not saying when the rural commentator will once again be telling us what's wrong with Life, Truth and the Universe As We Know It — but he will make a reappearance. After all, you can't keep a good Dagg down. — Corinne Mackay



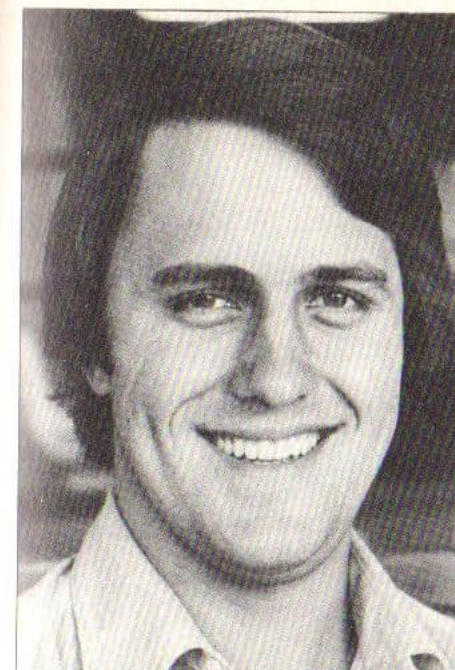
ARKIE WHITELEY

Meet the remarkable Miss Arkie Whiteley. Her face may be familiar. You've probably seen it on screen in a variety of films and television series. The young lady was also Michael Parkinson's youngest guest, displaying a confident and unaffected personality on his talk show at the age of 16. Arkie, the daughter of artist Brett Whiteley, began her film career when she was 12. She attended the Italia Conti stage school in London, where she won a part in a London Weekend Television series called *People Like Us*. Then she got homesick, returned to Sydney and with her London experience behind her, slipped easily into roles in *The Restless Years*, *The Young Doctors* and *A Town Like Alice*. Since then she's stepped up into film, making appearances in *The Killing of Angel Street* and *Mad Max II*. Now, at the age of 17, she's getting more offers than she can handle and is in the enviable position of being able to pick and choose her roles. A feature titled *Jess*, to be filmed this year with Diane Cilento, looks like being her next project. Arkie is also interested in working on stage. Does having a famous parent help or hinder her prospects? "Neither," she says. "Perhaps the fact that my father is famous made me more outgoing. Also he let me do what I wanted to do, which was to become an actress, and I have always appreciated that." In the breaks between filming, she's been learning new languages with a return to the Continent in mind. Italian is the current subject and it was French last year. Impressive credentials — *n'est-ce pas?* — Phil Abraham



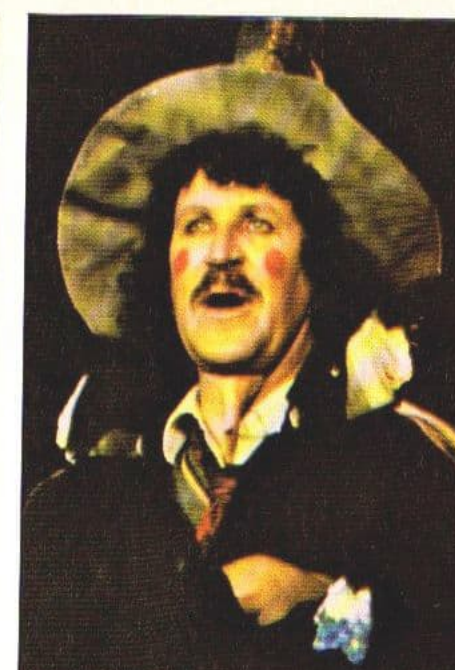
PATRICK COOK

Who else but Patrick Cook would have thought of something as ridiculous as this: you take an authentic 1958 Biggles classic in which laughing-boy guns down vast tribes of aboriginals in order to defend a nuclear stockpile from marauding communists, and you *don't alter a single word*; you just draw all over it and call it *Biggles in Australia, 2nd edition*. Apparently it's selling like crazy, but then Cook has recently established something of a Midas effect with *Book of the Year* (which has just sold out after one month on the shelves) and *Breast Feeding*, both collections of stories and cartoons. That came hard on the heels of a puppet show he designed for the Marionette Theatre, just finished in Melbourne and soon to reach Sydney, and a series of sketches for *Squirts*, which will lubricate Bondi Theatre in June. How can one man produce top quality bust-a-gut satire in such quantity? "I've got two jobs — that's how," he explains, somewhat resignedly. Of course, he loves every minute — these prolific types always do, you know. When he gets back from a three-month motorbike tour of Oz he's going to really push the idea of taking puppets to the adult masses, and he isn't talking about fond memories of Aunt Norma and Uncle Ted cracking up with the juniors over the obligatory punctured eyeball and ruptured spleen scene, an agony which most of us had to endure during the golden days of Punch and Judy. No, this will be thoughtful stuff from a major satirist, who at 32 is probably not yet cynical enough to be at the height of his powers. — Greg Hunter



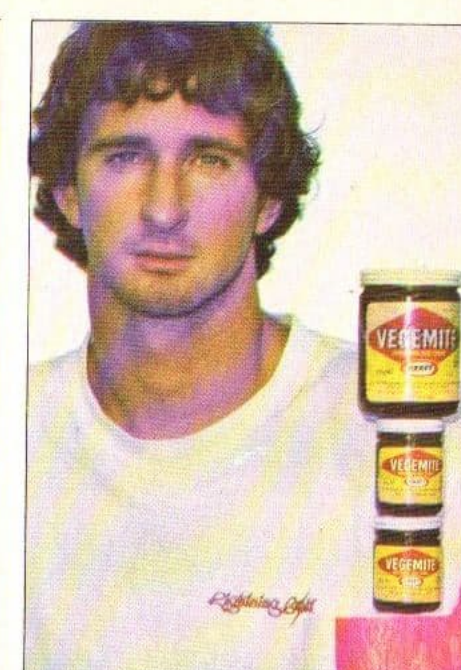
MALCOLM TURNBULL

Political punters who like to back favorites are finding it difficult to go past young Sydney barrister Malcolm Turnbull. On his current form the 27-year-old Rhodes Scholar is looking like a winner in the Federal Parliamentary Stakes. Turnbull finished a close second in a strong field of Liberal candidates in his bid for pre-selection in the eastern Sydney suburban seat of Wentworth before the March 1981 by-election for that seat. Well known Liberal and former New South Wales minister Peter Coleman pipped him at the post and won the seat for the Libs. Then when old stayer and former PM Billy McMahon retired in January he stated Turnbull would be a good bet as the Liberal candidate for his seat of Lowe. However, Turnbull declined the invitation to start, preferring to wait for a place in a more suitable event. A well-bred youngster, Turnbull has an impressive record of achievement. Trained at Sydney University and Oxford, his connections include Australian Consolidated Press chief Kerry Packer, for whom Turnbull worked as a journalist and then as a personal assistant when he was 23. He is still under Packer's employ, writing *The Bulletin's* weekly column of commentary on the law under The Officious Bystander pseudonym. These days Turnbull is concentrating on the consolidation of his legal career, and biding his time while he waits for an easy draw the next time the tri-annual Canberra Cup is run. Turnbull looks like a certainty for a place in that welterweight event. — Phil Abraham



GRAHAME BOND

Grahame Bond is swashbuckling in the lounge room of his Sydney home. Not just waving a sword around a bit, flashing teeth and cold metal — he's thrown a song or two into the performance, tickling his guitar as he climbs imaginary rat-ropes near his Rank Arena. Just a bit of musical frigging in the rigging of the new show he's putting together. The chap who hung up his gloves and farewelled his popular character *Auntie Jack* in 1976, is at it again. Back then Bond stepped out of his Berlei step-ins and into a series of characters we saw in *Wollongong The Brave*, *Flash Nick From Jindavick*, and *The Off Show*. He somehow found the time along the way to stage *Hamlet On Ice*, the opera *Heroes*, co-write the award-winning score of *Fatty Finn* and make *The Little Big Show* in London. Then came the wacky stage musical *Boys' Own Macbeth*. The two-and-a-half year run of the all singin', all dancin' show in Australia and the US proved Bond, best known on the box, could weave his zany magic equally well behind stage footlights. Closeted in his Watsons Bay home, Bond is busy brandishing pointed weapons at his lounge suite, conjuring up the substance of what will be *Captain Bloode*. It's a tale of high seas adventure, murder intrigue, pirates in the wake of the P and O Orient, fairies of the "three wishes" ilk and a villain called Bartholomew Noir (read: Black Bart). It comes as small surprise that the mad professor plans to stage *Captain Bloode* in a circus tent. If there's not a vacant asylum handy, Bond's original brand of lunacy is a match for the Big Top. — Corinne Mackay



MARK RICHARDS

Picture a tennis player winning Wimbledon for the third year in a row and then announcing his decision not to bother going back for a fourth shot. What if he went on to claim he never had any intention of winning the title in the first place, that it happened by accident, that he cherishes his privacy, and that beyond a desire to show that he can play the game very well he sees no need to capitalise on his extraordinary abilities? If you took the behavior of the modern sporting superstar as a guide to normalcy you might be led to conclude that the man had lost the odd marble or three. Yet if you substitute Wimbledon for the world surfing championship and insert the name Mark Richards, there you have it in a nutshell. "I'll have no chance of winning the title this year because I won't be competing in the minimum 75 percent of events," says Richards. And while the surfing media was livid over Norman May's comment that Richards hadn't a chance of being ABC Sportsman of the Year because "surfing is not traditional and popular enough" (snap out of it, Norm!), the man himself didn't give a stuff. "All I wanted to do was show 'em I could surf unreal," he says. "Now it's time to put a bit of the fun back into it and start thinking about myself, rather than trying to please all the people who reckon I've got to make it four in a row. I'm glad I'm not a celeb outside surfing. People can't relate to surfing like they can to tennis or golf, and that's fine because it doesn't lend itself to that sort of treatment." He's not playing acting at being the modest, all-Australian boy made good — he's the genuine article. Maybe he'll eventually be credited with discovering the formula for preservation of sanity. — Greg Hunter



COME AND JOIN US

Australian Penthouse, far and away the leader in the sophisticated man's magazine market, is renowned not only for its exposure of the world's most tantalising women, but also for its graphic design excellence and quality package of fiction, non-fiction, fashion, humor and investigative journalism. Don't miss a single issue. Enter your 12-month subscription now for only \$30.00.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Subscription for 12 months of *Australian Penthouse* \$ _____

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ _____ or please debit my

DINERS CLUB ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ BANKCARD ☐

ACCOUNT NO: _____

Signature: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ P'CODE _____

NB: Offer applicable in Australia only. Other rates on application.

Sweet Chastity

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THIS SCRIPT. I FEEL....SORT OF... RESTLESS!

I'M BORED! FILM MAKING IS SO... MONOTONOUS! SO RESTRICTING!

I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET DRESSED AND GET DOWN TO THE SET.... I DON'T WANT TO UPSET UNCLE VINCENT AND MISTER WELLS!

BORED? SWEET CHASTITY, THE INSPIRED CREATION OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, HAS BEEN CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED BY HER CREATOR TO STAR IN THE MAGNUM OPUS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM MAKER, AWESOME WELLS. IF SHE'S SHOWING SIGNS OF BOREDOM SOMETHING IS SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH VINCENT'S PROGRAMMING!

By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

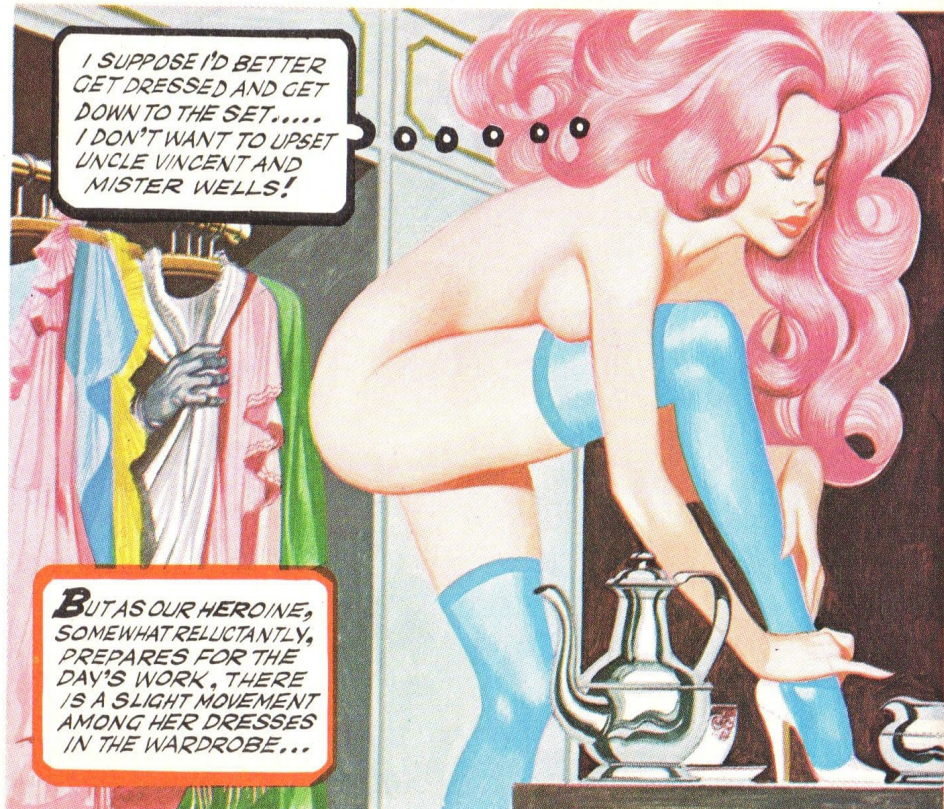
BUT AS OUR HEROINE, SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY, PREPARES FOR THE DAY'S WORK, THERE IS A SLIGHT MOVEMENT AMONG HER DRESSES IN THE WARDROBE...

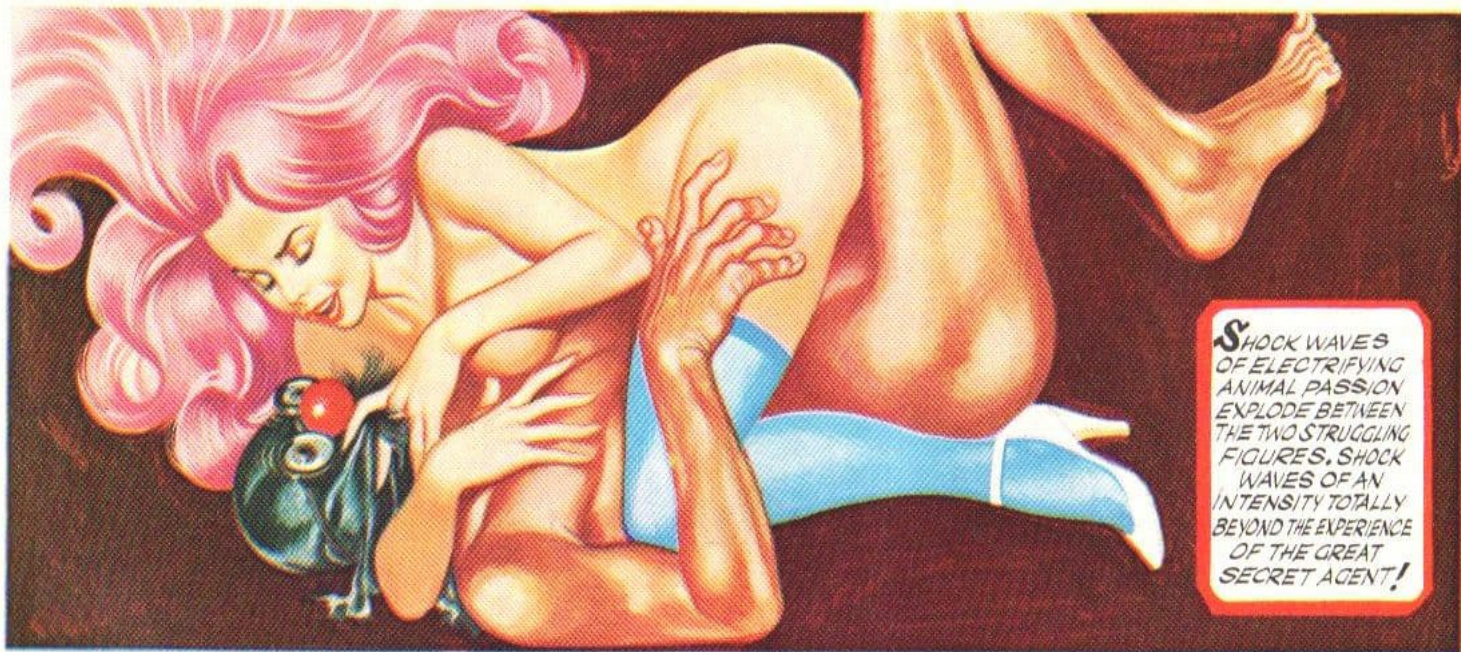
HUMAN UU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE, THE GREATEST UNDERCOVER AGENT IN THE WORLD — SENT BY MULTI-BILLIONAIRE HOWARD HUGE TO BRING THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE, SWEET CHASTITY, BACK TO HIM!

THE SECRET AGENT'S HANDS GRASP THE BACK OF CHASTITY'S NECK AND HIS THUMBS UNWITTINGLY PRESS AGAINST THE TINY DYNA-RAM COMPUTER CONTROL LINKED TO HER BRAIN CELLS.....

CLICK!

THE DELICATELY BALANCED PSYCHE RECEIVES A MINUTE SHOCK. SEVERAL THOUSAND TINY ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS ARE REDIRECTED, CREATING AN INSTANT PERSONALITY CHANGE!





SHOCK WAVES OF ELECTRIFYING ANIMAL PASSION EXPLODE BETWEEN THE TWO STRUGGLING FIGURES. SHOCK WAVES OF AN INTENSITY TOTALLY BEYOND THE EXPERIENCE OF THE GREAT SECRET AGENT!



HIS CALCULATING MIND IS COMPLETELY DISORIENTATED AND HIS ICY CONTROL IS TOTALLY OVERWHELMED BY A RISING TIDE OF SUPPRESSED SENSUALITY.....



BULLETS, BOMBS, EVEN CYANIDE — FUMAN UJI HAS SURVIVED THEM ALL!



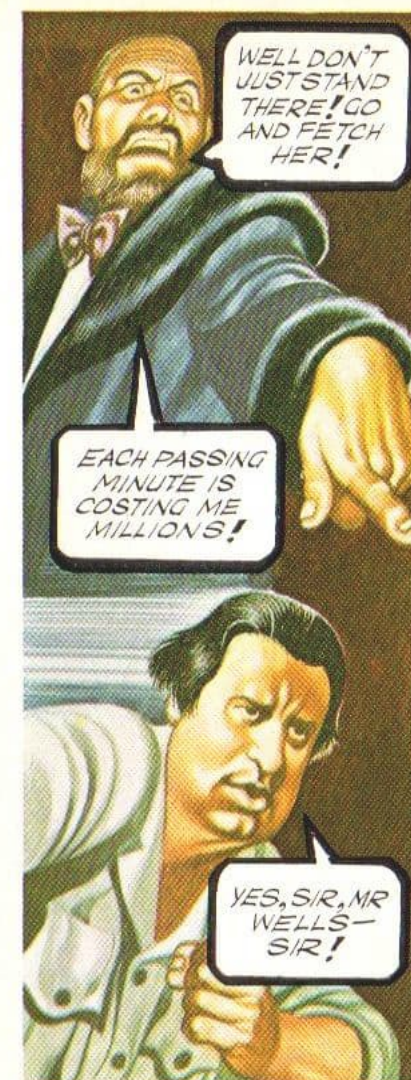
BUT HE ISN'T EQUIPPED TO COPE WITH THE IRRESISTABLE AND DEVASTATING POWERS OF SWEET CHASTITY! FUMAN UJI IS A BROKEN MAN!



ON THE SET THE GREAT MAN PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY.....

WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?

RESTLESSLY? NO, THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT! IT'S BEYOND HIS EXPERIENCE TO BE KEPT WAITING — BY ANYONE!



WE'LL DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GO AND FETCH HER!

EACH PASSING MINUTE IS COSTING ME MILLIONS!

YES, SIR, MR WELLS — SIR!

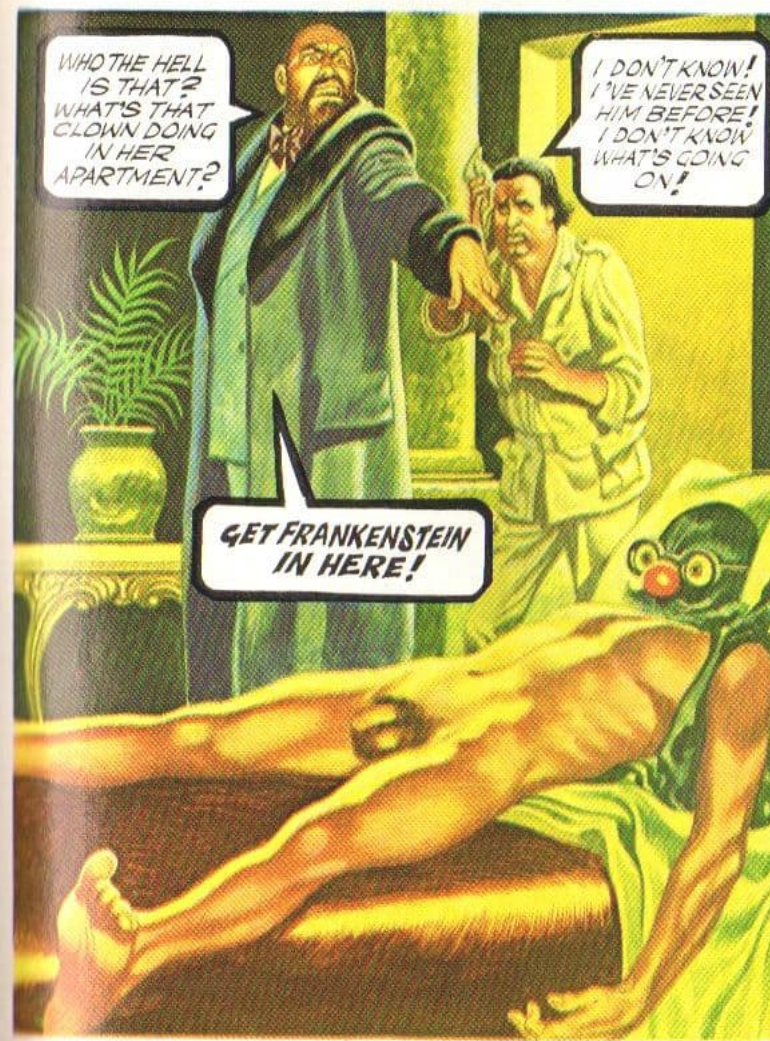


ER...SHE'S NOT THERE!

SPEAK UP, MAN!

SHE'S NOT IN HER APARTMENT! THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER — SHE'S DISAPPEARED!

DISAPPEARED? SHE CAN'T DISAPPEAR! SHE'S UNDER CONTRACT TO ME!



WHO THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT'S THAT CLOWN DOING IN HER APARTMENT?

I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

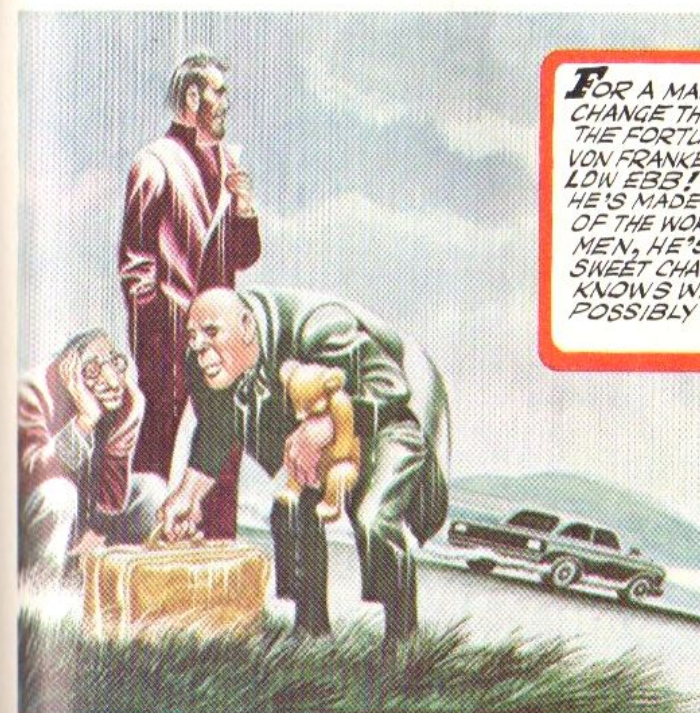
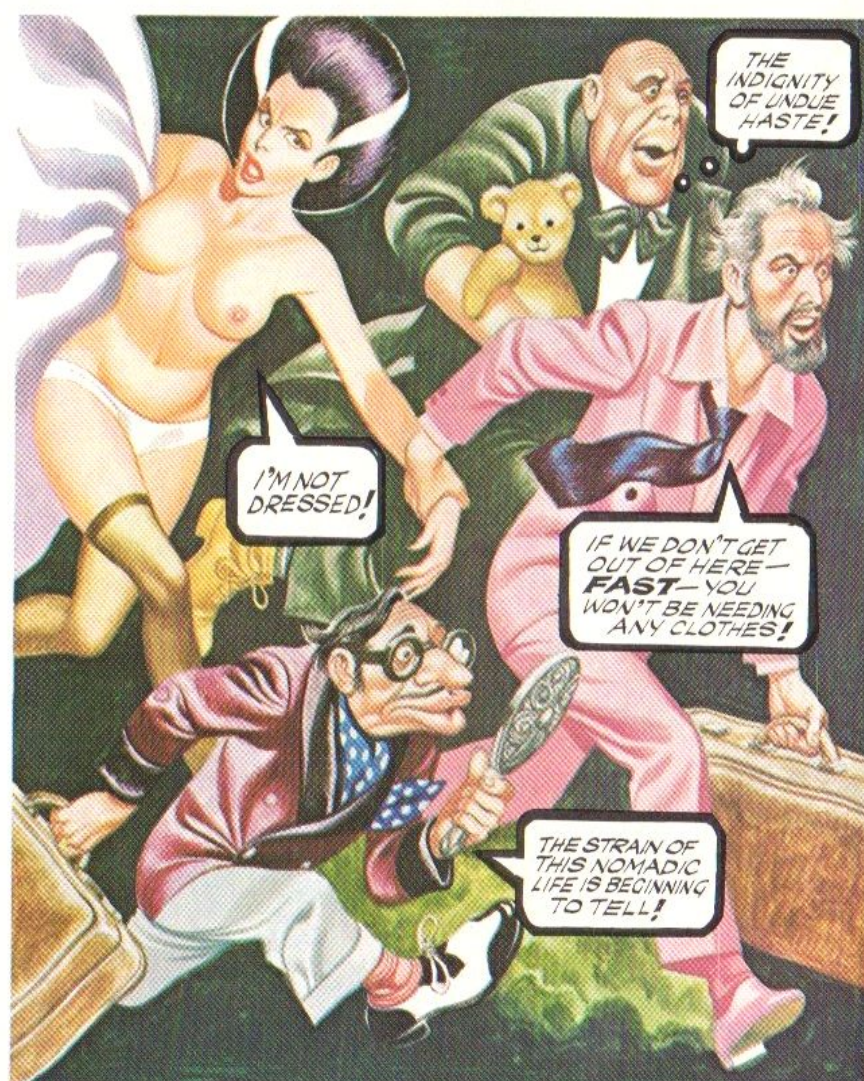
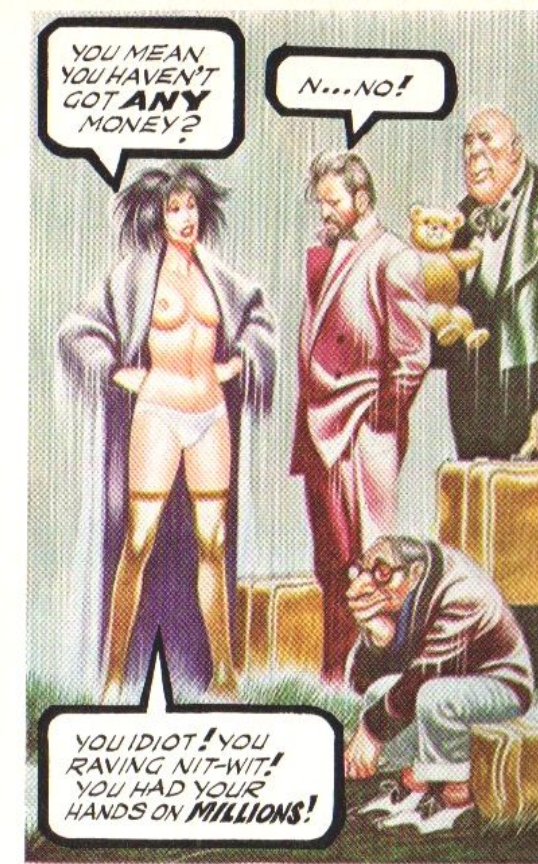
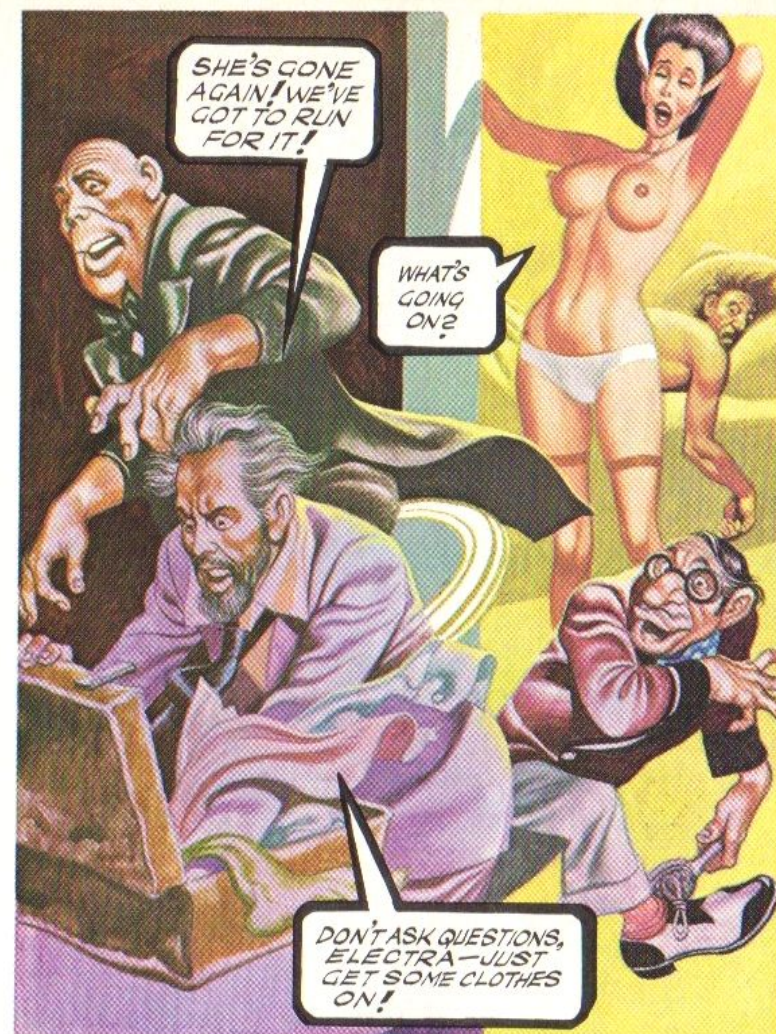
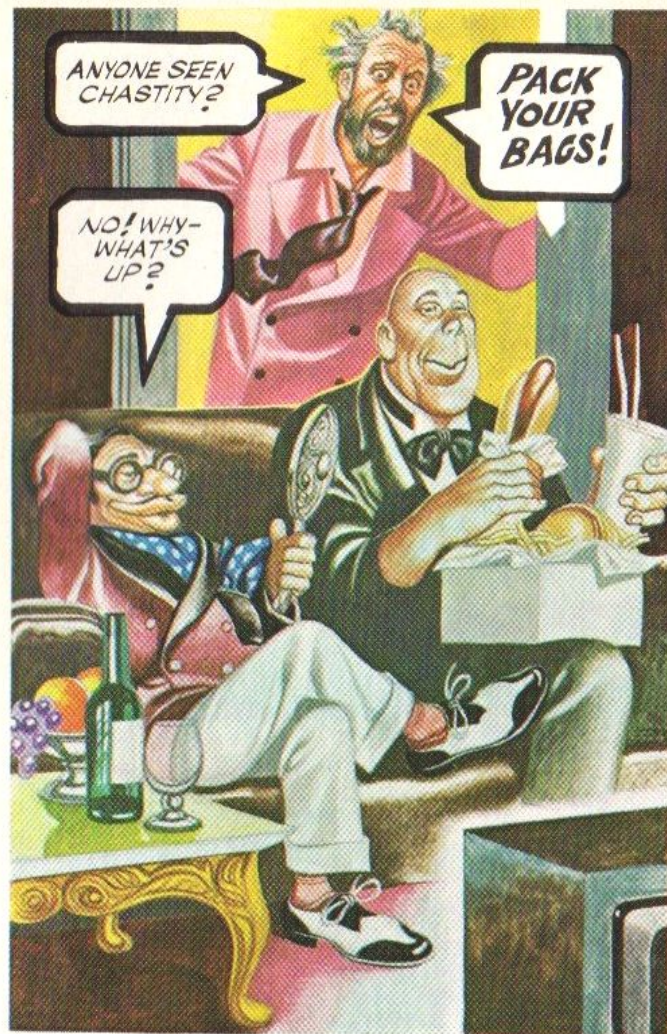
GET FRANKENSTEIN IN HERE!



SWEET CHASTITY HAS GONE — AND THERE'S A BABBLING MANIAC IN HER BED! NOW DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME, FRANKENSTEIN!

THE ENTIRE ARAB WORLD OIL REVENUES ARE TIED UP IN THIS FILM! EVERY WASTED MINUTE IS POURING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DOWN THE DRAIN!

I WANT CHASTITY HERE — RIGHT NOW! FIND HER — THIS MINUTE — OR MY WRATH, WHICH IS COSMIC AND TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD, IS GOING TO DESCEND ABOUT YOUR EARS!



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY ISAAC ASIMOV

The author, a biochemistry professor at the Boston University School of Medicine, has written 239 books to date. His latest, *The Sun Shines Bright*, a collection of essays, is published by Doubleday.

THE DANGEROUS MYTH OF CREATIONISM

There has been an outcry in recent years by spokesmen of the radical right wing, demanding that something they call "creationism" be taught in tax-supported public schools. They want this interpretation presented on an equal basis with the concept of evolution as an explanation of the origin of the universe, of life, of human beings.

It seems fair. Why shouldn't both sides have the same chance? Why should the evolutionists oppose the teaching of creationism?

Yet equal time for both views is *not* fair. It is pernicious. The concepts of evolution and of creationism are *not* equal. The evolutionary view has been built up painstakingly over a period of two centuries on the basis of scientific study, and it has behind it an enormous body of evidence and reasoning. All biologists, of any reputation at all, accept the evidence that present-day species have developed slowly from simpler forms; that the unit of life, the cell, has developed from precellular scraps of life; and that these, in turn, have arisen from non-living materials by changes in accord with the laws of nature over a vast stretch of several billions of years.

The exact mechanism of evolution, the fine details, remain under dispute, since the process of discovery and development is not yet done and may never be entirely done. Even the most argumentative of those who quarrel over the details do not, however, deny the evolutionary concept itself.

Creationists, on the other hand, present no evidence in favor of their view. They argue entirely from the negative. They maintain that if the concept of evolution is found wanting, then that alone is sufficient to force acceptance of creationism. They then insist that the concept of evolution is indeed found wanting. They point out insufficiencies, contradictions, and uncertainties in the evolutionary arguments and say, triumphantly, "Thus we establish creationism!"

And yet, in the first place, the insufficiencies they present are often advanced in distorted, simplistic, and downright erroneous ways. In the second place, some of those insufficiencies are matters over which biologists are indeed undecided, but which affect merely the details of mechanism and not the concept of evolution itself.

And in the third place, even if the concept of evolution were indeed insufficient, that would not of itself prove the validity of the concept of the independent production of each species by a "creator." Other alternatives may exist, and the choice among them would have to rest on positive evidence. Thus, if a close investigation were to show that our notions of reproductive physiology are not entirely right, that would not of itself prove that babies are brought by the stork. They might, indeed, have been found under cabbage leaves or have been delivered in the doctor's little black bag.

In order to establish creationism as a rational concept, the creationists must advance scientifically valid evidence for their beliefs and not merely try to poke holes in other views. They

cannot simply question whether the universe is really 15 billion years old by casting doubt on current scientific figures on the expansion of the universe. They must present reasonable evidence that the universe *is*, in fact, 6000 years old (or whatever figure they would like to maintain). Needless to say, this they have never done.

For these reasons, creationism has never established itself in the one place that really counts — in the marketplace of scientific ideas.

Science is a self-corrective process, and scientists *do* change their views, but they do so only on the basis of new evidence or a new and convincing presentation of a line of reasoning. Scientists refused to accept the notion of drifting continents on the basis of evidence advanced in 1913 and thereafter. New evidence was obtained in the 1960s, and a revised and improved version of the concept was then accepted with surprising speed.

It is possible that the day may come when evolution will indeed turn out to be insufficient, and when new evidence in favor of creationism will force a change of view, but that day *has not yet come*. Nothing the creationists say bears promise that it will ever come, and since that is so, it is impossible, scientifically, to ask that creationism be taught in the schools today as a reasonable alternative to evolution.

The fact that some people earnestly believe in creationism is insufficient. The existence of that belief is a legitimate matter of interest in courses of history, sociology, and psychology, and in those courses creationism may well be discussed in detail, but it doesn't belong in science.

But suppose we were to teach creationism. What would be the content of the teaching? Merely that a creator formed the universe and all species of life ready-made? Is that it? Nothing more? No details?

American creationists seem to accept the Biblical tale of creation, but is that the only pattern of creation possible? Millions of people the world over, who believe in a divine creator of some sort, do not accept the Bible as a holy book.

In fact, many people who read the Bible disagree on the matter of interpretation of its account of the creation. They may accept the account as poetry, as allegory, as symbolism; they may see in it deep ethical and moral meanings — but they don't accept it as a *literal* description of how the universe began.

What, then, do we teach if we teach creationism? Which of the views do we accept? Do we try to choose among them on the basis of scientific evidence? Do we just teach them all on an equal basis? If creationists simply want the literal words of the Bible taught, then that is manifestly unfair to all the competing creationist notions.

It might be possible to argue that if creationism is so empty of content and so transparently unscientific, there is certainly no harm in offering it as an alternative. Surely, no one would ac-

cept it. Some people even argue that if scientists object to "equal time," they must not really have a good case.

They want all the time there is . . . Their case is so weak that the only way they can feel sure of maintaining it is to make sure their victims never hear of anything else.

Ah, but it is not equal time the creationists want. That little slogan is merely the smile of the crocodile.

School is not the only place where the origins of life and the universe are dealt with. There are also those churches that have creationist views (not all churches, by any means, of course). In those churches *only* the creationist view is presented. There is no question of "equal time" there. Children are therefore exposed only to creationist views there, and in their homes, for many years before they hear of evolution in the schools. And they are threatened with hellfire if they doubt. Where is the "equal time"?

The teaching of evolution in the public schools is a very recent thing. It was not many decades ago that the teaching of evolution was forbidden in the strongholds of creationism. That was what the Scopes "monkey trial" was all about. Scopes had mentioned evolution in class, and that was a *crime*. Where was the "equal time" then?

Even now, the teaching of evolution in public schools can be a risky affair. In many areas of the nation, people of creationist views heckle school boards, school principals, and school teachers to the point where, if evolution is mentioned at all, it is done in an apologetic whisper. The creationists attempt to ride herd on the libraries, too, and do their best to pull out every book that doesn't suit them.

And they want "equal time"? Don't kid yourself. They want all the time there is. One can see why, too. Their case is so weak, so nonexistent, in fact, that the only way they can feel sure of maintaining it is to make sure their victims *never hear of anything else*.

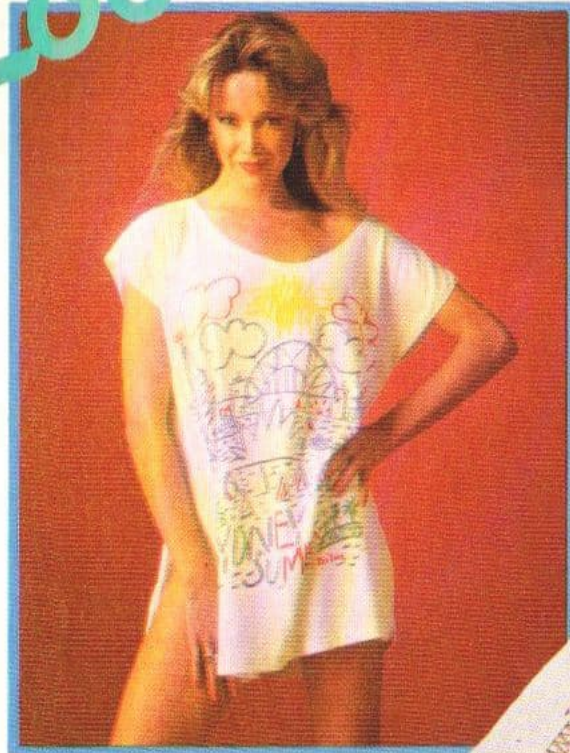
Yet none of what I have so far said reaches the real deadliness of the situation. Because creationism has been firmly rejected in the marketplace of scientific ideas, the creationists have turned to government to help them. They browbeat legislators and executives and insist on *laws* defining what is scientifically valid and dictating what is to be taught.

What a dangerous precedent this is! If the Supreme Court can be bullied into declaring such things constitutional, it would go a long way toward putting an end to pluralism in this country and to free thought. We would be on the road to an established church and an official orthodoxy.

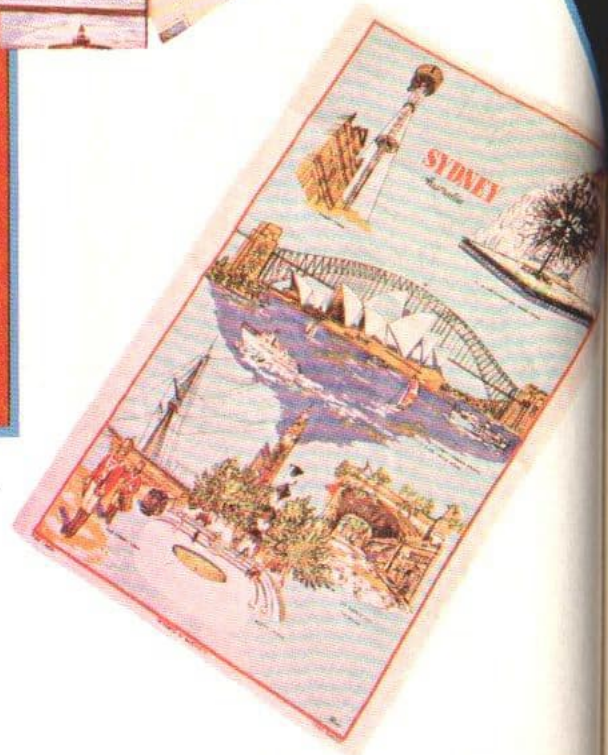
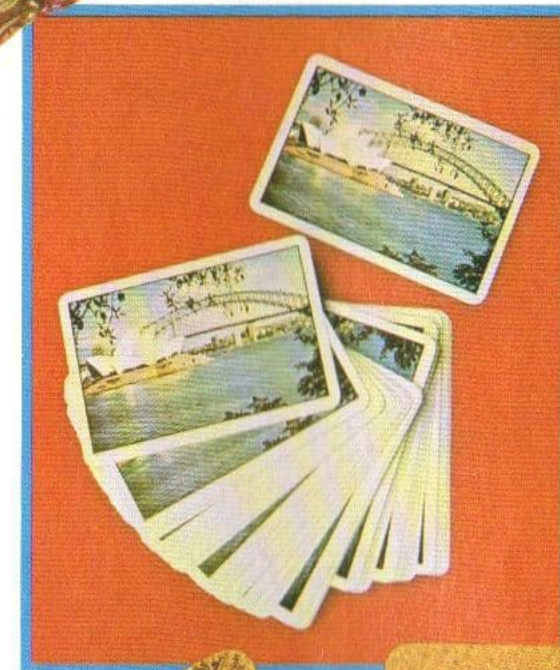
All historical precedents show that the ability to censor and to enforce orthodoxy is a dictatorial delight that knows no limits. Today "equal time", tomorrow the world. Today it is your views on science, tomorrow the way you dress and speak and behave.

So it is not merely creationism that we must fight. Behind its advocates stand the old enemies, bigotry and ignorance, eager to plunge us all back into the Dark Ages. But we must not complain about this endless battle. The price of liberty, said Jefferson, is eternal vigilance. ☐

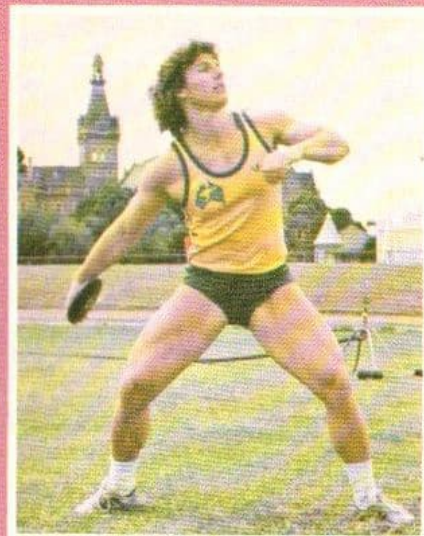
Loose Ends



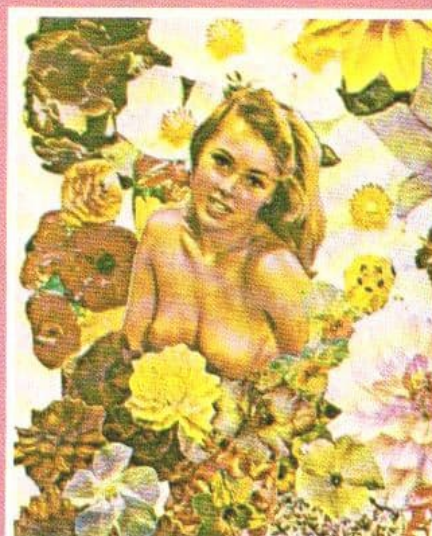
The best looking coat hanger around chalks up 50 years this month. And for all the recent criticism levelled against the old girl by a growing city, the Sydney Harbor Bridge ain't looking too bad as she arches gracefully into her second half century. Queen of the harbor city and its most vital artery, the bridge has been instrumental in Sydney's urban growth and the proudest landmark, recognisable throughout the world, since its colorful opening in 1932. Here, as a 50th birthday tribute, we present a selection of the good, the bad and the downright ugly impressions the Old Coat Hanger has inspired.



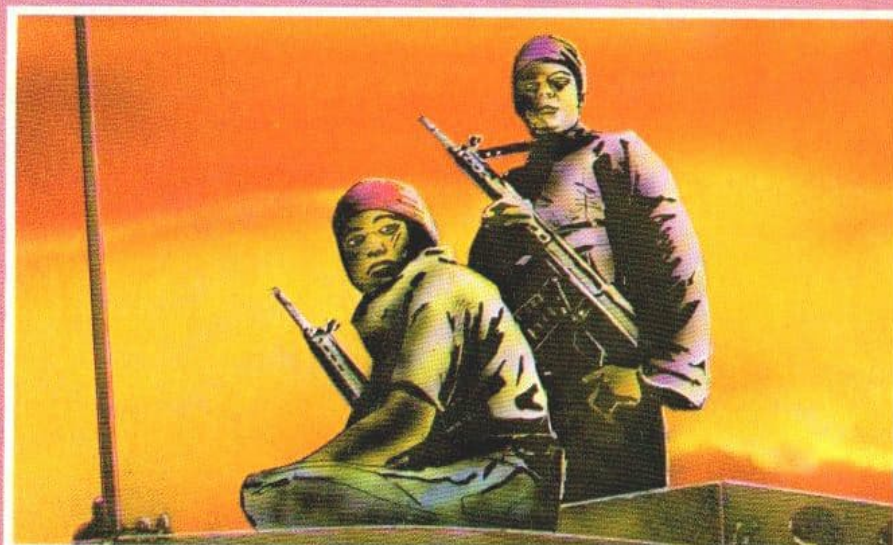
COMING IN APRIL PENTHOUSE



CHAMPIONS



TITS



PIRATES

Pirates — Few modern sailors are prepared for piracy, but violent crime on the high seas has made a comeback in the 1980s. From Malaysian waters to the Bermuda Triangle, pirates prey on cruising yachts and cargo vessels. And in the seas north of Australia there is little the inadequate navies of the small Asian states can do to stop these heavily-armed marauders. *Penthouse* reports on the danger spots and presents one Australian sailor's horrifying account of the night his 20-metre craft was overrun by vicious Thai bandits.

The IRA — The Irish Republican Army has been around in one form or another for almost 800 years. But its provisional wing, known as "The Provos", has existed for little more than a decade. These are the radicals, only a few hundred in number, who have reduced Northern Ireland to a state of anarchy. *Penthouse* looks at The Provos — their methods, their weapons and the factors which make this the most frighteningly effective terrorist group on the planet.

Champions — Why haven't the Seventies produced Australian sporting champions of the calibre of Bradman, Elliot and Laver? *Penthouse* answers that question in a positive manner by revealing the array of hot up-and-comers who are putting this country back on the sporting map.

Tits — Whatever happened to knockers, boobs, headlights, torpedoes, breasts? To paraphrase The Kingston Trio, where have all the tits gone? Nick Tosches knows, and his hilarious history of the female breast is compulsory reading for lovers of the female form. Don't miss Tosches' Tale of Two Titties.

Fiction — *The Fixer* by George Beare. Hackett, the hard-bitten private detective, lost his left leg below the knee in Vietnam. Now he keeps his pistol in a hollow section of his plastic limb. And he finds plenty of uses for the weapon when he starts mixing with shady lawyer Ward Ruby's dangerous connections down at Bondi.

OLIPHANT

Continued from page 68

of a weapon system that was so sophisticated that no side could actually make a first move?

Oliphant: Well, that is what we first thought with nuclear weapons but unfortunately there are signs of cracks appearing in this stalemate.

Penthouse: Do you think mankind could develop solar technology to the point where it could be used for weapons of mass destruction?

Oliphant: No, no, no. Unless one can put up enormous satellites that will absorb the sun's energy above the earth where it is more intense, and then beam this energy down to earth by laser beams or microwave, one could not foresee any sort of destructive capability. Remember that a satellite of that size would be pretty easily shot down by the opponent.

Penthouse: Is world stability a matter of USSR vs USA or does the spread of nuclear weapons allow small nations to be giants as well?

Oliphant: If the USA and the USSR could get together and decide that they were going to do away with their nuclear weapons they could force the rest of the world to do the same. This idea of nationality enabling one to go ahead and produce nuclear weapons regardless of everybody else is something that has got to be ruled out. You see, no nation can exist without having a police force to control criminal activities and the UN cannot exist without finding some way to control the activities of nations. But once the two most powerful nations, the US and Russia, reach an agreement I think the problem is solved.

Penthouse: Could one or other of the superpowers in your opinion, be termed an aggressor?

Oliphant: I think both countries are misunderstood. The trouble is that people identify a nation with its government. Ronald Reagan typifies the average American as much as Leonid Brezhnev typifies the average Russian. And really they are poles apart. We make a great mistake in this. The average person is not as belligerent as his leader.

Penthouse: Finally, as a scientist and a humanist, what is your suggestion to people, to help world disarmament?

Oliphant: See that one elects to parliament people who are dedicated to disarmament. I think that is about all the individual can do.

STOCKISTS

Cover: Chair by Sonia, exclusive to Design Warehouse, Sydney. Shirt from Five Way Fashion, Paddington. **Centrefold:** Lingerie from Hilton Lingerie. Shoes from Raymond Castles. Yellow T-shirt available at Sportsgirl. Leather shorts from Raymond Castles.

New Toyota Celica.



Exhilaration.

If you want a unique and exhilarating blend of impressive performance, outstanding beauty, luxury comforts and surprising economy, Toyota have made a car for you. The new Toyota Celica.

Celica's new 4 cylinder, OHC, 2 litre engine with cross flow alloy head is combined with 5 speed manual or 4 speed automatic transmission with overdrive, rack and pinion steering and TST - Toyota Suspension Tuning - for precision control and outstanding comfort.

New Celica's unique wedge-shaped body is instantly recognisable. An aerodynamic masterpiece that cuts drag to new lows and puts Celica into a class of its own. Surrounded by new standards of luxury. And with all round Toyota economy.

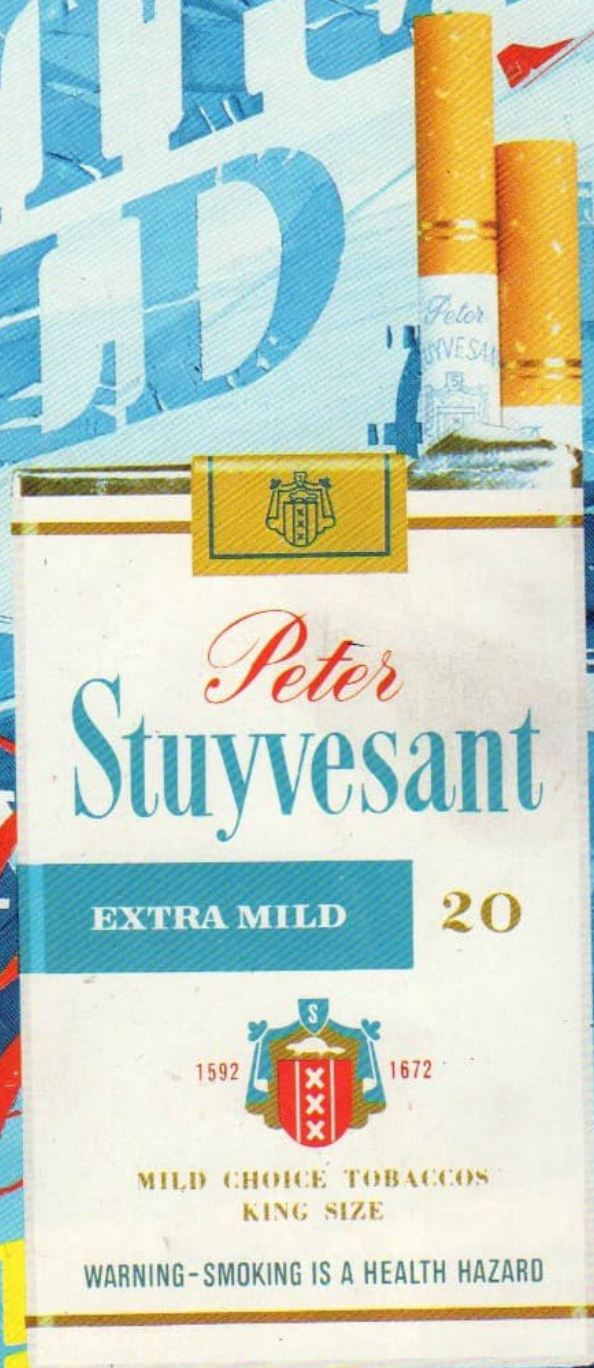
The exhilarating new Celica adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else.

Something special for you.
TOYOTA

AMF 3647

The mild one
with the miracle filter...

PETER STUYVESANT
EXTRA
MILD



THE
INTERNATIONAL
PASSPORT
TO SMOKING
PLEASURE

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING EXTRA MILD